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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Frederick Hazlitt Brennan
Gaius Shaver
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Don Marquis

Nov. 19, 1932

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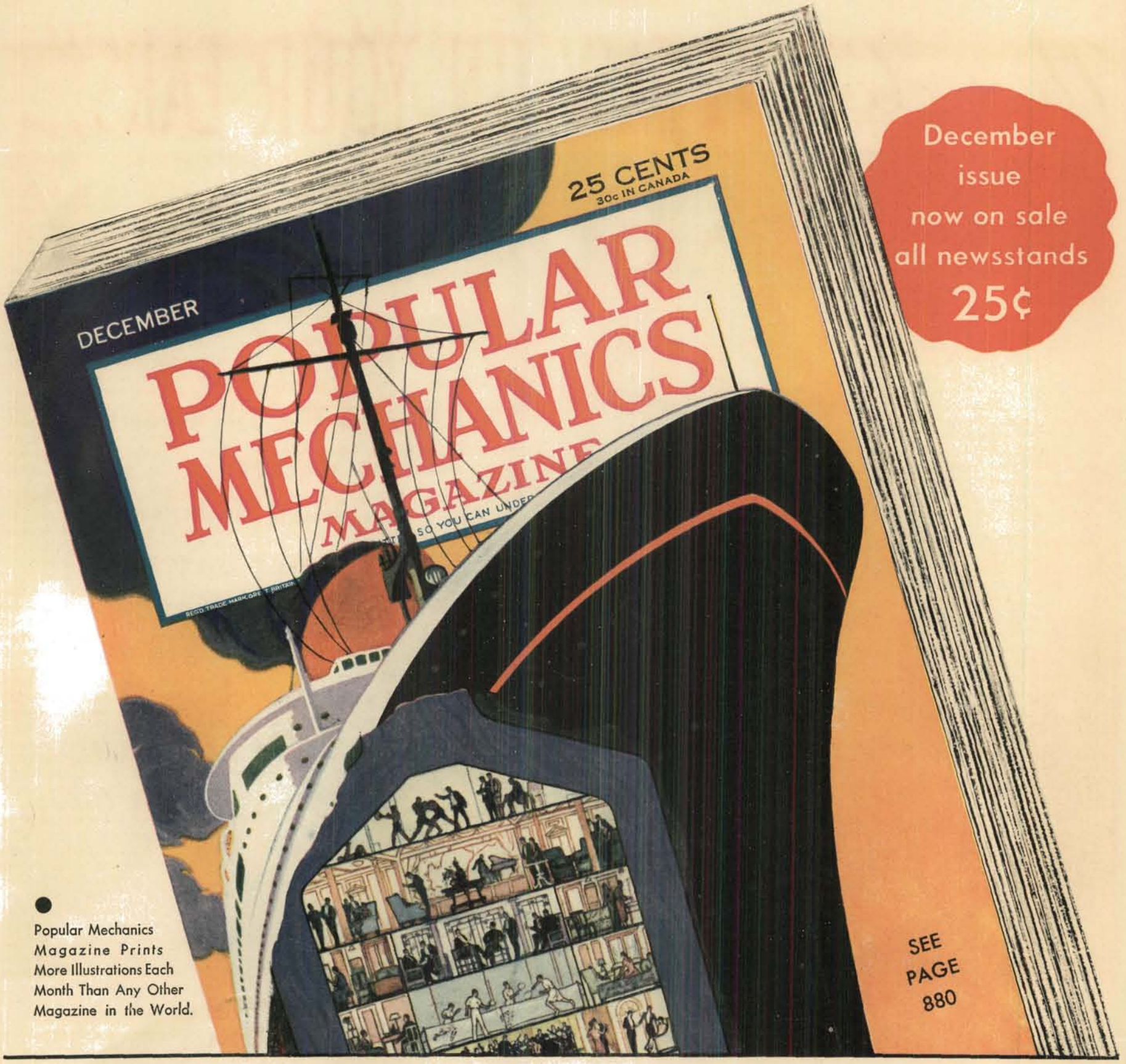

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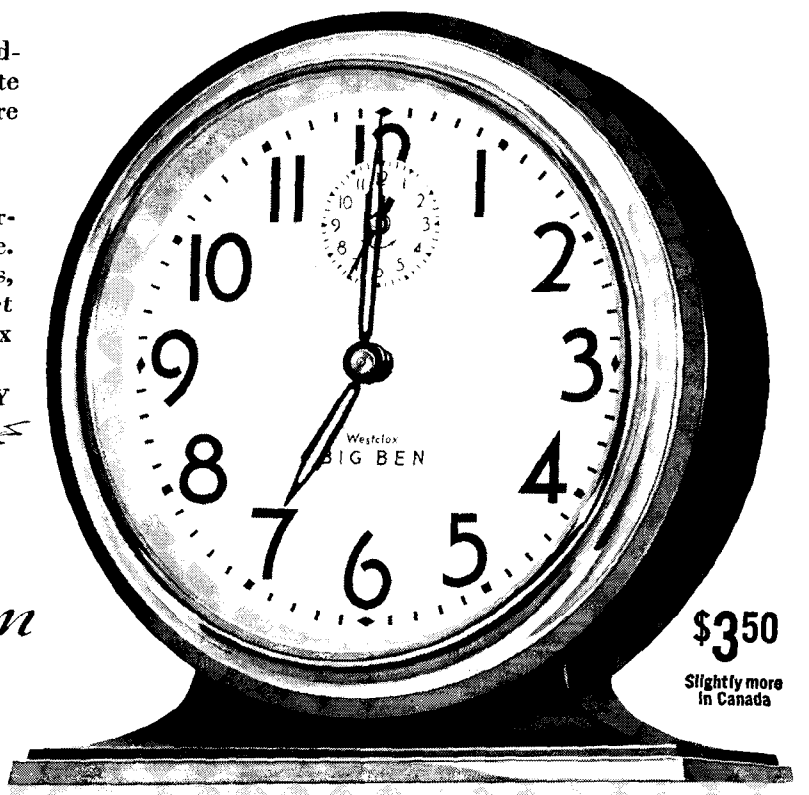

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

WOULD you know a "really good woman" if you saw one? How could you be sure?

That was Arthur Wells' problem. He had to decide about Edith Scott. And upon his opinion depended the sum of fifty thousand dollars.

Edith, of course, was no help at all. "Some women can fool most men," she said. That was the extent of her contribution.

Arthur had to make up his mind. It was a difficult problem for a young lawyer — especially when Edith was close at hand. And it became more and more difficult, as you will discover when you read "Kiss Me If You Like," by David Gregg.

WE'RE sorry to break the news to you, but it's unavoidable. You will have to add a new word to your vocabulary—or rather, revise the meaning of an old one. "Bugaboo" is the word. It no longer has anything to do with the delightful fears of childhood. It has grown up and now stands for a deadly reality—the shudder-man of a "syndicate."

Al Capone was one. They're grooming another man in Chicago to take his place. For the rackets were not wiped out when Capone went to jail. In fact, they're expanding and broadening their field. They've "muscled in" on certain labor unions. "Gangsterized industry" is already with us. And it will be here to stay unless immediate action is taken.

William G. Shepherd shows you this new menace in operation and proves to you that the death of prohibition will not be the death of the rackets. For, "If It Isn't Booze, It's Something Else."

DAVE NELSON (No-Alibi Nelson) was football coach at the university when Johnnie Cole was a freshman. Johnnie played fullback in the big freshman game and he made a mess of it. When he was yanked he said to Coach Nelson, "I couldn't see!" It was true, but the coach didn't know that. "Listen, Alibi!" he said. "You'll never play on a team in this university again!" He was wrong. Johnnie played triumphantly on the varsity three years later. But that was the doing of a girl named Jane. Talbert Josselyn gives you the inside story.

FRANK CONDON contributes the story of a man who rose to fame and fortune (in Hollywood) because his wife kept goats. Octavus Roy Cohen writes the Short Short Story. Don Marquis, Freling Foster, Grantland Rice, Betty Thornley Stuart, Arthur Somers Roche and Zane Grey will add the pure gold of their talents. Help yourself!

This Week

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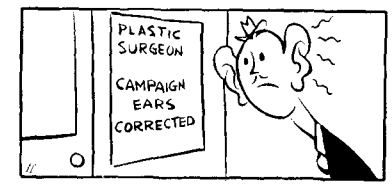
●

Any Week

"WELL," says Mr. Tom Janse of San Francisco, with what we take to be a sigh of relief, "that's that. Now to business. All I need is the price of some good plastic surgeon to reduce the two cauliflower ears I got listening to the oratory."



AND Mrs. Stephen Lordess of Little Rock, Arkansas, sees something applicable to recent events in the death of a mule in front of her house. Just as Mrs. Lordess was coming out the front door, the mule lay down and died. Its owner, a mournful Negro, when convinced that the mule was no more, began to unhitch it. "All right, mule," he said lightly, "suit yo'self. But don't blame me if you ain't understood where you gone to."

BORN and raised in the carnival business was Mrs. Abner K. Kline of Clinton, Oklahoma. Therefore, she read every syllable of John T. Flynn's article on pitchmen — "Something for Nothing." But she finds fault with Mr. Flynn's glossary of the pitchman's vocabulary.

"Capper," says she, "is not used except by writers; the showman or pitchman says stick or, plural, lumber or timber. And not blowout for a noonday crowd, but blowoff." And so on. Anyway we're grateful to Mrs. Kline. And we're grateful for pitchmen. Grand people.

"YOU think there is only one Huey Long, hey?" scoffs Mr. Russ Brenner of Raleigh, North Carolina. "Huh, wait until our new senator, Robert Rice Reynolds, gets off that train in Washington, D. C. I hope they've reinforced those Capitol walls, that's all. Our Bob's going to run right in there talking loud."

MR. J. F. McGUIGAN of Seattle, Washington, catches us agreeing with him. He thinks that Edward L. McKenna's recent "Water-Front Irish" is a great story.

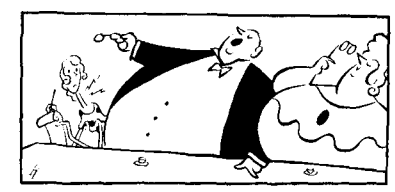
A NEW or a good idea is never too late. Therefore, Mr. John C. Barnes of St. Louis, Missouri, lopes in with "We should elect our Presidents annually so that the minute one is inaugurated he could start doing things that would win him votes for reëlection. By the end of the fourth year of the present term the voters may forget that the man hasn't made good in the first three."

"IT HAS been my job," writes Mr. Elmon G. Miller of Portland, Oregon, "to bring Collier's home every Friday. But the members of my family are so afraid I'll forget to buy it, although I haven't missed in six years, that my wife gets a copy downtown and my mother buys it at the neighborhood drug store. And three copies per family aren't too many."

SOME time ago we told in this column how a resourceful lady defeated the grasshoppers that had attacked her garden. She turned a few turkeys loose in that garden and the grasshoppers vanished. But Mr. Theodore H. Steen of Chamberlain, South Dakota, says one of his neighbors tried it and the turkeys emerged from the conflict naked. Not a feather in the flock after the first day's fight.

MR. FRANK SHELBERG of Seattle, Washington, doesn't quite agree with Mr. Tom Mannix of Los Angeles who recently in this column cited the decline of baseball in the vicinity of that glittering city as a sign of the game's decadence. "Had Mr. Mannix written from Europe," jeers Mr. Shelberg, "he would have addressed the letter: Collier's, New York City, N. Y., U. S. A., Los Angeles."

WE REGRET to report that Miss Lydia K. Hargreaves of Utica, New York, has a pain in the neck. She gets it, she says, every time she has to "take stenographic reports of the speeches after official, semiofficial and society luncheons staged by well-fed ladies, gentlemen and politicians to discuss what can be done to relieve distress among the unemployed."



MR. FRED CONZELMANN of St. Joseph, Missouri, takes this opportunity to announce his resignation from the Association of Those Good Old Days Worshipers. There never were such days as these, contends Mr. Conzelmann. "In the good old days," he writes, "any guy who worked hard, saved his dough, went to church and took nothing stronger than beer could tell in advance what was liable to happen to him—success. But today a guy has to sleep fast and wake up quick to catch up with what's happened while he was in bed. Life today has a crooked crap game licked a mile, and the second battle of the Marne was a Sunday afternoon at Grandma's compared with any morning these days."

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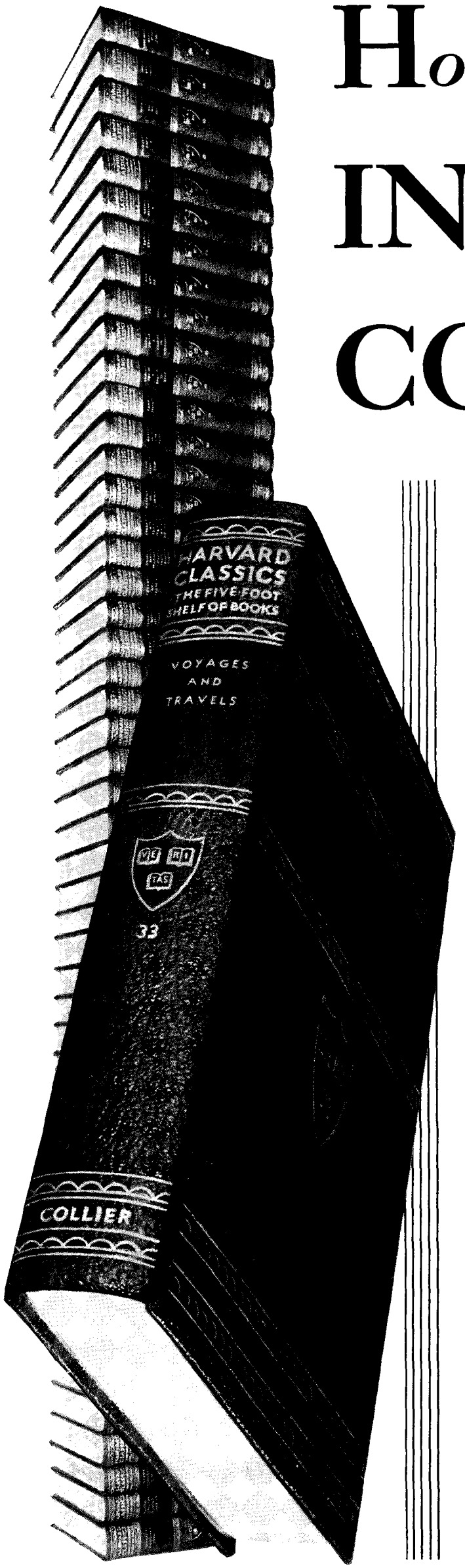

How to get rid of an INFERIORITY COMPLEX

A true story of a man who found that self-confidence is not a matter of education or luck

HE WAS GOOD in his job. No one denied that. But he felt inferior to his associates. Most of them were college men. He envied them the mysterious thing called "background."

Today he happens to be one of the principals of the business. But more important he has lost his inferiority complex. Instead of envying his once better informed associates he is their equal.

His case is by no means unusual. He is one of the many who have learned the simple secret that good reading opens the gateway of the mind and offers a broader view of life. It is this broader view that inspires self-confidence. In one word it's *culture*.

There are thousands of men today who lack a classical knowledge and who don't know where to turn for it. The cold stone front of a public library suggests groping among thousands of books. "What are the really great books?" they ask.

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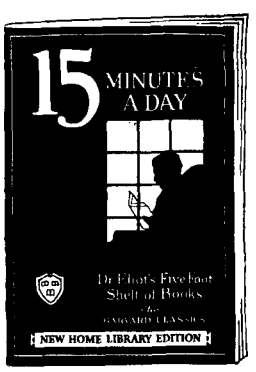

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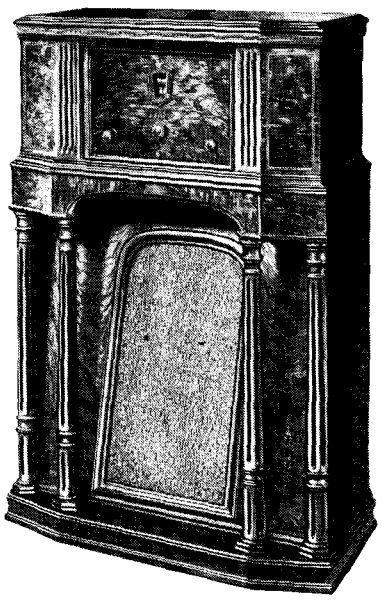

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The Young Know Best

Elizabeth Lee's beauty dazzled millions. She was famous. She was rich. She was happy —or so everyone thought. This is her story

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

ELIZABETH LEE, more tired than anyone in the world, lay beside a Hollywood swimming pool. Her latest picture was finished. Once more her name would flash in letters a foot high across the world. And Elizabeth lay with her beauty and success and fame and sang her Hymn of Hate to an adoring if distressed audience of one: "It's the sun!" moaned Elizabeth. "The hateful, hateful sun!"

She felt that it had shone æons with never a cloud passing over its horrible bright face, with never soft rain dropping from dove-gray skies. "No, I can't bear it, I can't live with it."

She turned over and sat up. She felt that monstrous eye, lidless and eternal. She clenched her hands, getting her breath, bracing herself. California all about her. Too much and too many. Too much sun, too much work, too many flowers, too many directors breaking whips over her, too many people.

Elizabeth Lee was thirty-eight. She wanted rest. To be her age. To be let alone without press agents turning her into a circus, to eat what she liked and to grow a waistline if God willed.

"Elizabeth Lee!" Her child stood accusingly above her, taller than her mother, fresh and beautiful. But not beautiful like Elizabeth. "I'm tired of such nonsense! Will you get up and dress as I tell you! What am I to do with you?"

Dress! In a shiny thing, high in front, with no back and with a fishtail train. Elizabeth uncovered her eyes. "I shan't dress, no," she said. "I'm not going to the dinner."

Shucks leaned her head down against her mother's. She had a nice head, shining with Elizabeth's ash-blond hair, and her eyes were steady and she had a splendid body. "Of course, that's simply silly." She kissed her mother on the back of her lovely neck. Shucks adored that woman. "This is a dinner given for the whole cast. You are the whole works. This is your Big Night."

"It's never night in California, Shucks. That sun will shine till death us do part."

"Darling, do you know what priceless rot you are talking?" Shucks slid her fingers down her mother's neck. Worried fingers. Was she feverish, really ill?

"I'll go if we sit on a porch and listen to bullfrogs croak and smell spruce trees."

"We're just out of bullfrogs." Shucks got slowly to her feet. She did not care about the dinner but she did care about her mother.

"And I'm never again going to have a facial massage," said Elizabeth, "least of all, a herbal pack."

"Just as you say, darling." There was an unexpected huskiness in her voice. This was not her poised, dependable mother. This was not the woman who kept directors sane. "All right, of course; don't go to this silly dinner. I'll telephone Greenwald." Greenwald was Elizabeth's director. "He'll be wild."

Greenwald was wild, as Shucks had anticipated. But that did not matter. What mattered was that the doctor said Elizabeth must get away at once. Elizabeth was on the verge of a nervous breakdown.

"We'll go to Paris," Elizabeth said. She was quiet about it. She was quiet and pale all across the continent where people stared at the lovely Elizabeth Lee and her daughter. The sun was still shining; it shone all the way. Shucks regarded Elizabeth anxiously. She did not know this woman. This was not Mother. This woman, waiting, waiting. Sometimes she smiled her little ghost of a smile and Shucks could have cried. She had a very nice smile, Elizabeth had. All her fans cried over Elizabeth's smile. It had tears in it.

THE man from the steamship line was waiting for them at their hotel in New York. He had reserved the royal suite for them. "That is lovely of them," said Elizabeth. She said: "You see him, Shucks. You tell him thanks, and we're not taking any boat."

"Not—" Shucks stood still and frozen.

"No. No boats." It appeared that it did not rain attractively on boats, boats had no birds singing, no river running, no man would shudder because you spoke of "catching" salmon. You *kill* salmon, you see," Elizabeth explained courteously to her daughter.

Shucks walked over to the window. She could not let Elizabeth see her face. She fingered the cord that hung from the shade, until she could control her voice, until she had got rid of this sense of panic. "You want to go where there's salmon-fishing?" she said finally. "All right, lamb." But her eyes filled up. Again she must get a doctor.

But the odd thing was that this New York doctor, when he came smoothly in with his prepared, easy greeting, saw eye to eye with Elizabeth. By all means she should go to the country—the woods were the best healers he knew. "Splendid," he declared. "Splendid!" He left sleep-

She sat up. She felt that monstrous eye, lidless and eternal

Illustrated by Fred Chapman

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ing tablets with Shucks. "But she won't need those after a night or two," he said. He explained the exact dosage. He could trust this steady-eyed girl. "You will be bringing her home in a few weeks—all ready for another picture," he ended cheerfully.

"We'll pick out a place from one of those magazines," said Elizabeth, having ordered all the publications pertaining to camps. She said she liked one in New Brunswick. "Tatamagouche," she said. "There's a picture of it. I want to go there. It has such a funny name." And what if it *was* a private club, she answered Shucks' comment. "I used to know a man who fished there. Grover Forbes. I'm sure he will put our names up."

"And I hope," Shucks thought, "he's out of town or can't see his way to doing it or something." Canada was so far away from doctors. But Mr. Forbes was delighted, it turned out. More, his son was going up and would see them into camp. "Well, he may be a help," Shucks thought, but not very hopefully. Nor, did she but know it, was young Mr. Forbes extremely enthusiastic about his rôle. "Good Lord, Dad! two *women!*" he said. "And one a motion picture queen at that!"

HE WAS overwhelmingly against taking any women into camp. "It's only on the train and getting them settled," his father pointed out. "You won't need to bother about them once you're settled." Jumbo Forbes thought: "You're darned shouting I won't."

The Lees were in Drawing-Room A, Car 63. Jumbo recognized them as they came along the platform. Two women (one perhaps a slightly older sister) with ash-blond hair, figures lithe and with an air of outdoors, dressed exactly right for a train to Canadian wilds, with porters and books and not too many of either. His heart warmed at the sight; it was entirely like his father not to have let him down. Naturally these women would be regular, he reflected, and not the legendary cinema idols he had pictured. Elizabeth Lee interested him, to be sure; but it was Shucks who engaged his attention after the first appraisal.

"She rates," he said to himself. Shucks had none of the Broadway patina he had come to expect in girls he knew off Park Avenue. When the porters had settled the quiet, conservative, pretty women in their drawing-room, he approached their door and made himself known.

"Gregory Forbes," he told them, shaking hands. "Known to the world as Jumbo."

"Do sit down." Elizabeth, regarding him, smiled. "You look exactly like your father," she told him. "And why 'Jumbo'? Is that because, like your father, you never forget?"

HE HAD forgotten sometimes, in the past, Jumbo told them, but from now on, never. "I'm to tell you that Father was pretty sick to think that business called him away and he couldn't see you off. He says you must stop with us when you get back—Mother sends word that you must not refuse. She is writing you." He extended sizable feet at incredible length and smiled at them joyfully. "This is a great treat," he said. "I've been looking forward to this."

Elizabeth raised a delicate eyebrow as if to say, "You are a perfectly unscrupulous liar." And Shucks, regarding him with clear eyes, assured him: "You've been having cold chills about us, of course." She said: "I've read all about you, naturally. You did yourself proud at Yale, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I'm quite a number. Not many like me. That's because they're usually drowned as kittens." His glance at Elizabeth was respectful. "I see your pictures," he said. "Enjoy them a lot!"

Elizabeth said thanks and she was glad of that. When dinner was announced an hour or two later they had cocktails from a thermos and Shucks dined with Jumbo at a candle-lit table for two, whose waiter took them for bride and groom. They came back knowing each other very well indeed. Elizabeth looked at them as though across an actual boundary between two different worlds. They were calling each other by their first names, as though they had gone to school together; they had made progress into friendship in three hours that could not have been made by her own generation in as many months.

BY THE time they reached Boston Jumbo was one of the family. He took charge of the baggage, hurried them from the South to the North Station. "What should we ever do without you?" Elizabeth sighed. He grinned at her. "You couldn't get from California without a great strong man, could you?"

His feeling for her from the start had been compounded of admiration, humor and delight. He was not used to pretty women who looked as young as the girls he knew and who carried with them a fragrance of lavender and old lace. He slid a hand within an arm of each of those women and whirled them into the train that was puffing in its eagerness to be off to Canada.

"I'm too tired for words," said Elizabeth, ensconced once more in a drawing-room. "Do you think, darlings, you two could go out and sit with the brakeman or someone and let me sleep?"

"We'll roll a few bones with the porter." Jumbo shook hands with her. Somehow, for all her charm, her winsomeness, her air of being at your mercy, one was formal with Elizabeth. "If this hoyden wakes you when she busts in to bed, ring for me and I'll paddle her well."

"I shall be sound asleep," Elizabeth murmured. But she would not be asleep, she knew. It was as though she had forgotten how to sleep, as though all night were not long enough to remember how to, again. She lay still when they had gone. Presently Shucks came in and crept to bed. She hadn't done so badly by Shucks—she had given her a happier home than she might have had—she had done the best she could. . . . The train rushed on; woods, fields, towns passed, like time flowing away; like her life bleeding away into the darkness.

Morning came and they were in Canada. Hemlocks and spruces and firs flying by. Grass and leaves that knew rain. No telephones, no glaring lights, no sound machines, no Greenwald coaxing, commanding, draining the last drop of her energy for the next picture that was to be, always, the greatest one yet. She lay there.

Shucks was splashing in the small basin. Singing:

"'The King is gone,' the old man said
As he went utterly alone,
Along the ruined walls of stone,
With monkeys chattering overhead,
'The King is gone, the King is gone.'"

Elizabeth was very pale. "What a song!" she said. "And does it mean anything?"

"Not a thing!" Shucks was blithe. She was feeling better about Elizabeth—this gorgeous land couldn't help but cure her. She went on singing:

"Already broken are the domes;
Already cracked the outer walls—"

"A lovely voice, darling." Elizabeth put her fingers in her ears. "And so loud." She had black coffee when Shucks went off to breakfast with Jumbo. She sat staring into the empty cup, humming under her breath:

"The monkeys look at me and mock;
They know my King is overseas;
They deem that he is fled from these!
Whereof they boast from every rock
And chatter triumph from the trees!"

She stood up, staring blankly, helplessly out of the window at the land she had come so far to reach. She was still and weary when they left the train and got into the decrepit automobile that carried them to the Tatamagouche.

"And to think Elizabeth picked this out of a book!" Shucks' voice was awed. "It's the loveliest place I have ever seen!"

"It's the grandest spot in Canada!" Jumbo's delight in her appreciation glowed all over him. Already he heard the river, before they could see it, calling out its welcome to the children of cities; smelled the bracing odor of spruce. He was loath to leave them when they reached the clubhouse; he still stood at the steps after their bags had gone in.

"But where are you going?" Shucks was dismayed. "Aren't you stopping here?"

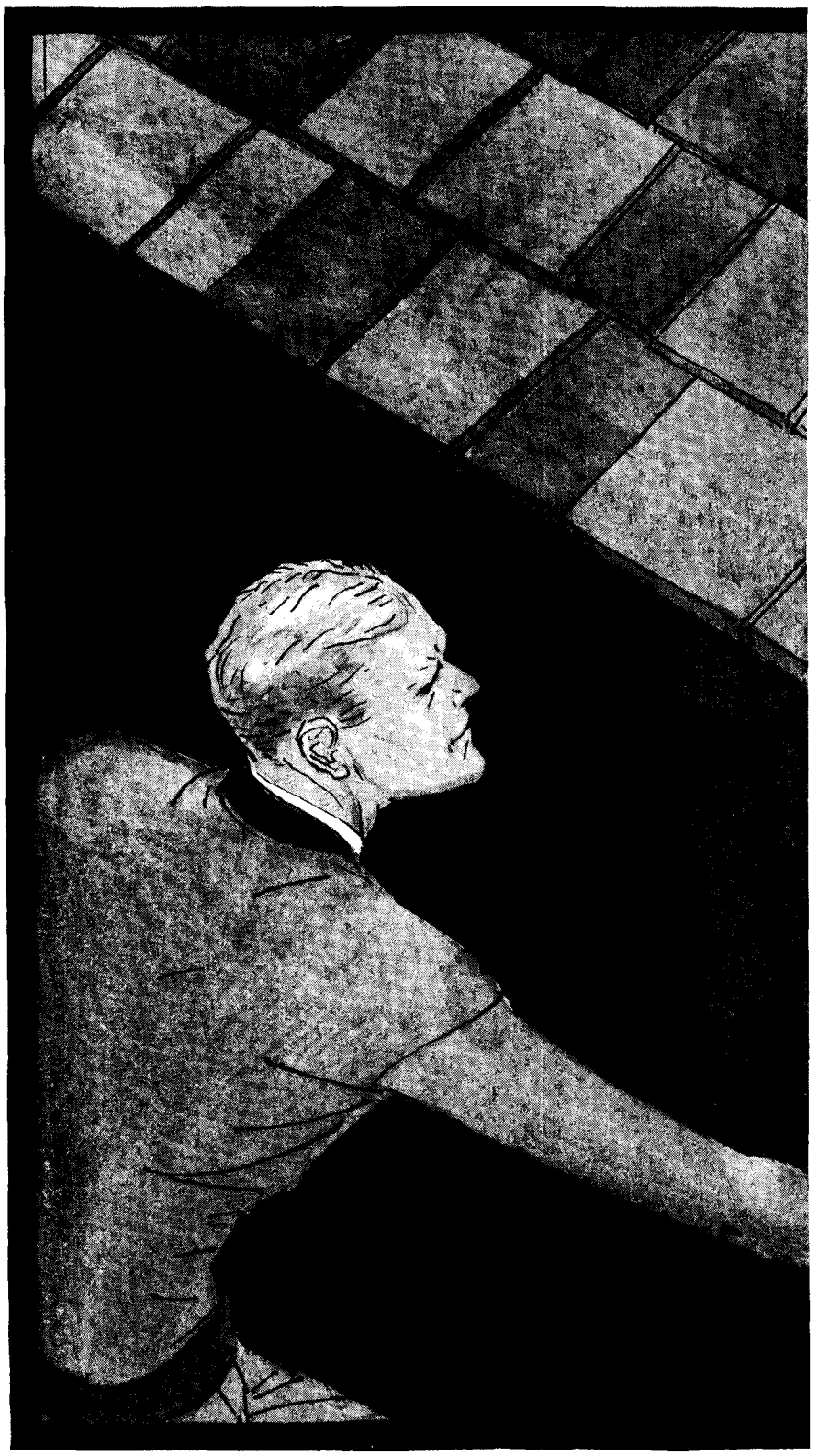
"I'm staying in a cabin down the trail," Jumbo said. "I never stop at the club."

There was a brief, startled pause. Shucks' face had fallen. Then Elizabeth spoke: "A cabin down the trail," she said quietly. "I had no idea your family had a cabin here."

No, they hadn't, it appeared. Jumbo was stopping with an old family friend, Dr. Ferguson. "Dad and I usually come to fish with him every spring. A great guy. I'd like you to know him."

Elizabeth looked around. Like pale green water the afternoon rested on the porch, turned it into a jade cave like the inside of a curled-up leaf. "Is he, this—this Dr. Ferguson, a good doctor?" she asked. Her eyes looked haunted; they did not look at Shucks.

"He's famous," said Jumbo. He eyed



The bottle was almost empty.

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"It was a new bottle," said Shucks. "Two tablets is the dose"

her sternly. "But you are not going to need him, Mrs. Lee. You aren't going to be ill." Nevertheless, he felt a little worried. He felt his cheer was false.

"No, I shall not need him," said Elizabeth. Her hand, pressed against the peeled log of the porch, seemed to support her; it alone seemed to hold her erect.

The sun was not shining. The air was moist and in the popple-scrub the leaves slowly turned up and showed their white linings. "Listen!" whispered Elizabeth. Rain, soft and gentle, pattered down. Rain that dropped gently, not making itself obtrusive, not tiring you. Dropped out of pity for the earth.

"Only listen!" Elizabeth cried and dropped down on the steps, her head in her arms. "I think," she said, "I think if I had not heard that rain soon, I should have died."

A canoe paddled up to the landing. A tall man in old clothes got out, pulled the canoe up, turned it over, and crossed the few yards toward them. He took his pipe from his lips when he saw women. "Hi—Jumbo! Glad you're here!" So was he, Jumbo said, darned glad, and beamed at Dr. Ferguson.

The newcomer was a man with a face that had looked much on pain and had learned to bear it; that had felt pain and learned to bear that too. He was slender and moved quickly and had about him a sort of burning intensity. Whatever this man did, he did violently. Whether he loved or hated, was a poet or a drunkard, he carried his life to logical conclusions which might seem to outsiders absurd, relentless, out of proportion.

FERGY, Jumbo knew, did not like women. He came here to avoid them.

Jumbo made his introductions: "Mrs. Lee, Miss Lee, Dr. Ferguson." These two were all right: they'd knock Fergy cold.

Elizabeth lifted her enchanting white face. "It is lovely to meet you, Dr. Ferguson, it is lovely"—she threw her hands out into the soft gray mist—"to hear the rain, the monkeys chattering—"

And with that, she folded up suddenly, her little body that had the proportions of a curl of cigarette smoke sliding down the three steps to his feet in a faint.

"Blessed!" cried Shucks.

"Mrs. Lee— Good Lord!" from Jumbo.

But Dr. Ferguson, trained to emergencies, said nothing. His gaze gray and hard, his lips set, he picked Elizabeth up and laid her on a birch settee. It was he who administered the aromatic spirits that Shucks brought from inside. When Elizabeth opened her eyes and started to sit up, he pushed her back impersonally, looking her over with the calm scrutiny of the medical man. "Lie still a few moments," he said and, settling himself on the porch railing, emptied and refilled his pipe.

But Shucks leaned over her protectingly, fiercely. Nobody could push Elizabeth around like that! "Would you," she demanded defiantly, "rather go into your own room and lie down?"

The doctor's voice was cold: "She is to lie where she is." Shucks' eyes swept around and met his defiantly, gray steel clashing against gray steel. "It is not my intention," said that icy voice, "to interfere, but since Mrs. Lee is, for the moment, my patient, you must obey orders."

"Please, Shucks," sighed Elizabeth. "Whatever he says." Her color was coming back. She looked very beautiful, lying there.

"Better not talk," came from the railing. Fergy looked at Jumbo. "I'll stay with Mrs. Lee for a few minutes," he said. "Until she is able to go to her room. Why don't you take Miss Lee down and show her the day's kill?"

Shucks' eyes narrowed slightly. Ordering her away! But Jumbo was waiting for her, and Elizabeth smiled. "It's all right, run along."

Shucks stooped and kissed her. "I'll be back in five minutes," her voice seemed to challenge the doctor.

"Race you to the landing!" Jumbo gave her a push. And they were off.

SILENCE was on the porch. Elizabeth's lashes lifted, her eyes moved across the floor to the doctor's heavy boots, traveled up a length of corduroy trousers to a flannel shirt and stopped at the firm throat under the unbuttoned collar.

The doctor removed his pipe. "You are worn to the bone," he said harshly. "Why do people treat themselves like that? You must have led a hard life."

"I have worked hard."

"One plays hard in Hollywood, I have heard."

"Not I," said Elizabeth.

"How did you happen to come here?"

"I wanted to listen to rain in spruce."

"No spruce nearer California?"

"I liked the idea of this place. And Grover Forbes—" her voice trailed off.

"You are undernourished. You need building up. Your daughter looks intelligent. She should look after you."

Elizabeth looked down the path Shucks had taken. "She is wonderful," she said, as though talking to herself. "Shucks. Not like me at all. Strong, she is, and hard the way this new generation is, and efficient. She knows what she wants, and she's not afraid of anything." She paused, brooding, as though thinking out loud. "Not, least of all, afraid of life."

The man on the railing looked at her. He couldn't be afraid of anything, you saw. A casual, dynamic ruthlessness clipped his words: "Afraid! Why, are you afraid of life?"

"No. Not really. I'm only tired."

SHUCKS was calling from the path: "All right, Elizabeth?" But she lingered still with Jumbo.

"She's really marvelous and such a dear," said Elizabeth yearningly.

About Shucks he was courteously detached. "Nice-looking. Jumbo appears bowled over. Has he known her long?"

"Since last night." And, to his raised eyebrows, "They're like that, all of them. They seem to know at once. They disregard all subtleties. And they know how they stand with each other. . . ."

"Didn't we, our generation?"

"Never," Elizabeth said, her hand on her breast as if it hurt. She rose wearily. "I'll go in now. Thank you for looking after me."

"Not at all." His city manner was back. Sliding off the rail, he said, "I have admired your screen work. It is faultless."

"You surprise me. I should not imagine you would care for our pictures." She shivered. The idea of work obtruded itself, the worry and fret and tension. "I'd rather not speak of them. I don't want even to *think* of them!"

"Sorry." He held open the screen door. "You are doing right in putting

(Continued on page 39)

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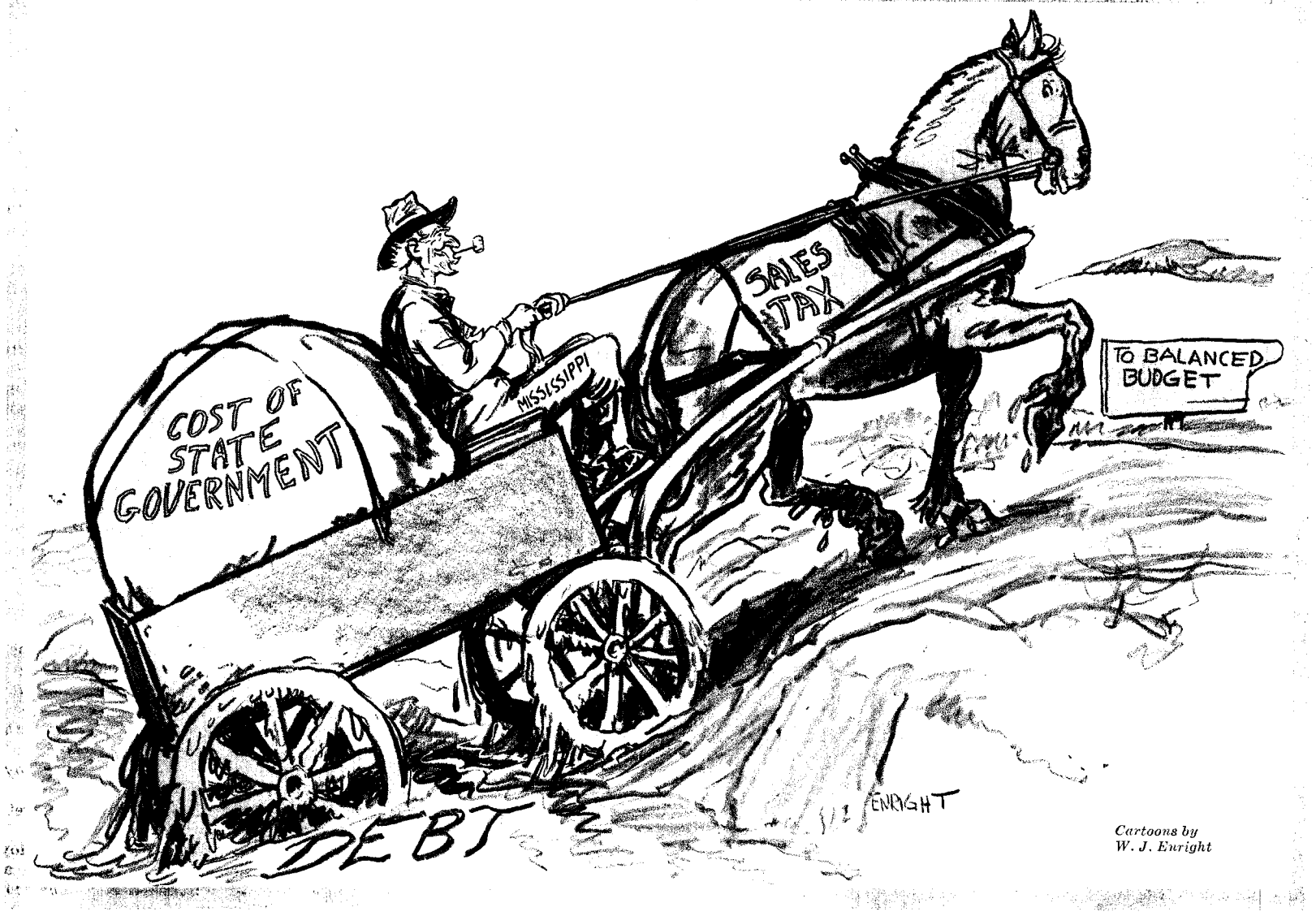

Cartoons by W. J. Enright

Mississippi is well on the way out of her financial muddle

Pay as you go

"If anybody had come along offering to swap something useful, like a bottle opener, a dozen socks or a good square meal, we'd have given him the state and run like hell before he found out he'd been gypped." That's the sort of fix Mississippi was in a short time ago. Things are better now—thanks to Governor Mike Conner's state sales tax. Here Mr. Davenport shows you how it works

By Walter Davenport

WHEN happy circumstance acquainted me with Mr. Lean Hoadley one blitheringly hot afternoon, he was sitting on a grits barrel a few miles out of Jackson, Mississippi, watching several gangs of convict labor grading the lawns of what is to be America's most sumptuous hospital for the insane.

Mr. Hoadley's mind was not then struggling with such elusive subjects as taxation and what to do about it; his assessment and excise problems had all been snatched away by the state some weeks back. His farm, on which he had paid no taxes since his father, Mr. Lean Hoadley, Sr., had ceased voting for Jefferson Davis (which seems to have been 1924 or when Mr. Hoadley, Sr., died), had been expropriated by the state along with the farms of some sixty thousand others since the first of the year for that very reason. For the first time in his life Mr. Hoadley was without worries because, as he explained:

"When I owned that farm I was always studying how I was going to pay my taxes and what the man was going to say when he found out what he hadn't ever any right to forget—that he wasn't going to get the mortgage money. I was always worrying about them taxes, knowing all the time it was foolish because I wasn't going to be able to pay them anyway. And from then on it began getting worse.

"I was always wondering what would happen if a man kept on not paying no taxes. That was what was worrying me, and I didn't know it. Now that I know what happens when you don't pay no taxes long enough, I don't mind. When the sheriff came down and told me the state was taking over my farm along with Trimble McCullough's, Gates Morgan's, Tom Merson's and the rest of them, I asked him what he aimed to do with it.

"'I don't aim to do nothing, Lean,' he said. 'The state of Mississippi is taking it for ad valorem taxes that you ain't paid, same as thousands of others. So you see there ain't nothing personal about it.'

"So I said to him: 'Oh, I never thought there was nothing personal about it, Price, you being a kinda cousin on Blossie's side the family. But I was just studying what the state aimed to do with it. If the state of Mississippi thinks it's going to find them ad valorem taxes on that farm, hid away like a barrel of corn, it's right mistaken because that farm's been in our family so long we all kinda look like it and I know there ain't no taxes of no kind on it.'

"So he said to me: 'No, Lean, the state of Mississippi ain't aiming to find no taxes laying out on your farm; it aims to sell it.'"

Mr. Hoadley almost laughed himself off the grits barrel; a wheezy, staccato laugh as dry as its owner.

"I said: 'Price, I didn't know there was any such damyankees still running around.'

"And he said: 'Lean, I didn't say nothing about no Yankee.'

"'Well, Price,' I said, 'no Southerner would buy it. So who are they aiming to sell to?'

Two Years Without Taxes

"'Lean,' he said, 'I don't aim to go into that till the time comes. All I know is the law in the case and that says you ain't got nothing to worry about because it gives you two years to pay off them ad valorems, plus maybe six per cent interest, and the old place is yours again.'

"'Price,' I said, 'suppose I ain't got any more money in two years than I got now or had before things got so tied up like. What then?'

"'Then the state sells you out to somebody that has,' Price said. 'Now don't worry no more, Lean, because you go right on farming that farm like always for two years anyway.'

"'And who pays the taxes?' I said.

"'Nobody pays the taxes, Lean,' he said. 'The state takes her over for two years, hoping you can pay your taxes in that time. But for two years there ain't any taxes because the state don't pay no ad valorems to itself. That would be right foolish and besides the state can't afford it.'"

Mr. Hoadley stopped his recital to peer once more through the dust and the dancing heat at the prison-striped Negroes grading the magnificent new hospital's lawns. The place is honestly impressive, many acres of red plateau on which the poverty-stricken state has built a village of pretty brick halls and cottages with Georgian fronts. After a moment he looked up quizzically and said:

"Stranger here, ain't you?"

"Yes. Yankee."

"You wouldn't know then, would you, how a man would go about getting in a fine home like that?"

Whereat he almost fell off the grits barrel again, slapping his thin thighs and rattling out his parched laugh.

"Supposing," said Mr. Hoadley, steady again, "somebody does buy the farm in two years; what's he going to do with it? He can't raise no more on it than I could. And what's he going to do with it when it's raised? Taxes are so high that he would have to raise twice as much and get three times the price

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I can get when I get any to make a profit. No use borrowing money from the bank because that only puts a man further down even if the bank would lend it to you on a farm that's got so many mortgages on it that you got to plow through six feet of paper before you hit the dirt. Every other pound of cotton and every second ear of corn goes to the bank and you can't sell what's left because the bank says business won't stand no more. So you sit home and eat the corn and stuff the cotton in your ears so you can't hear the lawyers making speeches about how to save the farmer."

He slid off the barrel and refused a lift in our motor car, saying he didn't want to give his feet any false hopes of their future, and asked us if we had met the Honorable Mike Conner—Martin Sennett Conner—governor of Mississippi.

"Well, sir," he said, squinting at the sun, "that's a man you can't blame for trying. He knows all about us. He made the legislature pass what they call a sales tax, hoping people would buy enough stuff out of the stores to make up what the state can't get out of the farmer who can't make enough to buy anything to pay a sales tax on. Well, I got to get going. When the sheriff came down on the Porter farm, old man Porter and the boys hit out for somewheres saying while it mightn't be any better it sure would be different. They left a good roof on their house and I aim to see if it will fit my house."

So he moved off cross-field, a lackadaisical victim of an antiquated system. He, like sixty thousand other Mississippi farmers, had been taxed right off the land—the only place they could be of any benefit to the state. Penalized for trying to make good. Upon his narrow, sagging shoulders the state had piled the annually increasing cost of government, very little of which was designed to assist him, until he opened his huge, toothless mouth and hollered quits, refusing, mule-like, to try longer.

But he had quit despairing; the thing had become funny. By way of punishing him for not paying taxes he couldn't possibly raise, the state was taking over his acres on which he was privileged to live tax-free, for two years anyway. And if the state couldn't find a buyer then who could pay, he, the dispossessed, would probably go right on hoeing a living out of the same old land without the necessity of paying taxes. So Mr. Hoadley was laughing for the first time in years.

The Fate of Man-Made Gods

Back in 1928, Mississippi elected for her governor a personality named Theodore G. Bilbo. Mr. Bilbo, a shrewd country lawyer with a gift for electioneering, served his state four years in which practically everything short of modern methods was tried in the general but absolutely ineffective effort to save the state from financial disaster and moral dissolution. Such men as Mr. Lean Hoadley not only believed that Mr. Bilbo possessed the key to the millennium but invested him with so many halos that his head could scarcely bear up under their weight. Such is the fate of man-made gods.

We shall review the Bilbo administration, about which nobody holds judicial opinion. In Mississippi Mr. Bilbo is either a frustrated hero or a blatherskite, depending upon the critic's school of thought and economic convenience. In the brief contact I enjoyed with the Bilbo influence, I should say that he had the makings of a high-power minor prophet. But Mr. Bilbo, along with a large number of highly promising statesmen, failed to weather the depression any better than the cotton crop.

He left office with the state in abysmal doldrums. At best Mississippi had never quite recovered from the curse of the carpetbag régime after the Civil War, that grossly misnamed Period of Reconstruction. Her resources are limited, she has been exploited numb by her own politicians and fly-by-night capitalists. No manner or numbers of Bilbos could avail her. Fifty-one per cent of her population is black—Negroes who apparently would rather starve in Mississippi than be smothered in pork chops or drowned in gin elsewhere. Mississippi, probably to a greater extent than any other cotton state, has never burst the bonds of the feudalism in which she lay until the Emancipation Proclamation ruined it as a means of livelihood. Her land was owned by a few great gentlemen of the Jefferson Davis school and she has produced nobody since in that mold.

Her local political machines grew with the weed-like virility that is their most notable characteristic. They became more than government; they became refuges for thousands of incompetents who were either incapable of growing or too lazy to grow cotton. To support this flourishing sanctuary, taxes were imposed with a speed and at a rate that gave nobody time to ponder on such trivialities as source and collectibility. And presently, the taxes on real and personal property in Mississippi furnished more than seventy-five per cent of the costs of local and state government.

One of the hilarious aspects of all this was the poor farmers'—the rednecks'—response. Taxes had mounted so swiftly that the ordinary red-neck had abandoned all pretense of keeping track. Behold the tax collector arriving in his flivver and a cloud of dust to have talk with Floyd Blankburry, who mooches along on a fifty-bale farm.

"Hi, Lewis. How you this morning?"

"I'm fine, Floyd. How you?"

"I'm fine, Lewis. What kin I do for you?"

"I aim to have tax talk with you, Floyd."

"Rest yourself, Lewis. I was jest thinking it was about tax time. How much do I owe?"

"A hundred seven dollars eighty-four cents—jest."

"No fooling?"

"I come to tell you."

"Lewis, you know I ain't got no hundred seven dollars and them cents. Where would I get a hundred seven dollars? Must think I'm a millionaire."

"I know. I know. But that's the amount to the penny. All figured out on the books over at the courthouse."

Sure, Lewis Will Tell Them

"Well, Lewis, I'm sure glad to see you. How's Mary and the children?"

"They're fine, Floyd. How's yours?"

"Getting along. Getting along. Well, Lewis, I'm right glad to see you. How much you say?"

"Hundred seven dollars eighty-four cents—jest."

"Lewis, you tell them about that. I ain't got no money at all. You tell them about that. You understand them things; I don't."

"Sure. I'll tell them, Floyd. 'By. Remember me to Sarah."

"'By, Lewis. When you get to town tell Mort Tilling that. . . ."

And that would be that. Floyd would be posted in the courthouse as a tax

(Continued on page 37)

Sixty thousand Mississippi farms have been expropriated by that state since January 1, 1932

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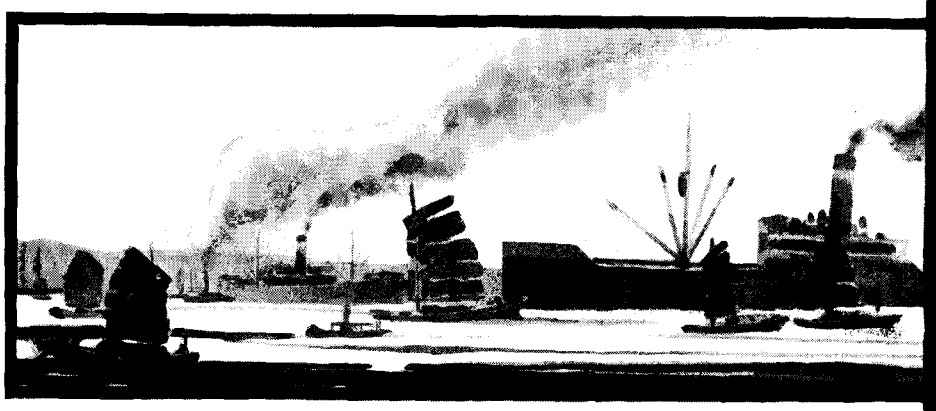

The Hero

Another superb sea drama: the story of a ship's captain who was tested only once

By Albert Richard Wetjen

IT WAS three bells, one-thirty in the morning, when the second mate whistled down to the captain's cabin:

"There's a fleet of fishing junks ahead, sir. We'll have to go round them!"

"I'll be up!" snapped Captain Martin.

There were standing orders that no course was to be altered without the captain's consent. The Sulu City, a brand-new combination freight-passenger vessel, on her maiden voyage, was out to make a freight ship record for the run from Vancouver to Shanghai, and there was to be no nonsense. Most masters placed a certain reliance in their officers, especially in such experienced men as the Sulu City carried; but not Captain Martin. He liked to have full charge all the time. It made him feel good. He was notorious for that, as for other things.

The second mate shrugged as he thought of it and, plugging the speaking tube, stared ahead over the rail. It was his first voyage with Captain Martin but he had heard a good deal of the man one way and another—bridge gossip, items extolling him in the papers. He was clever at publicity. He had made himself a regular sea hero.

He had, thought the second mate, been remarkably lucky. In thirty years at sea, for instance, fifteen of them on the Eastern run, he had never encountered a typhoon. He was apt to boast of it, as if it were due to his own cleverness. He had never suffered a collision, run aground, nor had any like setback. And then once, owing to the courage and skill of his first officer, he had been enabled to make a daring rescue of a sinking ship's crew in a high gale, and had very adroitly taken what credit there was. Two governments had given him medals for his heroism. The first officer, with broken bones and internal injuries, had languished and died in a hospital, friendless and alone, though Captain Martin's wreath was the most imposing of all at the funeral, and the papers commented upon his affection for his men. The public was easily gulled.

The second mate roused from his reverie as he heard the captain's heavy, assured tread and the big, florid man loomed in the starlight beside him.

"Junks?" he snapped, glaring ahead where many little yellow lights dotted the oily sea, stretching about three points each side of his bow. The nearest lights were gleaming steadily, those farther away winking a little and all of them lifting and falling to the swell. A cautious and careful navigator would have gone round the fleet.

"Take us half an hour, maybe an hour to clear 'em," grumbled the captain. "Put us behind some."

THE second mate stirred. "We could make that up with a few extra revolutions."

Captain Martin laughed unpleasantly.

"Shift a full-powered steamer for a lot of lousy junks? . . . Are they changing their bearing much?"

"No, sir!"

"How was she for the course line when Tongting dipped?"

"Right on, sir!"

"Well, I'll be damned if I'm going off it!"

The second mate stared at him through the starlight. He had been drinking some, that was evident. He seemed to be a steady imbiber although he was never drunk. A hard man to get along with. There was not an officer in the Line, nor in any other line, who liked him. But he had the owners and the public fooled, and that was what counted.

The second mate stared at the junks again, knowing that each one of the high-sterned and antiquated craft carried a Chinese family, often carried four generations, the oldest of whom had never lived anywhere save afloat. And the second mate grew uneasy.

"You're not going round them, sir?"

"That's what I said!"

The Sulu City was close now and there was not much room for navigating, certainly not enough to clear the fishing nets. The man at the wheel kept looking up, expecting an order. The second mate rubbed his gray temples and coughed.

"Think we can get between them, sir?"

Captain Martin shrugged.

Captain Martin stumbled into the chartroom. "I'll take over and see her

"Think? If we can't, some of them are out of luck, that's all!"

The second mate was shocked.

"You mean we might hit some, sir? . . . Why, that's . . ." He stopped, appalled. Captain Martin stared sideways at him and laughed.

"NERVE, Robbin! Nerve! You'll never make much time with a ship if you run all over th' shop to clear a bunch of old junks! We're out for a record and we'll make it." He paused a moment and sneered. "I suppose you're worried about your ticket again, eh? Nearly lost it once."

The second mate bit his lip and his face was white. He had been a master himself not long before; had been unlucky, although the Board had exonerated him. Captain Martin had taken satisfaction in reminding him of his misfortune. Perhaps it made the captain feel good. He'd never had anything happen. He had medals to show what he could do.

"There'll be an inquiry," insisted the second mate at last.

"Inquiry, hell! There's no such thing with junks! They're never missed. No registration of births and deaths among them, and if a junk or two less comes in . . . what of it? Lot of damned water rats! . . . I went through a fleet twice as big as this four years ago."

The second mate was shaking.

"I still don't see the necessity . . ."

Captain Martin lost his temper.

"You keep your mouth shut! If I need any advice I'll ask for it. . . . Those fellows can usually get out of the way, and if they don't they'll be picked up. . . . *Stand by!*" This last to the wheel. The second mate gripped the bridge rail and felt cold sweat trickle down his forehead. The man was mad! Drunk with a sense of his own power.

Captain Martin stood with his feet apart and his fists balled in his jacket pockets. The nearest light swept up to them.

"Port five degrees!" he ordered.

The Sulu City went clear with nothing to spare. It was the ensuing commotion, however, that woke the mate and the third. Their cabins were

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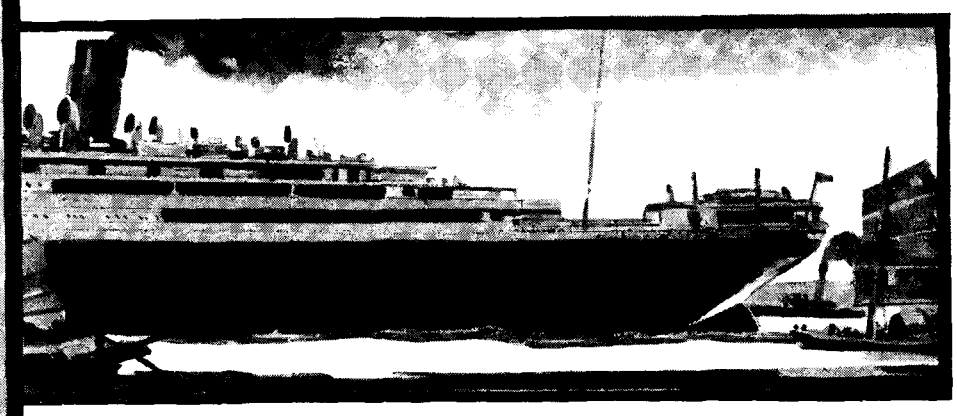
Illustrated by Courtney Allen



in," he snapped harshly. "What time do you figure we'll see the light?"

on the port side and they found the sudden yelling and beating of gongs disconcerting. The mate stuck his head out of his port and looked right down on the deck of the junk that had just been missed. Before she went astern, scraping and bumping along the hull, he had a swift glimpse of the utter chaos aboard her. Small figures, male and female, frantically handling sweeps and trying to clear the Sulu City's propellers. A sickly lantern under an awning betrayed a frightened mother with a baby at her breast. Then the junk was gone and other lights were sweeping close.

The mate withdrew and made a grab for his clothes. Had the second mate gone insane?

"Starboard four degrees!" Captain Martin was snapping when the mate arrived on the bridge, the third at his heels. The second mate turned at the sound of shoes and the mate halted abruptly.

"My God, Robbin!" The second jerked his head to where the captain stood.

"He's handling her," he said shortly.

Captain Martin twisted about and stared.

"What's the matter with you, Samuels? Can't we pass a lot of rotten junks without you turning out?"

"I thought . . . something was wrong, sir," stammered the mate.

CAPTAIN MARTIN snorted and faced for'ard again.

"Starboard three degrees!" He laughed a little. "That was a close one. . . ." His words choked and there came a splintering crash. He had not observed a second junk to port. Woodwork splintered and cracked; a mast and sail drifted along the starboard hull, and there was a wild, frightened yelling. Captain Martin recovered himself. "The other half of her's on the other side," he said coolly. "Port a bit!"

The white-faced second mate stared at the mate and said nothing.

"Steady!" roared Captain Martin. "Steady as she goes! Damn 'em!"

The lights were all around now, bobbing and gleaming. The mate crossed the bridge.

"Aren't you going to stop, sir?"

"Stop?" Captain Martin did not look at him. "Stop? What for?"

The mate swallowed hard.

"To pick those people up!"

"And carry them to Shanghai as witnesses?" suggested Captain Martin. "Don't be a fool!"

"There'll be plenty of witnesses, sir. There's the helmsman. And if I'm not mistaken some of the passengers are already out on deck."

The captain shrugged. He had to bluff his way out now.

"WHAT of it? It was an unfortunate accident. And as far as any of the crew goes . . . they'll get to the first bar and they'll forget it." He lost his temper again then. "What are you doing up here anyway? You won't be fit to go on watch at eight bells!"

The mate restrained hot words and rejoined the silent second. They said nothing to each other. Four times more the Sulu City swerved and then the lights were all astern of them.

"Course again!" snapped Captain Martin and, turning on his heel, he started for the chartroom. He halted halfway and looked at the mate.

"If you feel so full of energy get that wreckage cleared off the after deck. I think part of her spars came over."

The mate moved away without a word. The second wiped the sweat from his forehead and followed the captain into the chartroom, where the bigger man bent over a chart for a moment. He straightened to find Mr. Robbin staring fixedly at a printed card fastened to the bulkhead by order of the Line. It read, *SAFETY FIRST—Take No Chances.*

Captain Martin picked up a pencil and leaned across the chart table.

"It's a pretty motto, isn't it? Except they left something out." He scribbled a few words at the foot of the card: *But Make Time.* "That's how it should read. And if you ever expect to get a command in this Line, remember that."

The Sulu City berthed in Shanghai the following afternoon, and two days later she embarked a dozen cabin passengers and cleared for Victoria, B. C. Once she was clear of all land, with only the broad Pacific before her, the great circle course was begun that would take her north towards the Aleutian Islands. And Captain Martin settled down to the ruling of his kingdom again.

He was quite satisfied. There had been no whisper in Shanghai of the unfortunate running down of the junk. Not a whisper. His officers, of course, could not make complaint. They had their careers to think of and a captain could make or break them. The passengers had largely forgotten the matter, except as it occurred to them as a mildly exciting episode to relate later in general conversations. The Sulu City's crew got as far as the first bar and remained there as long as their money lasted. What was a Chink junk anyway? Captain Martin knew fo'c's'le crowds and he had nothing to worry about. Besides, the Line had cabled him congratulations. He had made the fastest run ever made by a vessel of the Sulu City's class and there would be a bonus when he got back. He was quite satisfied indeed. He could not know that, as if weary of his luck and his arrogance, the East and the sea had come to stand beside him.

A week out from Shanghai the thing began. Mrs. Waring, a young widow to whom Captain Martin had been attentive, sent the steward for him. He went below to her cabin and the gravity of her face erased his own smile. Little Avis Waring was tossing in her bunk with her hands to her forehead and a whimper in her throat.

"She has pains in her back, too," said Mrs. Waring fearfully. "Do you think. . . ?" Captain Martin rubbed his smooth jowl and laughed.

"We'll soon fix her up," he promised easily. "It must be the motion of the ship. I've got some medicine that'll fix her. I'll have the steward bring some."

Current with the rest of his luck he had never been in a position where a knowledge of medicine had been necessary, but he rather enjoyed handling a clinical thermometer and prescribing. He felt Mrs. Waring's confidence in him and he liked it. He went away chuckling.

BUT the next morning Mrs. Waring was absent from breakfast and the steward reported she had been up all night with the child.

"I'll run along and see," said Captain Martin, and was taken aback when he did. The child was tossing from side to side, obviously delirious, and there were several spots on her body. Captain Martin had a moment's pause and then bent over and felt the little pulse. It was beating at a hundred and thirty, for he counted three times to make sure. He wasn't certain of the normal beat but he felt sure this was far too high. His own pulse wasn't as fast as that. He took the child's temperature and caught his breath. One hundred and four. He knew that was bad, but with an effort he retained his composure.

"A little feverish," he said genially. "I'll be back presently."

Reaching his cabin, he took down the Ship Captain's Medical Guide.

"What do kids get anyway?" he muttered. "Measles? Ringworm? Scarlet fever?"

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Football Ballyhoo

By Gaius Shaver

Very nice of the newspapers to say you're the best football player in the country. But suppose the other teams don't believe it? What's apt to happen then is set forth here by Gaius Shaver, backfield star at the University of Southern California and All-America selection for 1931. Writing, he uses the same deft intelligence that made him one of football's greatest quarterbacks

ANOTHER football game had been played. The crowd, having suffered virtually no casualties in their grandstand sanctuary, had shuffled out of the stadium. A few newspaper reporters were still pegging away in the press-box explaining as they saw it why the favorites had been thoroughly walloped.

The dressing-rooms were almost empty, a few players remaining to have their bruises doctored. In his near-by office, his feet on the desk and his tired eyes exploring the ceiling, sat the defeated home team's coach. Probably he was the only man in the world for whom the beating held no surprises. One of the reporters wandered in.

"How did it happen, Mac?" he asked. "How come this team of yours takes it on the chin from those children from upstate after you'd trimmed Illinois, Minnesota and Iowa, and held Notre Dame to a tie? This should have been a breather."

Mac let go a prodigious sigh, folded his hands on his stomach and surveyed his visitor solemnly for a moment. Then:

"Grant," he said, "I have been trying to figure it out myself and had just reached the answer when you came in. I'll tell you: My boys were all stiff from taking too many journalistic bows."

"Too bad, Mac. Too bad," said the reporter. "Anything I can do?"

"Yeah. Tomorrow or Monday print what I said, only make it stronger on your own hook. And another thing: Tip off the other boys to write along the same line. Trouble was that my boys were still beating Illinois, Minnesota and Iowa. They weren't playing this team at all. And you know what happens to a guy who doesn't keep his mind on the fellow he's facing. Well, if you didn't know, you know it now. You just saw."

And old Mac wandered off toward his boarding-house pondering the various things he would like to do about football players. In this particular instance the players had believed what the reporters had written—that his team was practically invincible; that it would romp through its schedule undefeated; that it would share with Notre Dame, Southern California and Tulane the right to call itself champion. His pride was hurt, too, not so much by the loss of the game to a lighter, greener eleven from a small school that had no championship aspirations, but because his boys had chosen to believe the newspapers rather than him.

Making the Easy Games Hard

He had told them to disregard all that conquering-hero stuff the sports pages had hurled at them. He had told them what usually happens to a team (or an individual) that relies on its record rather than its ability to fight. It is a curious fact that these opponents who aren't a good fifty-to-one shot on paper haven't the power to wake their betters into realizing danger and the next thing you know the final whistle has blown and there you are with a busted champion on your hands.

Big, fast opposition that is apt to take you for a long ride to defeat makes you fight, doesn't give you time to think of the glorious things the paper said about you. Damn the newspapers, anyway. And the gullibility of schoolboys, too. However, it might be a lesson to them. He hoped so. But he wished that they had learned from him instead of Tony Bigelow's little boys. And Tony Bigelow was probably laughing at him—along with the rest of the public.

Old Mac, like most notably successful coaches, would prefer cold, colorless, rigidly truthful newspaper reports about his team, but he was not fool enough to expect that. The game had grown too big; too many thousands of people had come to regard college football as their autumnal right. The game had grown out of the campus into the big-time amusement field. And when so great a part of newspaper subscribers had gone football mad, it was natural that editors should assign their high-pressure phrase-makers to the game and pay fancy wages to "experts" who would tell the populace in advance just what the local college squad was going to do to Dartmouth or Stanford on the approaching Saturday, and afterward why the prophecy, alas, failed. I know coaches who are the most liberal-minded of men between seasons but who would clamp a censorship on sports news in September, October and November that would make anything in Europe look loose and slipshod.

The players themselves would rather be praised than condemned. Who wouldn't? But dear to the heart of that coach who is trying to inoculate his lads against the dread swelled head are the reporters who knock. Blessed to the coach at Los Angeles are the sports writers in San Francisco where it is the law that nothing good can come out of Los Angeles. Therefore, the pretty things that our Los Angeles newspapers say about us, Howard Jones' Southern California team, are not stuck up there on the bulletin board before we play the University of California or Stanford, but the nasty cracks and the cold insults of the San Francisco reporters who accuse us of numerous shortcomings, the least of which might be that we can't play football.

The idea is childishly clear. There it is in plain words under the by-line of the famous Mr. Dink Templeton, Stanford track coach and sports writer for a widely circulated San Francisco newspaper. We're corrosive poison to Mr. Templeton, who is nevertheless loved by our coach, Howard Jones. See, says Mr. Jones, what Mr. Templeton thinks of us—good enough, perhaps, down here in the perfumed movie belt, but not up there where men are men and even the babies grow beards. So it's up to us, says Mr. Jones, to show Mr. Templeton—and Stanford.

Fine for Swelled Heads

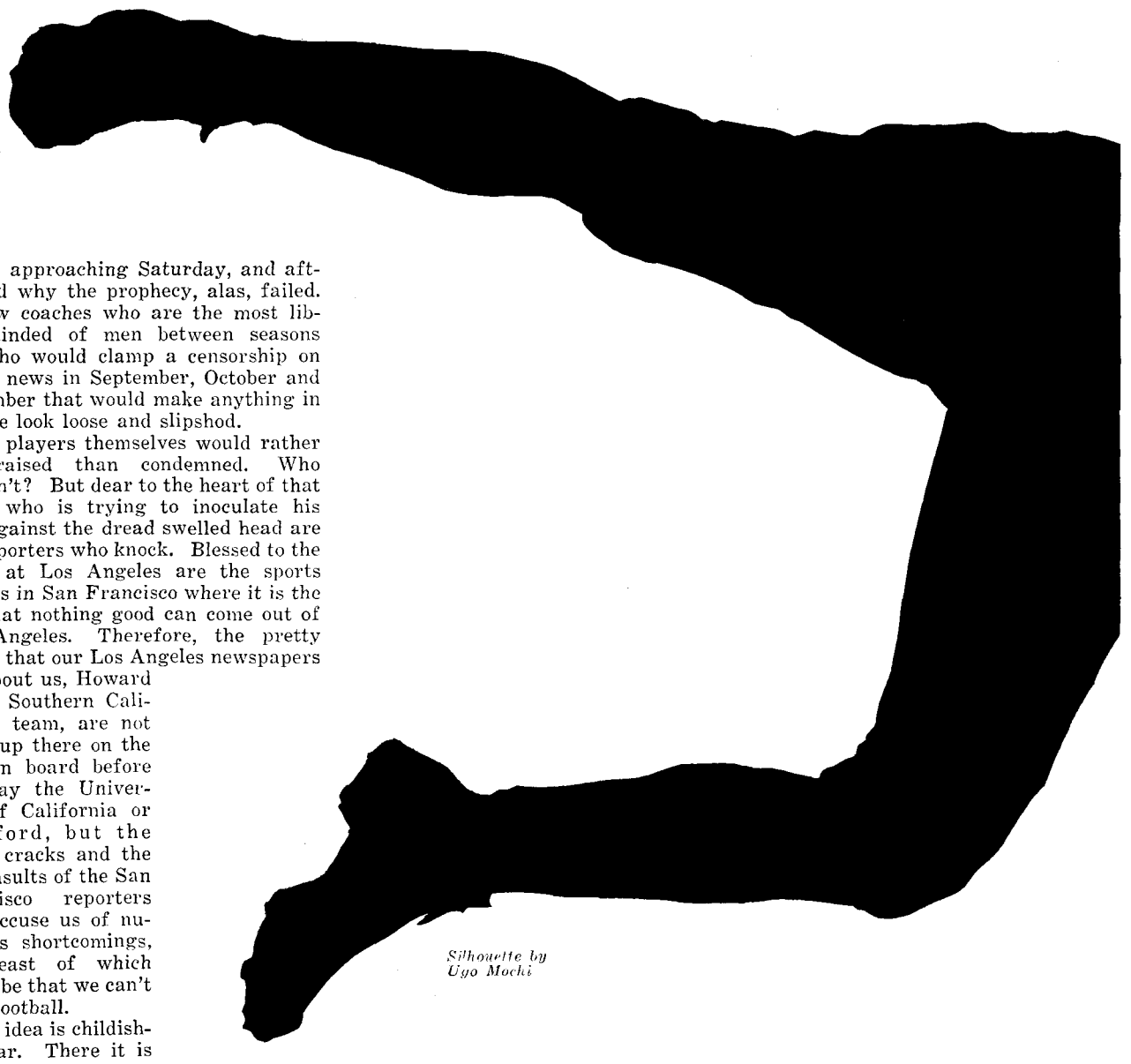
Naturally I'm not laying all defeats to overconfidence; there is such a thing as better football, team superiority and the like. But I'm dealing with a phase of the game that has been overlooked too frequently by those who would ascribe reasons for the favorite's disasters and the under dog's triumphs. And, similarly, I've seen individual players galvanized into raging life by bitter criticism just as I've seen whole squads lulled to deep, dreamless sleep by praise.

There, for example, was big Bob Hall of Southern California, who had everything to make him a star tackle except the ever-ready aggressiveness so essential to the consistent winner. Bob was good-looking, easy-going, mild as spring in his native Texas. A fine, gentle giant filled with good-will. If an opponent murmured "ouch" after meeting Bob's magnificent shoulders, Bob might solicitously beg the injured lad's pardon and ease up a bit thereafter. All of which are virtues not to be belittled; but they do not win many games of football.

Well, we were meeting Stanford which had a team that neither said ouch nor expected anyone to beg its pardon. Coach Jones was working hard on Bob trying to induce him to inject a bit of murder into his charge and to put aside for the season his natural benevolence. But it seemed a bit hopeless. Mr. Jones was about to surrender when Mr. Templeton—bless him!—came to the rescue.

Mr. Templeton gave us a nice, vicious going-over. Looking about for a particular victim of his scorn, he chose Bob, whom he likened to a "beautiful piece of statuary."

Unhappily for Stanford and the helpful Mr. Templeton, Bob read that classic remark. Mr. Jones saw to that. And,



Silhouette by Ugo Mochi

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for some reason I shall not attempt to explain, it got under Bob's skin. I have never seen better football than Bob played against Mr. Templeton's pride and joy. And it lasted. Gone was all of Bob's gentle manner on the field. Before and after the game the world knew no milder-mannered, more courteous lad. But once the whistle blew, the statue became a regiment of assassins.

The Priceless Razzberry

So we who played football at Southern California under the teaching of the talented Mr. Jones learned to love Mr. Templeton and to learn that knocks were tonic. In this spirit I have seen our captain, Stan Williamson, scan the opposition city's newspapers for days before the game and lament that there was nothing therein to hang upon the bulletin board.

"Three days' newspapers," groaned Williamson, "and not a razzberry in the lot. Those fellows must be trying to frame us."

As I have said, the football ballyhoo is a development of public demand and not because the schools or the teams or even the much-maligned alumni would have the game overshadow all other college activities. It has become a dazzling spectacle, and hundreds of thousands of men and women who have no direct nor indirect attachment to any university will pay millions of dollars to see the games. They have made it possible for colleges to carry on other and less spectacular sports with the football gate receipts. The tickets sold to these thousands produced the funds with which the magnificent stadiums and gymnasiums were built. Football publicity has become invaluable free advertising for colleges seeking maintenance and endowment funds.

More Important than Football

In the hullabaloo it is easy to forget that the players these thousands come out to see are, after all, merely a group of youngsters whose whole viewpoint, whose attitude toward life, whose sense of values, is quite apt to be distorted if the impressionable mind is subjected to too much adulation. Under the influence of lionizing and hero worship it is very easy for the boy to forget that football is very, very incidental to a college career. Many a lad has left college with several well-filled scrapbooks and nothing else. And there have been those who never did survive the shock of learning that the business world and the professions can get along pretty well without triple-threat fullbacks and All-America ends.

As I see it, what happens too often is this: The sports reporter, having finished with the baseball season, transfers his attentions to football. I find no fault with him at all. He is, perhaps, himself a college man. Or, even more to his credit, a writer who has demonstrated that he was his own best teacher. It makes no difference. But he has been dealing with athletes who are, first and last, business men—professional baseball players whose only real allegiance is to the club's payroll and rightly so.

The point is that this journalist approaches the football season and the college player in much the same temper and with much the same attitude that he held toward professional sport. This is not only unfair but it is likely to distort the whole scene. The kid playing halfback for glory (or perhaps an education) cannot be measured with the same yardstick you use for the mature man playing second base for ten thousand dollars a year. You cannot use upon the amateur the same critical methods you use upon the professional and be just to either.

Advice to Sports Writers

Far be it from me to offer advice to the sports writer, but surely he can lose nothing of his own laurels and can gain much respect and gratitude from the college athlete if he considers the status of the college player who asks only that the newspapers be reasonable, especially when he pulls boners, having lots to learn and seldom having any of the poise of the experienced professional.

If the football player doesn't give his best, doesn't try—all right, give him the devil. The coach will probably do it for you. But if he falls down trying, have a heart. He is not getting paid for it, you know; he's just a kid trying to get along with as few mistakes as possible. He's playing for the fun he gets out of it; for the sheer joy of the game. If he loses, don't take it too seriously. After all, his errors do not affect anybody's stock dividends. It is all the same to him whether the spectators pay five dollars or nothing to see him play. He gets nothing out of it but the pleasure he finds in the game. The gate receipts pay for the uniform he wears, for his transportation to the scene of battle, for the football he tucks under his arm. But the lads I'm talking about would hitch-hike to the scene of action if need be and play in uniforms they made themselves if there were no others.

I am not pleading my own case when I cite an illustration from my own football career at Southern California. It is of no consequence now. It can have no bearing whatever upon my business life now that I have been graduated and am out of football. But there was that St. Mary's game last season. We opened with St. Mary's who beat us 13 to 7, and for some reason the defeat of Southern California was a howling sensation, an outrage. No credit was given to St. Mary's for beating us, the team that the sports writers declared a sure winner. Little was said about the superb game St. Mary's played. No, the reporters became almost hysterical because we had lost, because we had not come up to their expectations.

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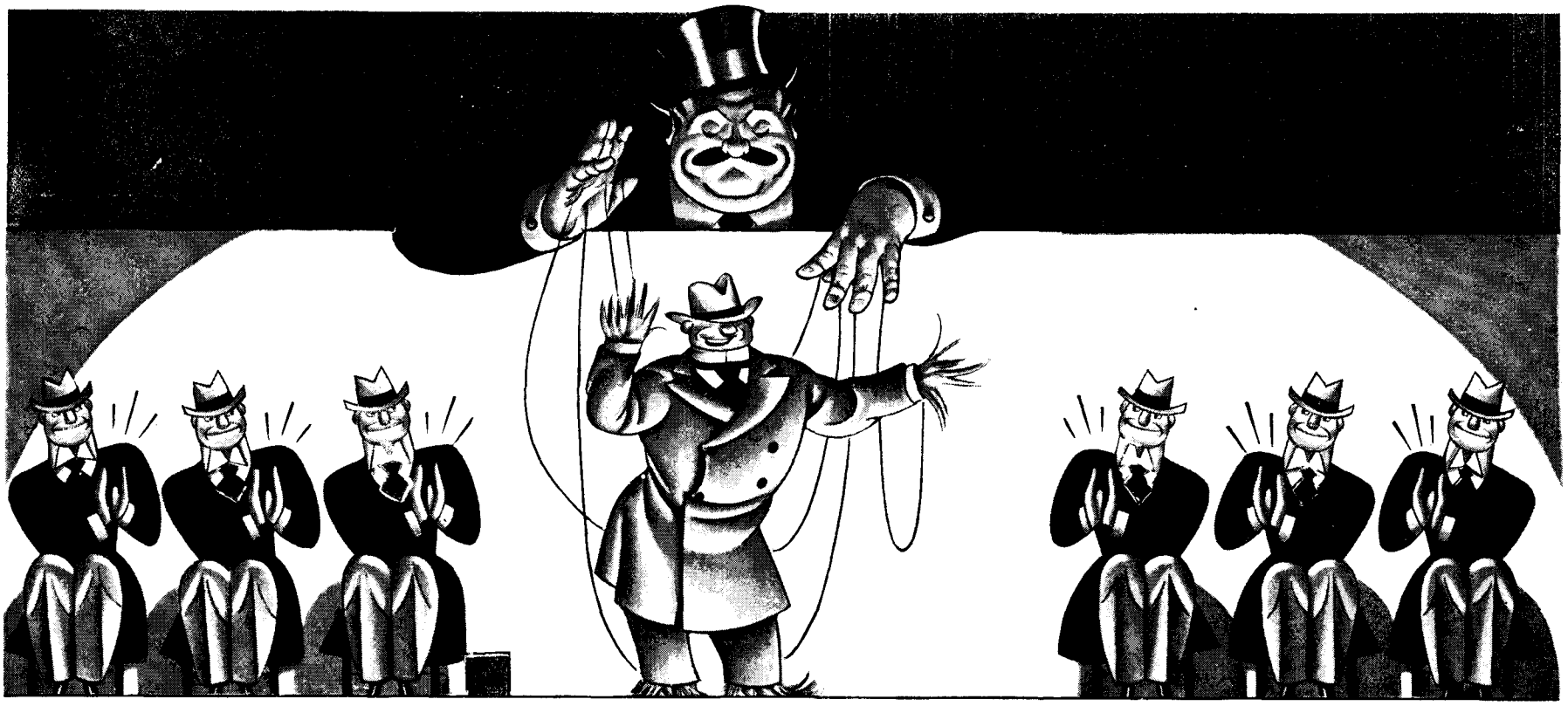

"I got a feelin' that the party bosses is lookin' for folks like me"

In Danger of Office

By Don Marquis

EVERYBODY'S tellin' what the country needs," remarked the Old Soak, "but I got a confession to make. I don't know. I'm probably the only person in a hundred and thirty million people that ain't competent to straighten everything out if I was to get the chancet. The trouble with me is, the last feller I read gets me all convinced; and then I read somebody else, and he gets me convinced too; and it takes hours and hours for me to figger out that I been convinced directly opposite to what I was afore I read what the last feller says.

"I really got no more sense than the average congressman.

"BUT the congressman has got an advantage over me. His party leaders tells him what he thinks and how he's gotta vote, and he does it and is happy. But with me, when I get a chancet to vote on somethin', I vote the way the last feller I talked with tells me, and later somebody shows me where I been wrong.

"Since women got the ballot, votin' has been a little easier, though I don't understand no more'n I used to. I wait till my wife makes up her mind and then I vote opposite.

"Outside of a kind of gineral idear that if my taxes was lowered the gover'ment wouldn't have so much money to spend on foolishness, I really got no political principles.

"AND I don't improve none with age, either. I'm gettin' dumber and dumber as the years go by. If it keeps on that-a-way, and I keep on gettin' dumber and dumber, I can see a horrible fate loomin' up ahead of me. I'll get to the place finally where I'll be drafted into politics and shoved into office. I got a feelin' that the party bosses is lookin' for folks like me—how else could there be so many of 'em now in office?"

▲ ▼ ▲

It is Aunt Prudence Hecklebury's idea that a vice is anything so pleasant that it doesn't seem right for other people to be enjoying it.

A BULLETIN from Archy, who, with Mehitabel the Cat, started out last July to hitch-hike from Hollywood to New York:

well boss here i am back in new york
i got a great break
after walking for months through arizona
I caught a ride on an airplane
and the first person i saw here was mehitabel
who had bummed her way
in a tourist trailer
she is living in shinbone alley
on second hand fish heads she drags away
from the east side markets
and she has some new kittens
they are the most peculiar kittens i ever saw
not the ones she left hollywood with
months ago or anything like them
there are five of these new ones
and they don't mew
they make a noise more like barking
i thought of that coyote she was so friendly with
in the southwest but i did not ask
any tactless questions
boss do you suppose such things could be archy

"He makes me take a guzzle"

▲ ▼ ▲

"I THINK you're a professional," I told a man the other day to whom I doubtfully contributed a quarter.

"Believe me, Doc," he replied, "I gotta be. An amachure don't get nowhere these days."

Another one to whom I was about to hand the same amount, who had said he was starving, suddenly came a step nearer and blew a breath in my direction laden with at least fifty cents worth of whisky, computing the price of whisky at its most obnoxiously cheapest.

"Why didn't you spend the money that breath cost you for something to eat?" I asked him.

"It was this way," he replied. "A feller comes along who was a little bit lit up—not what you would call pickled nor soused, but a little lit up—and I hits him for a cuppa coffee and a sandwich. But he's got no food ideas in his head; he's only got hootch ideas in his head. He laughs and he says he's been gettin' along with very little food hisself for the las' twenty-four hours; he says he finds if he takes a little drink every now and then he don't want no food. He says he's got a system he works like that. So he pulls out a silver flask from his hip pocket, an' he makes me take a big guzzle out of it. You gotta be polite to a guy like that; he means well. I wouldn't turn down a guy like that, on account of mebby hurtin' his feelin's. What I mean, a guy like that is doin' the best he can. So I takes a big guzzle out of that flask, like he advises. But it's had the wrong effec' on me, Mister; I'm hungrier than I was before."

"That whisky on your breath never came out of a silver flask," I told him, and restored the coin to my pocket.

But after I got down the street a way I thought: Suppose he is a professional? Don't these professionals get hungry, too? I dunno—every time you do come across, you feel like a sucker; every time you don't, you feel like a brute. And now here I've gone and made a little piece out of him which will pay me considerably more than the quarter which I denied him; if I had thought of that at the time I'd have given him enough to get really soused on, so he could forget his troubles for a few hours. And yet, as I recall his face, I doubt if the son-of-a-gun feels his troubles very acutely; as he told his lie there was the fervor of the creative artist on his countenance, and the creative artist, while he suffers from his troubles, also enjoys his sufferings . . . which sounds like hokum as I read it over. I should have bought him a quart of Scotch; we are both professionals, living on the success with which our technique gets over with the public.

▲ ▼ ▲

I still have a suspicion that Al Smith likes his potatoes mashed.

If I were dictator, any international banker visiting these shores would have to deposit collateral before I let him out of the country.

When we get legal liquor again perhaps the price will decline; the quality couldn't.

In Hollywood they told me that the moving pictures suffered because so many New York playwrights were working at them. In New York they tell me that the legitimate drama suffers because so many Hollywood script writers are tinkering with it. It would take a leaner, meaner, more cynical man than I to put in print that they are both right.

Moderation

The private lives of public men
Show that they should learn when to say When.

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Whose Clothes are you Wearing?

By Betty Thornley Stuart

Photographs by D. Jay Culver

Here Lilyan Tashman poses for you in three of the smartest costumes from her new winter wardrobe

On the screen one day, in the shops the next. But be careful, warns Lilyan Tashman, Hollywood's best-dressed star. There is an art in choosing clothes and making them your own

MORE and more do we absorb our fashion information by pictures rather than by text. And what pictures are so graphic, so easily understood and followed, as those that move, talk and generate fan mail?

So, to put a fillip in our current fashion menu, we decided to interview Hollywood's best-dressed exhibit, Lilyan Tashman. What she wears, why she chooses it, the Tashman clothes philosophy from cast-list to final curtain, complete with stills of the featured player, are here presented for the first time.

"If there's anything wrong with fashions this year," Miss Tashman said, "it's that every creator in Paris has struggled so for a new note. Five or six years ago, you couldn't go wrong if you bought the little Chanel that was almost a uniform. All women were reduced to the least common denominator and given something that suited practically everybody. That was one extreme—lots of chic and adaptability but no individuality whatever. This is the other—a tremendous amount of chic in some clothes, very little in others, but individuality all over the place. If a woman thoroughly understands herself and has the patience to find her very own clothes, even if she has to pass by hundreds of models to do it, she'll never look better. If she can't do this alone but won't rest till she locates somebody who can, she'll still be all right. But if she takes the first thing offered, or copies another woman who isn't her type, she never had such a perfect chance to be a perfect fright."

And right here come in both the advantages and the disadvantages offered to the feminine public in having so many and such beguiling examples of every type in action on the screen.

"The movies have had an enormous influence on fashion," Miss Tashman said, "a good one in general, because women have seen how important clothes are and what they can do. But they don't always understand the difference between pictorial clothes and personal clothes. For instance, the heroine may wear a dress that was designed for a single big effect—walking into a ballroom or down a stairway. The size of the ballroom doors and the curve of the stairs are just as much a part of the picture as the dress. Unless the woman gets the architecture—and the lighting—she'll look silly in the dress. I remember an evening wrap with a simply huge fur collar, worn for a close-up. It looked stunning there, but it would have been absurd in real life. I wish you'd tell the audiences not to be carried away by things that are really tricks rather than clothes. You don't catch well-dressed women in Hollywood looking like that when they're off duty.

Dressing to Fit Personality

"Then again, you've got to think of screen clothes against their social background. Marlene Dietrich wears the simplest tailored things when she dresses to please herself. But when she acts those women of the half-world, she has to be exotic. You can't feel well or look well in exotic clothes just because you have a certain set of features. You've got to be exotic clear through, if you're going to get away with it. Marlene isn't, off stage—doesn't want to be. Most of the women who try to copy her aren't either, but they haven't the sense to know it. All the same, I believe she introduced coq feathers to America, and they were lovely—just as I introduced white hats with fur coats, tiny little bérets and several other things. Joan Crawford's Letty Lynton dress was another case of the same kind—it just swept the country. But scads of women wore all those things who should have left them alone."

Clothes are seldom taken as is by anyone so critical. In her present wardrobe, practically every model Miss Tashman ordered was changed in the making. Here is an American who works with her dressmakers as the French woman does, putting much of her own cleverness, her own knowledge of clothes and of herself into everything she wears.

"Often I take features from four or five different dresses and combine them," she said. "I can't understand the awe so many women seem to have of anything that's supposed to be finished. If they like it as a whole, they take it just that way. Lots of them never even try the effect of raising or lowering a belt; you'd think the little tab things to hold it were put on by Congress."

Pursuing this train of thought, Miss Tashman said that the first things the

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The Girl who Waited

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

A love story of exceptional power and beauty

BRADBOURNE was going on a rather peculiar errand. He looked at a map in his New York hotel room. Chicago. . . . Michigan City, Indiana. . . . St. Louis. . . . Topeka, Kansas. Once more the old doubt assailed him. He had changed his mind half a dozen times on the boat coming from Rio de Janeiro. The plan of years had seemed, the nearer he approached its execution, a quixotic and almost foolish adventure.

To reassure himself, he got out a creased and faded snapshot photograph. Four young men, their arms about one another's shoulders, smiled at him as from a shadowed opening into the past. Four young officers in American uniform standing outside a mess hut in France. Bradbourne fingered the picture gently and sighed. It didn't seem so long ago.

There they stood in the bronzed strength of their youth. None had been more than twenty-four when the picture was taken. George looked older than the others. He had just come out of the line, Bradbourne remembered, and he needed a shave and a bath. Rick was the youngest; his boyish heedlessness was written in his grin and the crooked lacing of his trench boots and the twist of his Sam Browne belt. His appearance had pained Harry, who admired British swank. But Mort had said with blunt Kansas forthrightness: "We'll pose for General Pershing later, Harry." Mort greased his puttees with bacon rind.

Bradbourne put the photograph away. It was best not to muse too long or remember too much. He needed only the challenge of their eyes, only the reminder of their young laughter. Yes, he would see this thing through. He could never find peace until he had done it. He had roved, he had worked, he had made a good deal of money. But always his thoughts returned to these four. They were his buddies and he had loved them. One by one, they had gone in the space of two ghastly days when their battalion was cut to pieces in the Argonne fight.

HE BEGAN to pack his cases. From the windows of his room above Forty-second Street, he could see the new white towers of New York. They seemed to mock his hesitancy; they were aspirations achieved, dreams of might and power captured, a breathless flight short of the sky. Men who had been granted the fullness of their years had reared these buildings. Bradbourne winced and hurried his task. George and Rick and Harry and Mort had dreamed, too. Theirs had not been dreams of might or power. Theirs had been younger visions, more sweet and fine.

George had left a wife and baby boy. Bradbourne, his captain, had read George's last letter home. It had revealed an intensity of devotion and beauty of language Bradbourne had not imagined possible in the outwardly cynical George. And Harry—he had always joked about the small weekly magazine he had edited in Chicago. But one night, shortly before the big push, Harry had opened up. He had told Bradbourne of his secret yearning to do great things with the little sheet; to make it a respected journal of liberal opinion; to build a national reputation for it.

Mort had never attempted to conceal his dream. Mort had a kid brother, Ralph. The kid brother was to be an artist and paint fine things. Mort had spent most of his one short Paris leave trying to persuade the editors of The Stars and Stripes to print one of Ralph's drawings. Mort had sent a goodly portion of his salary home so the kid brother could stay in school. He wrote Ralph laborious and clumsy letters of exhortation, urging him to "work into the big league." Mort had planned to go home to Topeka after the war and start an automobile agency and send Ralph to study in Paris.

Rick had been even more articulate about his dream. His dream was a girl, Barbara Kirn. Rick was going home to St. Louis to marry Barbara. In fact, Rick's latest plan had been for Barbara to meet him in New York so they could be married sooner.

Bradbourne snapped locks with a sudden frown. He mustn't think about that part of his plan. He hadn't better go to St. Louis at all. Rick had been his best friend. Why, after all these years, couldn't he forget? He had made his fight when he and Rick said goodby to Barbara at Fort Sheridan. Rick had loved her best. And she loved Rick.

No, there was nothing he could do about Rick's dream. He would stay away from St. Louis. He would go to Chicago and Michigan City and Topeka. He would leave Rick and Barbara out of it. It would be enough to keep his pledge to the memories of George and Mort and Harry. He must, to ease the bitterness in his heart, intrude upon their dreams. He must see what had happened to the visions they had cherished and do all in his power to make them come true. But not Rick's gay, lovely vision. Not Barbara. . . .

"Send a boy to eleven-twenty-six for my bags. I'm checking out," he said gruffly into the telephone. . . .

In Chicago, Bradbourne experienced a great deal of difficulty in locating the former office and printing plant of Harry's magazine. An old newspaper friend whom he met at the Athletic Club recalled that it had been published in a building on East Ontario Street. The newspaper man added: "I think the original owners sold out about '23 and the new crowd changed the name."

He was right. The magazine's name had been John Public when Harry edited it. It had become The Public Utilities News and was now a house organ for a big power company.

"Harry Paynter? Did he ever work here?" inquired the present editor, a brisk young man two years out of journalism school. "Are you sure you've got the right office?"

Bradbourne thumbed through the current issue of The Public Utilities News while an office boy canvassed employees for someone who had known Harry. It was a saddening ten minutes. John Public was lost without trace. The new management had taken over the plant and nothing else.

FINALLY the office boy returned with a bald, weary individual introduced as: "Mr. Wasser knew um."

"I was in the business office of the old sheet," Mr. Wasser volunteered. "Harry Paynter was a pretty good friend of mine. I knew him for many years."

"We were in France together," Bradbourne said. "I've been in South America since the war. I just . . . wondered what had become of Harry's paper."

Mr. Wasser shrugged. "It was a one-man paper. Paynter kept it alive with war stuff from the front, but when he was killed the punch went with him. Tough. He was a mighty brilliant fellow and the sheet might have caught on in a big way if he'd come back." Then, wryly, "They killed off a lot of good men over there."

"Yes," said Bradbourne.

Mr. Wasser ended a long pause:

"He didn't have any folks that I know of, but several fellows on the dailies were friends of his. Let's see . . . there was Milligan . . . no, he's in New York . . . now, let me think . . ."

Bradbourne said quickly: "Do you think there'd be any chance of reviving John Public? I have some money and—"

"Forget it, brother. When a magazine is dead, it's dead. Of course, if you had a couple of hundred thousand to gamble with and could find another editor like Paynter—but even then, you'd be safer playing the horses."

Lost without trace. Poor old Harry. He got to his feet, stiffly, feeling the shrapnel wounds in his ribs. His thoughts raced with frantic intensity to fight down the grim conclusion. Mr. Wasser's voice broke in:

"I sure hated to see John Public go. It had something. Golly, that fellow could write!"

Bradbourne looked at Mr. Wasser. In Mr. Wasser's saturnine countenance was a momentary glow.

"Thanks," Bradbourne said. Then he found an idea which helped to ease the bitter pang: "Have they kept a file of John Public?"

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Mr. Wasser nodded. Bradbourne awkwardly outlined what he wanted.

"Say, that's great. I always thought somebody should do that for Paynter. A lot of his stuff deserves it."

Bradbourne wrote his check to pay for the work preliminary to an edition of Harry's collected editorials and the essays he had sent from France.

HE FOUND George's widow living in a shabby flat on Franklin Street in Michigan City. She had married again. Her name was now Mrs. Thomas Grassmuck.

She came to the door, followed by two grubby children. Heavily built and rather carelessly blondined, there was little about her to recall the pretty girl of the numerous photographs George had proudly displayed.

"I'm Cliff Bradbourne," he said, "an old friend of George's."

"Oh . . . yes . . . George," she gasped, coloring. Her still handsome eyes took in his appearance with a tentative wariness. Then she said: "Come right in. I'm always glad to see George's friends. You know, I married again—"

She led him into a living-room which revealed from its incongruities of furniture the suggestion of better days.

"This is Mary and this is little Tom," she said, pushing the children in front of her. "Say how do you do to Mr. Bradbourne." The children ducked their heads and retired to a corner with solemn eyes. She went on, in a fever of embarrassment, "*Our* boy isn't here just now. He's nearly fifteen. He's a big boy. Gracious, how time does fly!" Her voice trailed off.

"Yes. We're all getting along, aren't we?"

George's widow recovered her poise.

"I remember you, now. You wrote me . . . at the time. I've still got your letter. I meant to write and thank you. George was very fond of you."

"I was very fond of him."

Her eyes clouded with sincere emotion.

"Everybody loved George. I—I nearly lost my mind. I couldn't believe it. It was three years before I gave up the idea that perhaps he'd been taken prisoner or something. After that . . . well . . . we can't go on grieving forever, Mr. Bradbourne. I had little George to think of and . . . so . . .

"Little George is so like his father. I wish you could see him. He works after school at the drug store down the street. I don't like him to do it—he needs his strength to grow and so on—but he's very ambitious. He wants to finish high school and then work his way through college, but of course I'm afraid . . ." She gave an apologetic laugh.

"Times are a little difficult just now."

"They surely are, Mr. Bradbourne. Mr. Grassmuck—my husband—is only working three days a week at the plant. The poor man does the best he can. I know . . . still . . . I can't help thinking . . . but it isn't very nice of me to say that. I take it back." She turned the conversation: "Where are you living now?"

Bradbourne explained.

"You've done well. I can see that." She sighed. "George would have made a big success as a lawyer if he'd lived. You could tell the way he went right up from the ranks in the Army and got sent to Fort Sheridan and all. Little George wants to be a lawyer like his dad. Of course, he never saw his father but I've told him what a fine man he was. Oh, I do wish you could see him. He'd want to ask a thousand questions about George . . . and the war and all. . . . Wait, I'll phone the drug store and see if Mr. Priswitz won't let him off the rest of the afternoon."

"Don't bother to do that. I'll drop in on my way back to the hotel."

"That's awfully good of you. The poor dear kid will certainly appreciate it." Her reddened hands plucked at the too-short skirt of her house dress. "Perhaps you're wondering why I haven't been able to do more for little George . . . the insurance and so on—"

"I'm sure you've done your best."

"I certainly tried hard, Mr. Bradbourne. But . . . I mean—"

"It was fine of you to teach the youngster to love George."

She caught her breath with a sudden young and girlish fervor that warmed Bradbourne's heart.

"George was my ideal man, Mr. Bradbourne. I—I didn't deserve him. I realize that now. I guess you know it too. I'm pretty ordinary—I mean I know I haven't lived up to his memory very well, but—" she floundered pathetically.

Bradbourne gently extricated them both from further embarrassment by saying: "Well, I'll be getting along. I want to have a long talk with that youngster. Do you mind if I take him to dinner with me?"

HE LOOKED across the dinner table at George's son. The boy, an engaging grin like George's twisting his face, was saying:

"Gee, Mr. Bradbourne, I didn't know Dad was such a scrapper."

As he went on with a detailed account of George's exploits, Bradbourne felt the old bitterness upon him. How George had planned for this boy! And how he had idealized the mother! And what was there left of George's dream? . . . They stood on a street corner, the man and boy. Bradbourne said: "Well, George, I must be shoving off and it's far past your bedtime."

George said: "Aw, heck, Mr. Bradbourne, why don't you stay here longer? You're the only one I can talk to about my father. Say . . . would it be too cheeky of me to ask you to give me a job? I'd work awful hard—"

"You're going to work for me . . . at college," Bradbourne said. "Now, beat it home to bed."

"College? Do you really mean that, Mr. Bradbourne? Say, you *are* a swell guy!"

Bradbourne walked wearily back to his hotel. First, Harry . . . and now George. His heart was leaden. It seemed to him that his adventure already had failed. Topeka was a long way off. What would he find there? How much of Mort's fond hopes were left?

He wavered once more. After Mort there would be Rick. St. Louis. Barbara. Had Barbara gone with the world also? She had been Rick's dream—and his own dream, too. Could he face Barbara? To find her changed, to find her married, to find her no longer

(Continued on page 30)

Illustrated by Donald Teague

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The Man Next Door

What Ann Brooke did simply isn't done—but remember, she was in love

By Nancy Barnes

THE fat woman said: "Oh, I'm sure my husband sent a contribution for *this* block too," and shut the door in Ann Brooke's face.

Ann went back across the hall to her own door, wearily. It had seemed so simple to collect for unemployment relief so long as she was to do it only in her own apartment house. That was a week ago, and she'd got just two pledges signed.

She ought, she knew, to be trying to get a position for herself before she was reduced to the bread line. She *was* trying. But one couldn't tramp from agency to agency *all* day long.

Inside her own apartment and about to hurl her hat on the bed and herself after it, and to give up, finally and forever, any idea of trying to wring money from reluctant housewives, she stopped and looked at herself in the mirror. It was absurd to be so cowardly when one looked so poised and cool. She'd be darned if she'd be a quitter yet. She'd try the bachelor next door. Heaven knew Bruce Cameron should have money after having written that enormously popular best-seller just last year.

She settled the white piqué bib more becomingly at her throat and gave her white hat a more rakish tilt. Then she punched his bell. Little premonitory shivers of panic began chasing up from her toes. The truth was, she was so shy as to appear brusque and had, actually, a moment of fright every time she waited for a door to open. Only the picture of girls like herself, out of work and—worse than herself—hungry and despondent, kept her at it; girls who had not, as she had, a few hundreds between them and actual want.

SHE heard footsteps behind the door and began rehearsing her set speech, frantically, under her breath: "Good morning, I'm Miss Brooke from the Unemployment Aid—"

A cross voice yelled: "Nothing today!" in tones to wake the dead.

Ann's temper rose. She said: "I beg your pardon?" as icily as she could manage against the door crack.

The door was yanked open and an obviously irate young man said: "I thought you were the tailor," with no apology in his inflection. He ran one hand through much-tousled black hair. "Well, what *is* it?"

"It's Unemployment Aid," Ann snapped at him. "Do you want to contribute or don't you?"

"Well, I must say, young woman, your approach leaves much to be desired. Do I *want* to give? Of course I don't want to! Who does? I'm fed up with it, in fact."

Ann turned away; then she stopped. "I'm supposed to remind you that there are thousands of people out of work," she said stiffly. "I expect it doesn't interest you that hundreds of stenographers alone are walking the—"

She was interrupted and secretly appalled by his snort of disgust. "Hundreds of stenographers looking for jobs, hey? Yet can I, from any agency you can name, get one good one? I *can* not!" He seemed about to explode.

Ann took another step away from the door, and something about the stealthy way she did it seemed to amuse him. He laughed and small wrinkles sprang out around his black eyes. He looked older then but much nicer. "Sorry," he said. "Here's five dollars. I'm not exactly at my best this morning." His smile was rather charming. Ann found herself smiling with him.

"Perhaps I could help," she offered impulsively. "I'm not a stenographer exactly but I used to take my father's dictation straight on the machine. I can't do shorthand."

Ann found her wrist seized and herself following it inside with an urgency little short of breath-taking. Cameron's obliviousness to anything but the fact that help was in sight for him was, Ann thought, faintly annoying; he was obviously an extremely self-centered young man.

She had seen this apartment before he moved in and had decided the dropped living-room looked rather like a swimming pool. Now, however, she stopped short with a small exclamation of pleasure. Bruce Cameron had turned the too tall, too narrow long room into something very delightful. Broad, low bookcases lined the walls, breaking their height; it was the most uncrowded room Ann had ever seen and its very bareness was restful. Comfortable deep chairs and a lounge were reflected in the satiny shine of the dark, polished floor. Light from the big window, which filled one end of the room, filtered softly in through thin, pale green curtains, their illusion of coolness making one forget the heat of the street outside.

THAT afternoon was at once the longest and the most hectic Ann had ever spent. Cameron established her at a table in the big window, supplied her with paper and a fairly decent machine, and proceeded to forget her completely. He dictated with the most absolute unselfconsciousness she had ever seen. He tramped violently up and down the long room, his voice coming to her in waves like the sound from a radio with a faulty tube; now loud as he neared her, fading off when he turned, to become almost inaudible at the end of his treadmill path. When evening came Ann could hardly wait to cook and eat her sketchy dinner before she fell exhausted into bed.

Nothing had been said about further work, but at ten next morning she rang his bell once and not too long, fearful lest she rouse him from sleep and bring on another tantrum. She need not have worried.

"I've been waiting for you since nine," he said severely when he came to the door. "Let's see, read me the last two pages, will you, please?"

And that was that; they went on from there. Ann looked crisp and cool that morning in her thin, gray woolen dress with its wide, childish white collar, but if she'd hoped to be told so, she was disappointed. She *had* hoped it, she realized, and called herself a fool for her vanity.

Cameron himself looked far from charming. Dressed in old trousers and a white turtle-necked sweater, he

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He tramped violently up and down, his voice coming to her in waves like the sound from a radio with a faulty tube

Illustrated by Henry Luhrs

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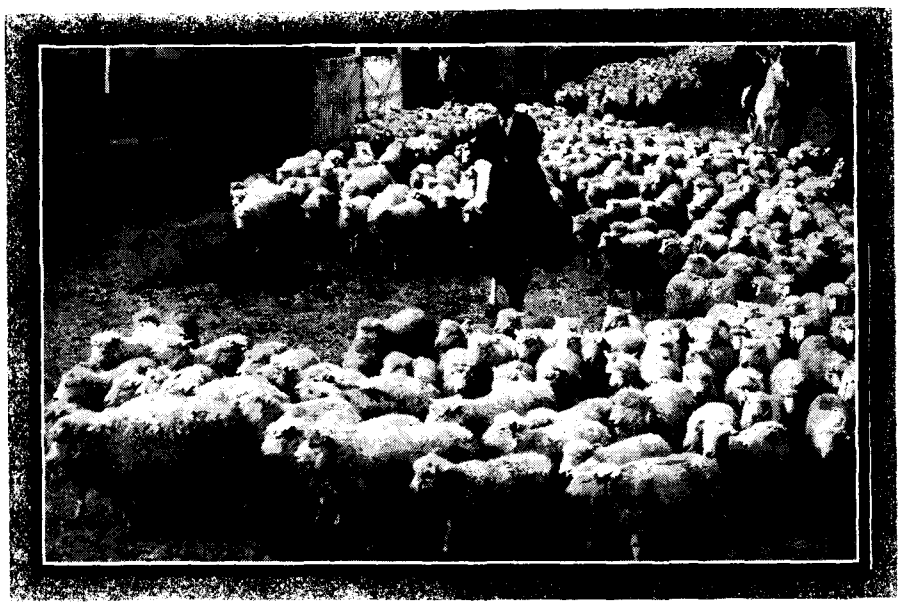
Left, loading copper for export in Chile. Right, a stockyards in Argentina, the leading South American wool producer



Ewing Galloway

A great deal of American money is bottled up just now, and quite a bit of it is in South American bonds. What's going to come of it? Here Mr. Tomlinson weighs that question and shows you how the nations of South America are struggling to make their bonds as good as their word

Bottled Up in Bonds

By Edward Tomlinson

HOW Aunt Hettie Miller could become so entangled in the affairs of South America has never been quite clear to me. She always seemed as much a fixture in Freeport as the post office or the courthouse. For thirty years she drilled arithmetic and algebra into the heads of the town's successive crops of youngsters. And until she retired and went to take the Florida sunshine four winters ago she seldom left home except for a few weeks in the summer time.

Unlike many confirmed schoolmarms, Aunt Hettie is not enamored of travel in foreign ports. Uncle Sam's domain is good enough for her. Her one venture across the Atlantic coincided with the grand mustering of European armies in 1914. And the difficulties surrounding her departure from that continent left her without any desire ever to visit it again.

Maybe it was something President Coolidge did during her first winter in Florida that led to her present plight. In early January of that winter the President traveled down to Key West where, with a silk hat, a speech and a battleship, he set sail for the island of Cuba. He went to pay a brief call on President Machado, and to give his blessing to the Pan-American Congress then sitting among the rumbas of Havana.

Aunt Hettie read with absorbing interest not only the accounts of the historic voyage itself but all the lurid tales of progress and development in the southern republics which followed in its wake. And a little later when Mr. Coolidge's successor loaded up another dreadnaught with editors, historians and poets and went swishing around the southern continent on an expedition of good will, she became a positive enthusiast on the subject.

Then J. Oswald Franklin came into her life. Oswald was one of the army of bright young men from our universities and schools of finance specially equipped to wait upon the millions then caught in the frenzy of investing. He came to Freeport bearing glib phrases and gilded promises. He assured lifelong returns to anyone fortunate enough to be invited to partake of his precious offerings.

Aunt Hettie Takes a Flier

Oswald's firm could supply investments "to suit every pocketbook and to satisfy every inclination." There were stocks in fishing clubs of northern Maine and orange groves in California; bonds of practically every government or political aggregation extant except Russia, Abyssinia and Turkestan.

It would indeed be easy to supply Miss Miller with the paper of three or four of the important countries of South America. Anyhow she invested equal amounts in Argentine, Bolivian, Chilean, and Peruvian six-per-cent bonds, eight thousand dollars' worth in all. An amount equal to, and consisting of, approximately two thirds of her life's savings.

Following which Oswald and time went flitting on. Today, if you indulge in a little simple figuring, you will find that Aunt Hettie's eight thousand dollars are worth less than one thousand. Of those four countries whose guarantees are printed in such classic words and type three have ceased to pay interest. They have defaulted on all their foreign obligations.

If you say that our gray-haired spinster's illusions about the southern continent have suffered a slump, you speak conservatively. Indeed, she recalls those dramatic gestures of Messrs. Coolidge and Hoover with mingled emotions. The lingering memory of their lilting speeches about the promising future of the other Americas haunts her by day and fills her sleep with nightmares. As for J. Oswald Franklin, his company and kind, they are creatures of a region not suitable for a summer resort.

And Aunt Hettie Miller's case is not unusual. She is but one of almost a half million school-teachers, storekeepers, clerks, factory workers, lawyers, doctors, and big and small town business and professional people who have taken into their keeping the bonds of these southern countries since 1918.

There is the famous novelist and story-teller whose yarns have for twenty years brought chuckles to millions of people both in this country and England. Four years ago she placed fifty thousand dollars in the hands of the investors' division of one of Wall Street's mightiest financial institutions.

"I am no business woman," she admitted to the brown-eyed widow in charge of the woman's department. "I know how reliable your institution is. I am going abroad for a long stay. I would like you to take this money and invest it for me. Place it where it will earn something."

"You are very wise," smilingly replied the lady whose reputation for financial wizardry was the envy of the entire Wall Street contingent of her sex. "You are entitled to an income from your money, and you have brought it to an institution peculiarly fitted to serve you."

Whereupon she pigeonholed for her new client several neat bundles of engraved masterpieces done in the South American motif. A great variety of them—selections from a half-dozen different schools of the bond art.

Down to Five and No Takers

Without prolonging the tale, at the present reckoning not one of those masterpieces would sell for cost. Not one of the six issues is even drawing interest and they are all offered on the Exchange at five to fifteen dollars apiece with no takers, proving that those who bought their investments directly from free-lance dealers like J. Oswald Franklin fared no worse than those who entrusted their purchases to the expert executives in the great metropolitan cathedrals of finance.

A little totaling tells us that this languishing legion holds exactly $1,686,212,900 worth of the promises of nine of the ten republics of the southern continent. The amounts according to countries range from $150,000 in Paraguay, $200,402,000 in Colombia, to $499,980,000 in Argentina.

"More than a billion and a half silver eagles thrown to the winds of chance,

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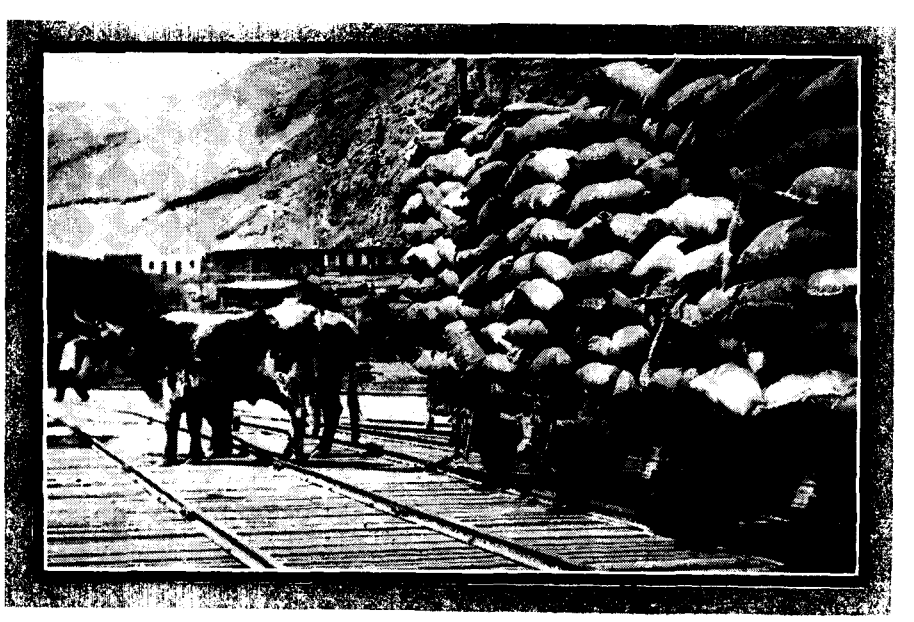
Brazilian coffee and Chilean nitrates find a rich and easily accessible market in the United States



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They can only Hang you Once

Detective Spade seeks an interview and finds a mystery

By Dashiell Hammett

SAMUEL SPADE said: "My name is Ronald Ames. I want to see Mr. Binnett—Mr. Timothy Binnett."

"Mr. Binnett is resting now, sir," the butler replied hesitantly.

"Will you find out when I can see him? It's important." Spade cleared his throat. "I'm—uh—just back from Australia, and it's about some of his properties there."

The butler turned on his heel while saying "I'll see, sir," and was going up the front stairs before he had finished speaking.

Spade made and lit a cigarette.

The butler came downstairs again. "I'm sorry; he can't be disturbed now, but Mr. Wallace Binnett—Mr. Timothy's nephew—will see you."

Spade said, "Thanks," and followed the butler upstairs.

Wallace Binnett was a slender, handsome, dark man of about Spade's age—thirty-eight—who rose smiling from a brocaded chair, said, "How do you do, Mr. Ames?" waved his hand at another chair, and sat down again. "You're from Australia?"

"Got in this morning."

"You're a business associate of Uncle Tim's?"

Spade smiled and shook his head. "Hardly that, but I've some information I think he ought to have—quick."

Wallace Binnett looked thoughtfully at the floor, then up at Spade. "I'll do my best to persuade him to see you, Mr. Ames, but, frankly, I don't know."

Spade seemed mildly surprised. "Why?"

Binnett shrugged. "He's peculiar sometimes. Understand, his mind seems perfectly all right, but he has the testiness and eccentricity of an old man in ill health and—well—at times he can be difficult."

Spade asked slowly: "He's already refused to see me?"

"Yes."

Spade rose from his chair. His blond satan's face was expressionless.

Binnett raised a hand quickly. "Wait, wait," he said. "I'll do what I can to make him change his mind. Perhaps if—" His dark eyes suddenly became wary. "You're not simply trying to sell him something, are you?"

"No."

THE wary gleam went out of Binnett's eyes. "Well, then, I think I can—"

A young woman came in crying angrily, "Wally, that old fool has—" She broke off with a hand to her breast when she saw Spade.

Spade and Binnett had risen together. Binnett said suavely: "Joyce, this is Mr. Ames. My sister-in-law, Joyce Court."

Spade bowed.

Joyce Court uttered a short, embarrassed laugh and said: "Please excuse my whirlwind entrance." She was a tall, blue-eyed, dark woman of twenty-four or -five with good shoulders and a strong, slim body. Her features made up in warmth what they lacked in regularity. She wore wide-legged blue satin pajamas.

Binnett smiled good-naturedly at her and asked: "Now what's all the excitement?"

Anger darkened her eyes again and she started to speak. Then she looked at Spade and said: "But we shouldn't bore Mr. Ames with our stupid domestic affairs. If—" She hesitated.

Spade bowed again. "Sure," he said, "certainly."

"I won't be a minute," Binnett promised, and left the room with her.

Spade went to the open doorway through which they had vanished and, standing just inside, listened. Their footsteps became inaudible. Nothing else could be heard. Spade was standing there—his yellow-gray eyes dreamy—when he heard the scream. It was a woman's scream, high and shrill with terror. Spade was through the doorway when he heard the shot. It was a pistol shot, magnified, reverberated by walls and ceilings.

Twenty feet from the doorway Spade found a staircase, and went up it three steps at a time. He turned to the left. Halfway down the hallway a woman lay on her back on the floor.

Wallace Binnett knelt beside her, fondling one of her hands desperately, crying in a low, beseeching voice: "Darling, Molly, darling!"

JOYCE COURT stood behind him and wrung her hands while tears streaked her cheeks.

The woman on the floor resembled Joyce Court but was older, and her face had a hardness the younger one's had not.

"She's dead, she's been killed," Wallace Binnett said incredulously, raising his white face towards Spade. When Binnett moved his head Spade could see the round hole in the woman's tan dress over her heart and the dark stain which was rapidly spreading below it.

Spade touched Joyce Court's arm. "Police, emergency hospital—phone," he said. As she ran towards the stairs he addressed Wallace Binnett: "Who did—"

A voice groaned feebly behind Spade.

He turned swiftly. Through an open doorway he could see an old man in white pajamas lying sprawled across a rumpled bed. His head, a shoulder, an arm dangled over the edge of the bed. His other hand held his throat tightly. He groaned again and his eyelids twitched, but did not open.

Spade lifted the old man's head and shoulders and put them up on the pillows. The old man groaned again and took his hand from his throat. His throat was red with half a dozen bruises. He was a gaunt man with a seamed face that probably exaggerated his age.

A glass of water was on a table beside the bed. Spade put water on the old man's face and, when the old man's eyes twitched again, leaned down and growled softly: "Who did it?"

The twitching eyelids went up far enough to show a narrow strip of bloodshot gray eyes. The old man spoke painfully, putting a hand to his throat again: "A man—he—" He coughed.

Spade made an impatient grimace. His lips almost touched the old man's ear. "Where'd he go?" His voice was urgent.

A gaunt hand moved weakly to indicate the rear of the house and fell back on the bed.

The butler and two frightened female servants had joined Wallace Binnett beside the dead woman in the hallway.

"Who did it?" Spade asked them.

They stared at him blankly.

"Somebody look after the old man," he growled, and went down the hallway.

At the end of the hallway was a rear staircase. He descended two flights and went through a pantry into the kitchen. He saw nobody. The kitchen door was shut but, when he tried it, not locked. He crossed a narrow back yard to a gate that was shut, not locked. He opened the gate. There was nobody in the narrow alley behind it.

He sighed, shut the gate, and returned to the house.

SPADE sat comfortably slack in a deep leather chair in a room that ran across the front second story of Wallace Binnett's house. There were shelves of books and the lights were on. The window showed outer darkness weakly diluted by a distant street lamp. Facing Spade, Detective Sergeant Polhaus—a big, carelessly shaven, florid man in dark clothes that needed pressing—was sprawled in another leather chair; Lieutenant Dundy—smaller, compactly built, square-faced—stood with legs apart, head thrust a little forward, in the center of the room.

Spade was saying: ". . . and the doctor would only let me talk to the old man a couple of minutes. We can try it again when he's rested a little, but it doesn't look like he knows much. He was catching a nap and he woke up with somebody's hands on his throat dragging him around the bed. The best he got was a one-eyed look at the fellow choking him. A big fellow, he says, with a soft hat pulled down over his eyes, dark, needing a shave. Sounds like Tom." Spade nodded at Polhaus.

The detective sergeant chuckled, but Dundy said, "Go on," curtly.

SPADE grinned and went on: "He's pretty far gone when he hears Mrs. Binnett scream at the door. The hands go away from his throat and he hears the shot and just before passing out he gets a flash of the big fellow heading for the rear of the house and Mrs. Binnett tumbling down on the hall floor. He says he never saw the big fellow before."

"What size gun was it?" Dundy asked.

"Thirty-eight. Well, nobody in the house is much more help. Nobody saw anything. Wallace and his sister-in-law, Joyce, were in her room, so they say, and didn't see anything but the dead woman when they ran out, though they think they heard something that could've been somebody running downstairs—the back stairs.

"The butler—his name's Jarboe—was in here when he heard the scream and shot, so he says. Irene Kelly, the maid, was down on the ground floor, so she says. The cook, Margaret Finn, was in her room—third floor back—and didn't even hear anything, so she says.

Illustrated by Joseph M. Clement

Spade said: "Better tell him why you were at the back door instead of the front." Ira Binnett suddenly blushed. He cleared his throat in embarrassment

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She's deaf as a post, so everybody else says. The back door and gate were unlocked, but are supposed to be kept locked, so everybody says. Nobody says they were in or around the kitchen or yard at the time." Spade spread his hands in a gesture of finality. "That's the crop."

Dundy shook his head. "Not exactly," he said. "How come you were here?"

Spade's face brightened. "Maybe my client killed her," he said. "He's Wallace's cousin, Ira Binnett. Know him?"

Dundy shook his head. His blue eyes were hard and suspicious.

"He's a San Francisco lawyer," Spade said, "respectable and all that. A couple of days ago he came to me with a story about his uncle Timothy, a miserly old skinflint, lousy with money and pretty well broken up by hard living. He was the black sheep of the family. None of them had heard of him for years. But six or eight months ago he showed up in pretty bad shape every way except financially—he seems to have taken a lot of money out of Australia—wanting to spend his last days with his only living relatives, his nephews Wallace and Ira.

"That was all right with them. 'Only living relatives' meant 'only heirs' in their language. But by and by the nephews began to think it was better to be an heir than to be one of a couple of heirs—twice as good, in fact—and started fiddling for the inside track with the old man. At least, that's what Ira told me about Wallace, and I wouldn't be surprised if Wallace would say the same thing about Ira, though Wallace seems to be the harder up of the two. Anyhow, the nephews fell out, and then Uncle Tim, who had been staying at Ira's, came over here. That was a couple of months ago, and Ira hasn't seen Uncle Tim since, and hasn't been able to get in touch with him by phone or mail.

"That's what he wanted a private detective about. He didn't think Uncle Tim would come to any harm here—oh, no, he went to a lot of trouble to make that clear—but he thought maybe undue pressure was being brought to bear on the old boy, or he was being hornswoggled somehow, and at least being told lies about his loving nephew Ira. He wanted to know what was what. I waited until today, when a boat from Australia docked, and came up here as a Mr. Ames with some important information for Uncle Tim about his properties down there. All I wanted was fifteen minutes alone with him." Spade frowned thoughtfully. "Well, I didn't get them. Wallace told me the old man refused to see me. I don't know."

SUSPICION had deepened in Dundy's cold blue eyes. "And where is this Ira Binnett now?" he asked.

Spade's yellow-gray eyes were as guileless as his voice. "I wish I knew. I phoned his house and office and left word for him to come right over, but I'm afraid—"

Knuckles knocked sharply twice on the other side of the room's one door. The three men in the room turned to face the door.

Dundy called, "Come in."

The door was opened by a sunburned blond policeman whose left hand held the right wrist of a plump man of forty or forty-five in well-fitting gray clothes. The policeman pushed the plump man into the room. "Found him monkeying with the kitchen door," he said.

Spade looked up and said: "Ah!" His tone expressed satisfaction. "Mr. Ira Wallace, Lieutenant Dundy, Sergeant Polhaus."

Ira Binnett said rapidly: "Mr. Spade, will you tell this man that—"

Dundy addressed the policeman: "All right. Good work. You can leave him."

Joyce Court stood in the doorway, not smiling, not speaking

The policeman moved a hand vaguely towards his cap and went away, shutting the door.

Dundy glowered at Ira Binnett and demanded, "Well?"

Binnett looked from Dundy to Spade. "Has something—"

Spade said: "Better tell him why you were at the back door instead of the front."

Ira Binnett suddenly blushed. He cleared his throat in embarrassment. He said: "I—uh—I should explain. It wasn't my fault, of course, but when Jarboe—he's the butler—phoned me that Uncle Tim wanted to see me he told me he'd leave the kitchen door unlocked, so Wallace wouldn't have to know I'd—"

"What'd he want to see you about?" Dundy asked.

"I don't know. He didn't say. He said it was very important."

"Didn't you get my message?" Spade asked.

Ira Binnett's eyes widened. "No. What was it? Has anything happened? What is—"

Spade was moving towards the door. "Go ahead," he said to Dundy. "I'll be right back."

He shut the door carefully behind him and went up to the third floor.

The butler Jarboe was on his knees at Timothy Binnett's door with an eye to the keyhole. On the floor beside him was a tray holding an egg in an egg-cup, toast, a pot of coffee, china, silver, and a napkin.

Spade said: "Your toast's going to get cold."

Jarboe, scrambling to his feet, almost upsetting the coffeepot in his haste, his face red and sheepish, stammered: "I—er—beg your pardon, sir. I wanted to make sure Mr. Timothy was awake before I took this in." He picked up the tray. "I didn't want to disturb his rest if—"

Spade, who had reached the door, said, "Sure, sure," and bent over to put his eye to the keyhole. When he straightened up he said in a mildly complaining tone: "You can't see the bed—only a chair and part of the window."

The butler replied quickly: "Yes, sir, I found that out."

Spade laughed.

THE butler coughed, seemed about to say something, but did not. He hesitated, then knocked lightly on the door.

A tired voice said, "Come in."

Spade asked quickly in a low voice: "Where's Miss Court?"

"In her room, I think, sir, the second door on the left," the butler said.

The tired voice inside the room said petulantly: "Well, come on in."

The butler opened the door and went in. Through the door, before the butler shut it, Spade caught a glimpse of Timothy Binnett propped up on pillows in his bed.

Spade went to the second door on the left and knocked. The door was opened almost immediately by Joyce Court. She stood in the doorway, not smiling, not speaking.

He said: "Miss Court, when you came into the room where I was with your brother-in-law you said, 'Wally, that old fool has—' Meaning Timothy?"

She stared at Spade for a moment. Then: "Yes."

"Mind telling me what the rest of the sentence would have been?"

She said slowly: "I don't know who you really are or why you ask, but I don't mind telling you. It would have been 'sent for Ira.' Jarboe had just told me."

"Thanks."

She shut the door before he had turned away.

He returned to Timothy Binnett's door and knocked on it.

"Who is it now?" the old man's voice demanded.

Spade opened the door. The old man was sitting up in bed.

Spade said: "This Jarboe was peeping through your keyhole a few minutes ago," and returned to the library.

IRA BINNETT, seated in the chair Spade had occupied, was saying to Dundy and Polhaus: "And Wallace got caught in the crash, like most of us, but he seems to have juggled accounts trying to save himself. He was expelled from the Stock Exchange."

Dundy waved a hand to indicate the room and its furnishings. "Pretty classy layout for a man that's busted."

"His wife has some money," Ira Binnett said, "and he always lived beyond his means."

Dundy scowled at Binnett. "And you really think he and his missus weren't on good terms?"

"I don't think it," Binnett replied evenly. "I know it."

Dundy nodded. "And you know he's

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got a yen for the sister-in-law, this Court?"

"I don't know that. But I've heard plenty of gossip to the same effect."

Dundy made a growling noise in his throat, then asked sharply: "How does the old man's will read?"

"I don't know. I don't know whether he's made one." He addressed Spade now, earnestly: "I've told everything I know, every single thing."

Dundy said, "It's not enough." He jerked a thumb at the door. "Show him where to wait, Tom, and let's have the widower in again."

Big Polhaus said, "Right," went out with Ira Binnett, and returned with Wallace Binnett, whose face was hard and pale.

Dundy asked: "Has your uncle made a will?"

"I don't know," Binnett replied.

Spade put the next question, softly: "Did your wife?"

Binnett's mouth tightened in a mirthless smile. He spoke deliberately: "I'm going to say some things I'd rather not have to say. My wife, properly, had no money. When I got into financial trouble some time ago I made some property over to her, to save it. She turned it into money without my knowing about it till afterwards. She paid our bills—our living expenses—out of it, but she refused to return it to me and she assured me that in no event—whether she lived or died or we stayed together or were divorced—would I ever be able to get hold of a penny of it. I believed her, and still do."

"You wanted a divorce?" Dundy asked.

"Yes."

"Why?"

"It wasn't a happy marriage."

"Joyce Court?"

Binnett's face flushed. He said stiffly: "I admire Joyce Court tremendously, but I'd've wanted a divorce anyway."

Spade said: "And you're sure—still absolutely sure—you don't know anybody who fits your uncle's description of the man who choked him?"

"Absolutely sure."

THE sound of the doorbell ringing came faintly into the room.

Dundy said sourly, "That'll do."

Binnett went out.

Polhaus said: "That guy's as wrong as they make them. And—"

From below came the heavy report of a pistol fired indoors.

The lights went out.

In darkness the three detectives collided with one another going through the doorway into the dark hall. Spade reached the stairs first. There was a clatter of footsteps below him, but nothing could be seen until he reached a bend in the stairs. Then enough light came from the street through the open front door to show the dark figure of a man standing with his back to the open door.

A flashlight clicked in Dundy's hand—he was at Spade's heels—and threw a glaring white beam of light on the man's face. He was Ira Binnett. He blinked in the light and pointed at something on the floor in front of him.

Dundy turned the beam of his light down on the floor. Jarboe lay there on his face, bleeding from a bullet hole in the back of his head.

Spade grunted softly.

Tom Polhaus came blundering down the stairs, Wallace Binnett close behind him. Joyce Court's frightened voice came from farther up: "Oh, what's happened? Wally, what's happened?"

"Where's the light switch?" Dundy barked.

"Inside the cellar door, under these stairs," Wallace Binnett said. "What is it?"

Polhaus pushed past Binnett towards the cellar door.

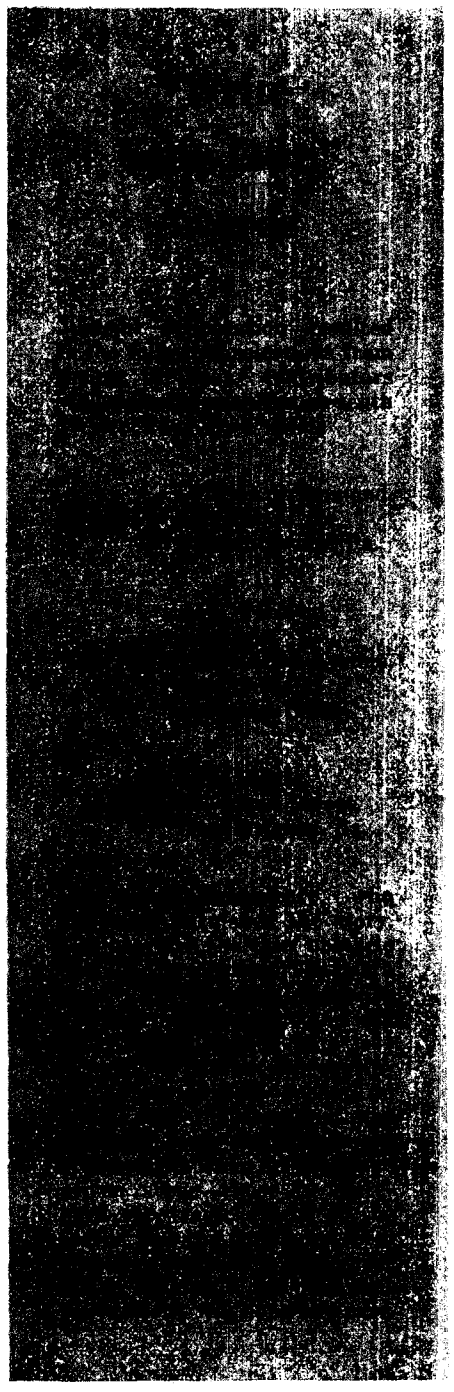
Spade made an inarticulate sound in his throat and, pushing Wallace Binnett aside, sprang up the stairs. He brushed past Joyce Court and went on, heedless of her startled scream. He was halfway up the stairs to the third floor when the pistol went off up there.

He ran to Timothy Binnett's door. The door was open. He went in.

Something hard and angular struck him above his right ear, knocking him across the room, bringing him down on one knee. Something thumped and clattered on the floor just outside the door.

The lights came on.

On the floor, in the center of the room, Timothy Binnett lay on his back bleeding from a bullet wound in his left forearm. His pajama jacket was torn. His eyes were shut.



Spade stood up and put a hand to his head. He scowled at the old man on the floor, at the room, at the black automatic pistol lying on the hallway floor. He said: "Come on, you old cutthroat. Get up and sit on a chair and I'll see if I can stop that bleeding till the doctor gets here."

The man on the floor did not move.

There were footsteps in the hallway and Dundy came in, followed by the two younger Binnetts. Dundy's face was dark and furious. "Kitchen door wide open," he said in a choked voice. "They run in and out like—"

"Forget it," Spade said. "Uncle Tim is our meat." He paid no attention to Wallace Binnett's gasp, to the incredulous looks on Dundy's and Ira Binnett's faces. "Come on, get up," he said to the old man on the floor, "and tell us what it was the butler saw when he peeped through the keyhole."

The old man did not stir.

"He killed the butler because I told him the butler had peeped," Spade explained to Dundy. "I peeped, too, but didn't see anything except that chair and the window, though we'd made enough racket by then to scare him back to bed. Suppose you take the chair apart while I go over the window." He went to the window and began to examine it carefully. He shook his head, put a hand out behind him, and said: "Give me the flashlight."

Dundy put the flashlight in his hand.

Spade raised the window and leaned out, turning the light on the outside of the building. Presently he grunted and put his other hand out, tugging at a brick a little below the sill. Presently the brick came loose. He put it on the window sill and stuck his hand into the hole its removal had made. Out of the opening, one at a time, he brought an empty black pistol holster, a partially filled box of cartridges, and an unsealed manila envelope.

HOLDING these things in his hands, he turned to face the others. Joyce Court came in with a basin of water and a roll of gauze and knelt beside Timothy Binnett. Spade put the holster and cartridges on a table and opened the manila envelope. Inside were two sheets of paper, covered on both sides with boldly penciled writing. Spade read a paragraph to himself, suddenly laughed, and began at the beginning again, reading aloud:

"'I, Timothy Kieran Binnett, being sound of mind and body, do declare this to be my last will and testament. To my dear nephews, Ira Binnett and Wallace Bourke Binnett, in recognition of the loving kindness with which they have received me into their homes and attended my declining years, I give and bequeath, share and share alike, all my worldly possessions of whatever kind, to wit, my carcass and the clothes I stand in.

"'I bequeath them, furthermore, the expense of my funeral and these memories: First, the memory of their credulity in believing that the fifteen years I spent in Sing Sing were spent in Australia; second, the memory of their optimism in supposing that those fifteen years had brought me great wealth, and that if I lived on them, borrowed from them, and never spent any of my own money, it was because I was a miser whose hoard they would inherit; and not because I had no money except what I shook them down for; third, for their hopefulness in thinking that I would leave either of them anything if I had it; and, lastly, because their painful lack of any decent sense of humor will keep them from ever seeing how funny this has all been. Signed and sealed this—'"

Spade looked up to say: "There is no date, but it's signed Timothy Kieran Binnett with flourishes."

Ira Binnett was purple with anger, Wallace's face was ghastly in its pallor and his whole body was trembling. Joyce Court had stopped working on Timothy Binnett's arm.

The old man sat up and opened his eyes. He looked at his nephews and began to laugh. There was in his laughter neither hysteria nor madness: it was sane, hearty laughter, and subsided slowly.

Spade said: "All right, now you've had your fun. Let's talk about the killings."

"I know nothing more about the first one than I've told you," the old man said, "and this one's not a killing, since I'm only—"

Wallace Binnett, still trembling violently, said painfully through his teeth: "That's a lie. You killed Molly. Joyce and I came out of her room when we heard Molly scream, and heard the shot and saw her fall out of your room, and nobody came out afterwards."

The old man said calmly: "Well, I'll tell you: it was an accident. They told me there was a fellow from Australia here to see me about some of my properties there. I knew there was something funny about that somewhere"—he grinned—"not ever having been there. I didn't know whether one of my dear nephews was getting suspicious and putting up a game on me or what, but I knew that if Wally wasn't in on it he'd certainly try to pump the gentleman from Australia about me and maybe I'd lose one of my free boarding-houses." He chuckled.

"So I figured I'd get in touch with Ira so I could go back to his house if things worked out bad here, and I'd try to get rid of this Australian. Wally's always thought I'm half-cracked"—he leered at his nephew—"and's afraid they'll lug me off to a madhouse before I could make a will in his favor, or they'll break it if I do. You see, he's got a pretty bad reputation, what with that Stock Exchange trouble and all, and he knows no court would appoint him to handle my affairs if I went screwy—not as long as I've got another nephew"—he turned his leer on Ira—"who's a respectable lawyer. So now I know that rather than have me kick up a row that might wind me up in the madhouse, he'll chase this visitor, and I put on a show for Molly, who happened to be the nearest one to hand. She took it too seriously, though.

"I had a gun and I did a lot of raving about being spied on by my enemies in Australia and that I was going down and shoot this fellow. But she got too excited and tried to take the gun away from me, and the first thing I knew it had gone off, and I had to make these marks on my neck and think up that story about the big dark man." He looked contemptuously at Wallace. "I didn't know he was covering me up. Little as I thought of him, I never thought he'd be low enough to cover up his wife's murderer—even if he didn't like her—just for the sake of money."

SPADE said: "Never mind that. Now about the butler?"

"I don't know anything about the butler," the old man replied, looking at Spade with steady eyes.

Spade said: "You had to kill him quick, before he had time to do or say anything. So you slip down the back stairs, open the kitchen door to fool people, go to the front door, ring the bell, shut the door, and hide in the shadow of the cellar door under the front steps. When Jarboe answered the doorbell you shot him—the hole was in the back of his head—pulled the light switch, just inside the cellar door, and ducked up the back stairs in the dark and shot yourself carefully in the arm. I got up there too soon for you; so you smacked me with the gun, chucked it through the door, and spread yourself on the floor while I was shaking pinwheels out of my noodle."

The old man sniffed again. "You're just—"

"Stop it," Spade said patiently. "Don't let's argue. The first killing was an accident—all right. The second couldn't be. And it ought to be easy to show that both bullets, and the one in your arm, were fired from the same gun. What difference does it make which killing we can prove first-degree murder on? They can only hang you once." He smiled pleasantly. "And they will."

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Clear Windows

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By John B. Kennedy

MR. HALEY started the romance, although Mr. Gill started Mr. Haley starting things. Gill occupied one of a row of partitioned offices that ran the length of the twelfth floor. When Mr. Haley halved a window to wash the lower part a stiff breeze brought Gill to his feet.

"That's a darned pretty girl over there," he told Haley.

"Over there" was an office on the twelfth floor of a sister building, an office which a deceptive vista made to appear directly opposite.

Mr. Haley looked up from his assault on the window. His ruddy cheeks wrinkled in a tobacco-stained grin. His mirthful gray eyes joined the junior executive's gaze. The darned pretty girl, her coppery hair and swell complexion haloed by a shaft of sunlight, glanced up. Embarrassed by this unexpected gallery, she instantly concentrated on her typewriter.

"I'd like to meet that girl," said Gill.

"Funny," said Mr. Haley, padding his chamois to polish off the window. "She was tellin' me yesterday how you must be a nice guy to know."

"Know her name?" asked Gill.

"Rose Kearney," said Mr. Haley, giving the window more than its due of polishing. "She's got a good job—secretary to the boss over there."

The boss over there appeared at that moment—a bar-browed tyrant who began barking notes at his secretary almost before he settled in his seat.

GILL sneered at him—there was no other way to express a sudden surge of jealousy.

"I'll be doin' them windows tomorrow," put in Mr. Haley. "I'll tell her what you said."

This Mr. Haley did—and more. Mr. Haley had a Kerry tongue and—fancy.

"That young feller," he told Rose Kearney, "says you're the only thing that brightens his days."

"I don't like being a thing," said Rose Kearney. "But"—glancing at the opposite window where Gill boldly watched Mr. Haley on his mission—"since he means a compliment, I'll take it."

Her boss being absent, Mr. Haley went on.

"It's just his way," said he, "of wishing you was around to brighten his dull evenings."

"How do you know his evenings are dull?" Miss Kearney objected. "He may be happily married."

"He ain't married at all," said Mr. Haley. "I think he'd like to meet you."

"Do you?" said Miss Kearney, apparently more interested in a business document.

"I know he would," pursued Mr. Haley, dawdling over a window sash.

He couldn't say more on the subject. Neither could she. Her boss entered. From across the way a window slammed down. It was Mr. Gill ejaculating.

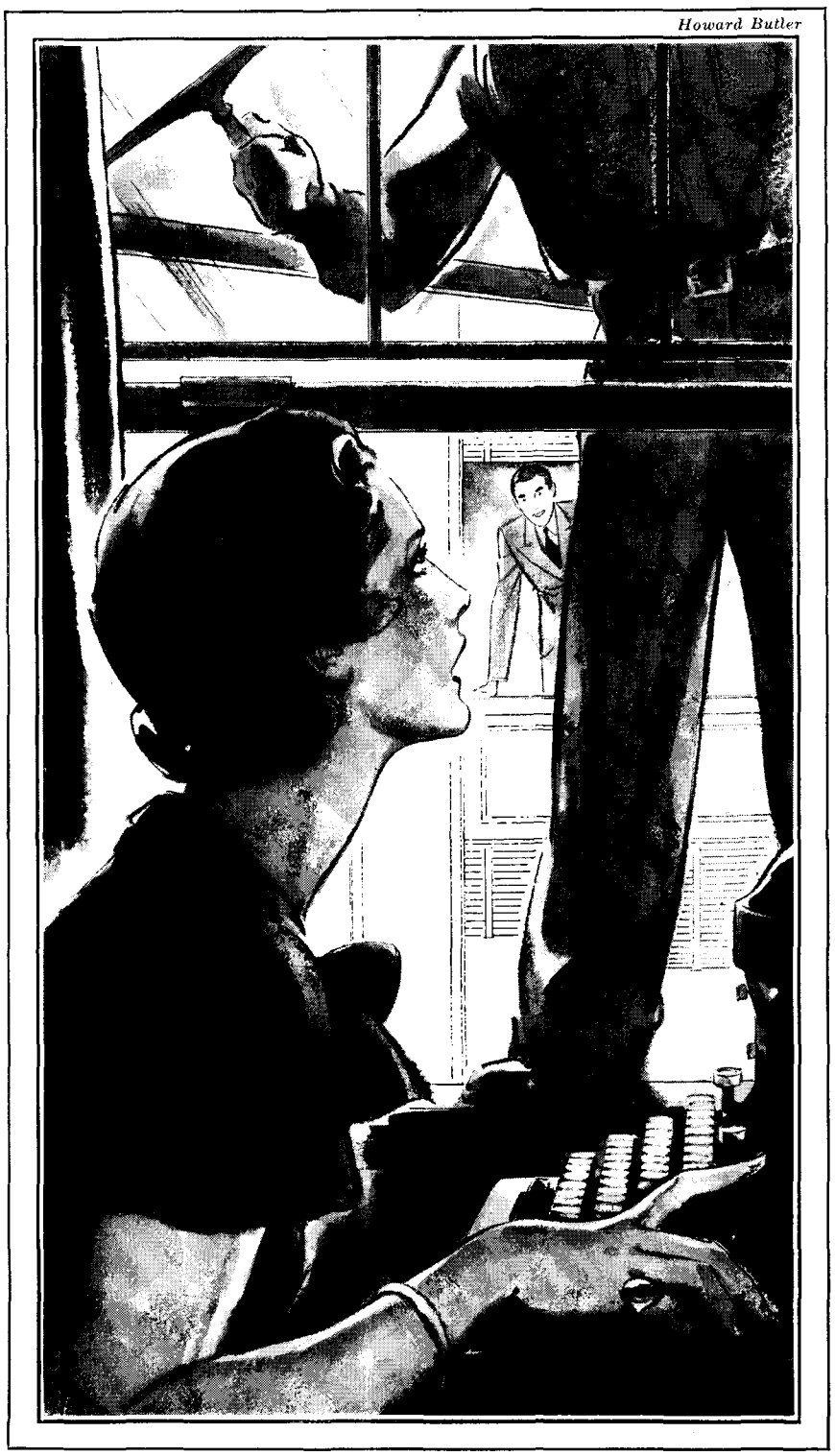
He had to wait another week—a week of communicative but unfruitful glancing and gazing, sometimes returned, sometimes not—until Mr. Haley again appeared. On interrogation, Mr. Haley made his report:

"She told me that she'd like to meet a nice, good-looking guy like Mr. Gill."

"She knows my name, then?" the owner of it asked, with a quick glance towards the opposite window, unreturned because the triple-chinned tyrant was dictating.

"Of course she knows your name," said Mr. Haley. "I told her."

An office boy breezed in, dropped papers on Mr. Gill's desk and departed.



Howard Butler

"How do you know his evenings are dull?" she objected

"What's the name of that outfit Miss Kearney works for?" Mr. Gill asked.

"It's a long name, but the telephone's Schuyler 5-7182." He postscripted: "Her extension's 37."

Mr. Gill scribbled the numbers down on a pad. . . .

A WEEK later, Mr. Haley had the satisfaction of hearing progress reported by Miss Kearney. Gill was discreetly taking peeks as he caught them in conference, and he himself was caught at this by an important headman stalking by.

"Is *that* the girl I spotted you with last night?" asked the important headman.

Gill flushed, wondering whether he'd been spotted at the theater, the speakeasy or the cabaret. The headman didn't specify. He simply warned:

"We'll have to change your office if you can't keep your mind on your work."

Mr. Haley's subsequent visit allayed his apprehensions.

"She says you're a clever guy," said Mr. Haley. "And I told her what you told me."

"What was that?" asked Gill.

"That she was just as brainy as she was beautiful."

"I don't remember telling you that," said Gill. "But let it stand. It's true."

So Mr. Haley saw romance bloom. Yet those who contrive romance rarely escape the sudden jolts of those who live it. Mr. Haley got his when next he talked with Miss Kearney.

"I'm taking my vacation next Saturday," she said, brightly, "and I've got a secret for you."

Mr. Haley's ears widened with his grin.

"The boy friend," said Miss Kearney, "is taking his vacation, too, at the same time and in the same place. Will you miss us?"

Mr. Haley's grin narrowed and vanished. He'd miss them. He felt at once the dullness of two empty weeks. Only a jointly signed postcard from the Adirondacks brought a spark of relief to soothe him.

As a matter of fact they missed him more. Mr. Haley would have been serviceable at a certain moment, inevitable between mutually interested male and female when unforeseen circumstance maliciously deflects Cupid's sharpest and straightest darts.

It was a quarrel in a Finger Lakes Inn. Gill and Rose Kearney were boarders. This was a dance night. He had gone golfing in anticipation of the evening's delights. She, a little miffed at his long absence, had accepted a genial youth's invitation to a motor-boat cruise. The golfer returned before the cruiser. There, while music floated over silver water and Japanese paper fans swayed in a caressing breeze, Mr. Gill, in his best flannels, bit his nails impatiently.

WHEN Rose Kearney appeared her motor-boat escort was with her. She greeted Gill gayly, eyes teasingly alive.

"You seem to have found somebody you like better," he charged, as they strolled off to the floor.

And that led to other things—and his abrupt departure for New York.

When Mr. Haley saw Miss Kearney, his eager joviality became instantly subdued. She was almost primly businesslike.

"I bet," Mr. Haley ventured, "you two had a swell time."

"Pleasant enough," she said with a vague smile. Then suddenly added: "Your friend Gill is utterly selfish."

That same afternoon Mr. Haley saw his friend Gill. Mr. Gill had a smile as vague as Miss Kearney's when he acknowledged a pleasant vacation.

"But your friend Miss Kearney," he indicated, "is pleasure mad; too selfish for my liking."

On subsequent visits to both, Mr. Haley tried to close the breach, to mend the harp. It was no go.

His best judgment was that something serious had happened between them. His worst experience was that something serious happened to him. Finishing with his squeegee on an upper half-window on a higher floor than theirs, he bent his body in to release his belt. The leather slid through his fingers, a foot slipped, and he found himself clutching for life. Panicky struggle sent his head banging against a window ledge. But hands reached out and grabbed his dangling body. Mr. Haley was a hospital case.

The same afternoon she heard about it, Miss Kearney went to see him. He was in a corner of a public ward, grinning comfortably enough through bandages in spite of which cunning hands had contrived to fix radiophones for his ears.

"It makes it nice," he told Miss Kearney, "with this radio Mr. Gill sent me."

"He did?" asked Miss Kearney.

SHE had barely time to go out and get flowers before visiting hours ended. Indeed, she was late: she had to leave the flowers in the porter's office for later delivery. As she turned away from there a young man greeted her. He was Gill.

"It was fine of you," he said, thrusting her into a cab. "Haley told me what you did for him."

"Told you what?" the cab jolted from her.

"That radio. Let me pay half."

Her eyes glowed. "Why," she said, "he told me *you* gave him that."

He laughed, then she laughed. They both laughed because they understood each other—and Mr. Haley.

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Thunder Mountain

By Zane Grey

The Story Thus Far:

IN A VALLEY of the rugged Saw Tooth Range, dominated by mysterious Thunder Mountain, three brothers—Sam, Jake and Kalispel Emerson—make a dazzling gold strike. Jake hurries to Boise, to obtain development capital. Kalispel goes to Salmon, a mining town, to purchase supplies. Sam remains in the valley.

Kalispel's stay in Salmon proves exciting. Fond of a fight, he has many. Before he departs, he has won the enmity of numerous citizens: notably Hank Lowrie, a cowardly sheriff; Pritchard, a gambler; and Cliff Borden, an unscrupulous dealer in mining claims. Also, he has won the sincere admiration of a lovely girl—Sydney Blair, an Easterner who, with her father, a minor capitalist, accompanies him on his return to the valley. . . . At the valley a stunning shock awaits Kalispel: hundreds of prospectors and miners are there, laying out claims; Sam has disappeared—has, it appears, been murdered; one Rand Leavitt is in possession of the Emerson strike, and refuses to be ousted. Whereupon Kalispel, in self-defense, shoots, and kills, one of Leavitt's guards; then, beside himself with grief and anger, drinks himself into a stupor. While he is intoxicated, Sydney Blair sees him. The girl is shocked. From that moment on, she does not speak to Kalispel; and presently it develops that she is interested in Rand Leavitt. . . .

Weeks pass. The disorderly tent-city evolves into a permanent settlement. Kalispel is no longer poor; again he has struck gold. But he is far from happy. His enemies are in power; the three town officials—a judge, a sheriff and a recorder—are Leavitt, Lowrie, and Borden! The miners, listening to the trio's stories of Kalispel's misdemeanors, shun him. Blair, his one friend, is drinking and gambling. He would leave the valley, but for two things: his determination to gather evidence proving that Leavitt murdered Sam, and "jumped" the Emerson claim, and a vague hope that, somehow, he may yet win Sydney. . . . The miners are in need of meat. Kalispel proposes to supply the need by hunting. While he is discussing the idea with the owners of a mess tent, a miner strides up. He has something in his hand. "*Just look at that!*" he exclaims.

V

KALISPEL stepped over to have placed in his hands a bright, smooth nugget weighing in excess of three ounces.

"Gosh! That's the biggest I ever saw," he exclaimed, as he returned it.

"This ain't a marker to the one sold to Leavitt by a miner. Three hundred dollars he got for it. An' you can gamble thet if Leavitt paid so much it was worth a good deal more."

"Yes, an' our hard-fisted judge grabbed the Woodbury claim today," interposed another miner.

"I hadn't heard," replied Kalispel, quietly. "You fellows know I'm particularly interested in how Judge Leavitt acquires land, gold, claims, an' quartz veins."

"Haw! Haw! Wal, this was easy. Leavitt has the decidin' of all claims, you know. An' he took over most of Woodbury's because thet hombre stepped high, wide an' handsome when he stepped off his claim. 'Course the miners in on the meetin' were thick with Leavitt, an' voted Woodbury out. There's some gossip floatin' about. Leavitt, Borden, Lowrie, an' a few more are playin' a high-handed game these days."

Kalispel went on down the trail pondering what he had heard. He stopped at camps of miners he knew and got not only orders for fresh meat but also sincere thanks for the offer.

There were several trails leading into town and the one on which he found himself happened to pass the Blair cabin. This time Kalispel did not avoid it.

The hour was almost dusk.

Blair sat on his porch steps, smoking. Kalispel heard voices and, as he recognized Sydney's, he felt his breath catch in his throat.

"Howdy, Blair," drawled Kalispel, as he leisurely halted. "Any dust these days?"

"Hello, yourself," replied Blair. "Where you been keepin' yourself?"

"Me? Aw, I been meditatin' on a misspent life," said Kalispel, coolly.

Sydney stepped from the back of the porch to the rail. She wore white. Kalispel bowed and greeted her.

"Good evening," she rejoined with perfect composure.

Kalispel's quick glance noted the sweet, troubled face, and the dark eyes that swept over him. Then he looked back at Blair, striving to hide the tumult that sight of her roused in him.

"Kalispel, the only dust around this claim is what blows in from the trails," said Blair, disgustedly.

"All panned out?"

"Ha! My neighbor, Dick Swan, an old miner, says the bar in front of my claim was planted."

"Dad, you should not say things you can't prove," interposed Sydney, quickly. "Especially to an enemy of Rand Leavitt."

"Oh, well, what's the use?" returned Blair, wearily. "I'll have to buy another claim. . . . How you making out, Kalispel? Never saw you look so fine. Still digging up in the rocks?"

"Not much. I hate it most as bad as I did diggin' fence-post holes, back in Wyomin'. Blair, what I dropped over to see you about is this: I'm goin' to hunt game an' sell fresh meat to the miners. Would you like some?"

"Fresh meat? Lord, yes. We've been living on canned stuff. But ask Sydney here. She does the buying in this family."

"HOW about it, Miss Blair?" inquired Kalispel, easily. "Would you like a nice fat haunch of venison now an' then?"

"So you intend making honest use of your one talent?" she said, in a level voice that irritated and mystified Kalispel. Why could she not be civil?

"Butcherin', you mean?" rejoined Kalispel, in a voice as controlled as hers. "Shore. I'm gettin' out of practice handlin' guns. An' sooner or later now I'm shore to buck into Borden or Lowrie—or Leavitt."

She vibrated slightly to that, but her reply was an inscrutable gaze from eyes now shadowy and deep. Then she wheeled away from the rail.

Blair laughed, not without a tinge of bitterness. "Sydney's testy these days, Kalispel. No wonder. But you fetch the venison."

"Thanks, Blair." Then Kalispel bent close to whisper: "If you get up

Illustrated by Harold Von Schmidt

"Say, boy," said Nugget, "you'd better leave me alone." "Don't you like

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against it in any way—come to see me."

Blair regarded him with haggard eyes. "Son, I'm ashamed to do it, after that spiel I gave you weeks ago."

"Hell, never mind that. It served its turn. . . . Are things goin' bad?"

Blair whispered, after a glance back at the porch: "I've lost a good deal of money gambling."

"Aw!" Kalispel made a passionate gesture. "Pritchard?"

"Mostly to him. But others, also. I was way ahead at first. If I'd only had sense enough to quit then! Now I've got to play to get even."

"You never will, Blair. Take a hunch from me. Never with this gang. They'll fleece the skin off you."

"Fleece! Do you mean to imply the game is crooked?"

"Good heavens, man, don't you know that?"

"No, I don't. But, by heaven! I'll watch them next time."

Kalispel thought rapidly.

"All right. I'll watch them with you," he replied curtly and turned to go.

"Hold on, Emerson," called Blair, rising and taking Kalispel's arm. "You won't go in these gambling halls on my account, will you?"

"I shore will. Sydney's goin' back on me is no reason for me to go back on you."

"But, son, listen," returned Blair in distress. "Sure as you do that you'll be using your gun again."

"Like as not. Will that jar you?"

"Not by a damn' sight!" retorted Blair. "I was thinking of . . . Never mind now. Anyway, I appreciate your friendship. And, by thunder, I think you have been unjustly maligned. They've all got you wrong, and that goes for my own daughter."

HE SQUEEZED Kalispel's arm and abruptly returned to the porch, turning at the steps to call back: "I'll let you know when I'm going to do some gambling again."

"Fine. I might set in the game myself," called Kalispel, which remark was inspired by Sydney's white form once more against the rail.

"Dad, is *he* persuading you to gamble?" Sydney called out in a high-pitched voice.

"No!" rasped Blair. "He's been trying to stop me. You don't appreciate that cowboy. You've allowed your absurd squeamishness and that blighter Leavitt—"

Kalispel passed on out of hearing. He would like to have heard Sydney's reply to that last reproach of her father's. Kalispel found his blood racing unwontedly and a choking sensation in his throat. He had been responsible for getting the Blairs into this unhappy situation. What would be the end?

He went downtown. Thunder City was having its supper hour; nevertheless that in no wise detracted from the appearance of activity. The yellow lights of the main street flared brightly; it was crowded with moving figures; music and laughter vied with the hum of conversation. The saloons were full of drinkers, loungers, miners selling and buying claims, gamblers on the lookout for prey, adventurers of every type.

Kalispel started in to make a round of all the stores, halls, resorts and houses on the street. In the Dead Eye saloon he ran straight into Lowrie, but saw that individual first.

"Howdy, Sheriff," he said, with careless nonchalance that had a bite in it. "Are you still trailin' Montana cowboys around the mountains?"

"Howdy, Kalispel," returned the other, gruffly. "No, I reckon not, so long as they keep the peace."

"Wal, I'm not drinkin' or gamblin' these days."

"What are you doin'? Look fit an' pert to me. An' prosperous, too."

"Shore, I'm all three. Just hangin' around for my brother to come. Then we'll hunt for Sam, my other brother, who made this gold strike."

"So I heard, Kalispel," rejoined the sheriff, ponderingly. "You don't look loco. But thet talk shore is."

"Lowrie, you know I wouldn't make that claim if it wasn't true," snapped Kalispel, coldly, and backed out into the throng on the street.

He watched gambling games in several halls. Then he went into Bull Mecklin's, reputed to be the toughest den in the gold diggings, and was there invited by gamesters to join them. Kalispel smilingly responded that he hated to win money from anyone. And as he did not play or approach the bar he attracted the attention of the proprietor, a massive-headed, thick-necked man whose name fitted him. He gruffly asked Kalispel what it was that he wanted there.

"I'm lookin' for a man," replied Kalispel, significantly, and was severely let alone after that. Someone recognized him, however, and he heard the whisper: "Kalispel, Montana gun-slinger!"

Finally he strolled into the most pretentious resort of the street, one that had just been erected and not yet named. It occupied the largest structure in the mining town, a barn-like frame outside and a markedly contrasting, gaudy interior. Music, gay voices, shrill mirth, clink of money and crash of glass, a shuffle of rough boots—these united in a roar. Kalispel was surprised to run into the pretty little girl he had met in the Spread Eagle at Salmon.

"Howdy, Nugget," he greeted her pleasantly. "What you doin' away from Salmon? Did you shake the Spread Eagle?"

"Say, was I drunk when I met you—somewhere?" she asked, flippantly.

"You sure wasn't. Why? That's not flatterin'."

"Because I wouldn't forget a handsome gazabo like you. What's your name?"

"KALISPEL EMERSON," replied he, and related the incident of their meeting.

"Oh, I remember now. But you don't look the same. Except your eyes. . . . Struck it rich, I'll bet. All spruced up, bright-eyed and pink-cheeked! Say, boy, you'd better let me alone."

"Don't you like me, Nugget?"

"If I didn't, would I give you a hunch?"

"Let's dance. I reckon I'm rusty, but I shore used to be slick."

They joined the whirling throng on the wide dance floor, and they had not progressed far when she said: "You may be rusty, Kalispel, but you're pretty good. What a relief to be free of these clodhoppers, heavy with liquor, bearded and dirty!"

"Nugget, it struck me over in Salmon that you were too nice a kid for this dance-hall life."

She looked up at him, but made no reply.

"Who fetched you over here?" he went on presently.

"I came with Borden's outfit."

"Borden? Oh, yes. He ran the Spread Eagle over there. Is there anyone in this deal with him?"

"Say, are you pumping me?"

"Sounds like that, I reckon. But listen, an' then tell me or not, as you like." As they danced around he briefly related the part his brothers and he had played in the discovery of gold there in the valley, about his leaving with Jake and returning alone to find Sam gone and the claim lost, his shooting of Selback and accusing of Leavitt.

"So you're that fellow!" she whispered excitedly. "You're that bad hombre then? You look it, Kalispel. . . . Well, go ahead and make love to me. It will make Rand Leavitt wild."

"Ah-huh. Is he sweet on you?"

"I WOULDN'T call it sweet. He has reasons of his own for not being open about it. And I don't mind telling you that he's Borden's partner here, on the sly, too."

"Wal, thanks, Nugget. One more question. But don't be hurt even if you won't answer. . . . Is this man Borden responsible for your being here?"

"No. I can't lay that to him, exactly. I have to earn my living. But he's a slave-driver. Ask the other girls."

"Nugget, suppose you let me be your friend."

"You mean make love to me?" The bitterness in her voice touched a deeper chord in Kalispel's kindly nature.

"I don't want to be that kind of a friend, Nugget. I can be a better one.

me, Nugget?" Kalispel asked. "If I didn't, would I give you a hunch?"

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I admit, though, I'd shore have made love to you if my heart hadn't been broken. You're as pretty as the dickens. An' nice. I like you."

"Well, you're a queer duck. But I like you, too. And you're on. I won't promise, though, not to fall in love with you."

"I'll risk that, Nugget."

"You'll risk more. It's bound to look like you were drinking and making up with me. And if you get—well, too thick with me, Borden will rear. And so will Leavitt."

"I reckon. Wal, I've made the offer."

"You're a deep one. What's your game?"

"Didn't I confide in you—trust you?"

"So you did," she returned, wonderingly. "I've got a hunch. . . . Kalispel, I'm yours for jest or earnest. . . . Say, it's nice to dance with you. You're clean and decent."

"I'll stick with you all evenin'. We'll pour the drinks on the floor. . . . Reckon it's awful nice to dance with you, too, Nugget."

JAKE EMERSON'S case against the Leavitt Mining Company was scheduled to be heard on the night of the very day he got back to the valley, a gaunt, haggard ghost of the man who had left there two months before in the prime of life and ambition.

The law of the mining camp was that in case of a dispute over a gold claim as to ownership, the case was to be heard before the judge in the presence of the other miners, all of whom were to listen to the testimony and then vote. Whichever claimant received the most votes got the gold claim.

Borden's dance hall, being the most commodious place in the camp for a courtroom, was selected for the trial.

Even without much time for advertising, the case attracted a throng. Kalispel had personally notified hundreds of miners to be present. He realized that Jake and he had no chance of winning the claim. But Kalispel's purpose was to establish a contest of Leavitt's right to the property.

A thousand or more miners assembled in the street before Borden's dance hall. Less than a hundred of these were admitted, however, and that augmented the growing curiosity in the case.

Lowrie, the sheriff, with two deputies, all armed, stood conspicuously before the orchestra platform of the hall, where at a table sat the judge and his recorder.

Leavitt, pale and stern, stood up and rapped on the table.

"Gentlemen," he began in a loud voice that carried out of the open windows into the thronged street, "the case at hand is that of one Jake Emerson, claimant, and the Leavitt Mining Company, defendant. The property contested is the quartz lode, Claim Number One. . . . We will hear Emerson's argument."

WHEN the judge sat down Jake came forward. His appearance carried conviction of two facts—first, that he had endured almost mortal illness and the privation and toil of a desert wanderer; and secondly, that he was a formidable person absolutely sure of the right of his cause. He halted in front of the platform, and after a long steady stare at Leavitt he turned to face the hall.

"Men, you are all miners like myself," he began, in sonorous voice. "An' if you are honest, an' live by the rule 'Do unto others as you would have them do unto you,' I could ask no more than to be judged by you.

"I arrived in Idaho most a year ago, comin' from Montana with my elder brother Sam, an' my younger brother Lee, who is standin' there. Sam an' me had been prospectin' for years, an' knew the minin' game from A to Z. Our young brother, however, was a cowboy. He took to the wild life of the range, an' as he survived one hard outfit after another he earned the name Kalispel Emerson, gunman, bad hombre, rustler. He may deserve the first, because the fact thet he is alive today proves it. But the other names are undeserved. The fact thet Sam an' I believed in the boy's honesty is responsible for our bringin' him with us to Idaho.

"We prospected the Lemhi Range before we wandered over here into the Saw Tooths. It was on the second of April, as I figgered out afterwards, thet we dropped down over the south slope into this valley. . . . Now, men, I can prove thet we came, though not the date. As I've only just returned here today, so tuckered out thet I fell in my tracks, it stands to reason thet I couldn't have seen any of the things I'll enumerate. . . . Some of you miners will remember signs of an old beaver dam on the far side of the creek, where the little brook curves in. . . . There used to be some rings of ground, earth banked up in circles. These were made by the Sheepeater Indians who camped here many years ago. . . . There used to be a pine tree across the creek on the high ridge, an' it forked at the trunk so low down you could step up in it. . . ."

"Thet big pine furnished lumber for my cabin," interrupted a miner. "I cut it down myself."

"Silence!" ordered Judge Leavitt, pounding the table. "And, Emerson, you confine yourself to your claim. We haven't time for all this rigmarole."

"The first night we camped here we heard the old mountain thunder," continued Jake. "An' the next day we struck gold. I took a hundred an' more pans of dust an' nuggets out of the creek. An' before sunset Sam came staggerin' into camp with a chunk of quartz showin' heavy veins of gold. He had uncovered a ledge thet carried a quartz lead.

"We made our plan. Sam was to stay here to guard our claim. Lee an' I were to go out. I was to take the quartz to prove our claim an' sell a half interest for one hundred thousand dollars. Lee was to pack supplies back into the valley. . . . We left, workin' up over the pass at the east end of the valley, an' we crossed the Middle Fork an' got to Challis. There, as we decided it took so many days to get out an' Sam would soon be needin' supplies, Lee left Challis for Salmon, where he was to outfit an' go back over the trail we had made. I was to go to Boise an' make our deal.

"Men, I never got to Boise. I never got away from Challis. . . . We must have been watched an' suspected. Wal, I had a few drinks thet night. But I wasn't drunk or near drunk. I was in possession of all my faculties. An' when I was slugged from behind I fell an' seen the man who hit me before he knocked me out. He was youngish, had a big round head with short hair, an' deep eyes like gimlets—"

"GENTLEMEN," Kalispel's voice rang out, "that description fits perfectly the man Selback I shot here the day I arrived. He was a guard at the quartz mine an' tried to throw his rifle on me."

Leavitt pounded the table furiously. "Another interruption will end this case," he shouted.

"Wal, men," resumed Jake, "when I come to I was lyin' in a shack, an' damn' near dead. An old fellar named Wilson had took pity on me an' took me in. I'd been crazy for weeks. You don't have to look close to see where I was hit." Here Jake bent his head to show bare, livid scars over his temple. "An' it was weeks more before I was strong enough to start back here. Accordin' to Wilson, the day followin' my accident Leavitt an' Selback packed in a hurry an' left for parts unknown. Some more men, known to be thick with Leavitt, left the next day, then mules loaded down with supplies an' minin' tools. Thet started the stampede. . . . Then, the rest you know. An', as Gawd is my witness, I have told the truth!"

Emerson ended amid a breathless silence and Leavitt arose. His strong face was white with suppressed emotion which might have been anger. But to Kalispel it was that and more. Leavitt had no fear of losing the quartz mine. But he did have fear that he would lose his life. The menace of Jake Emerson could be felt by all. Moreover, Leavitt had for a second time met Kalispel's steely-cold gaze.

"Gentlemen, I represent the Leavitt Mining Company," he began, clearing his throat. "And I am the only one living of the two men who found the open quartz claim. . . . So far as Emerson's testimony reflects upon me, I merely deny. He did arrive in Challis. He did get drunk. He did talk and he did get into a brawl in a saloon. But I heard about that after the stampede

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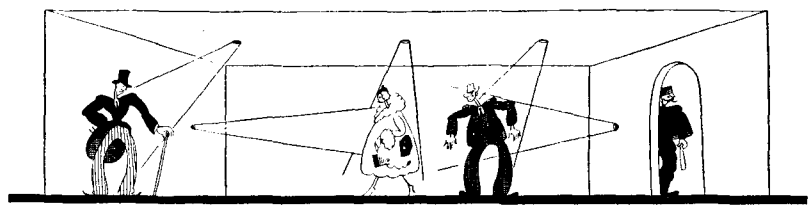

Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A European factory makes all outgoing visitors pass through a room in which they are unknowingly subjected to a ray that destroys film negatives in any cameras they may have concealed on their persons to steal industrial secrets such as machine-design or laboratory practices.

About 4,000 years ago the Babylonians lived in stone houses with bathrooms and other conveniences. Today more than 500,000,000 people—25 per cent of the world's population—live in huts, caves and tents.

In the United States today, there is an average of 55 suicides every 24 hours or one every 26 minutes.

The most notorious woman in Asia today is Lai Choi San, a pirate queen who operates a fleet of 12 heavily armed ships in the South China Sea. —*By R. J. Philips, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

A doorbell that rings only after a coin is inserted in the slot now is used throughout Holland to discourage canvassers and peddlers and to make them repay the housewife for her time and trouble. Coins used by friends, of course, are returned.

Human bodies differ from one another just as much at birth as they do in adult life. Physical characteristics do not become more pronounced with advancing age.

America now has an electric eraser, and England has a fleet of motor cafés that travel its busiest highways all night.

About 2,000 years ago, the Egyptians, justly celebrated for their knowledge of the sciences, worshipped as gods not only all kinds of animals but even various vegetables.

During their 700-mile trip across the trackless Arabian desert between Bagdad and Beirut, the mail busses are run with little human guidance. The course is figured by the sun and stars and traveled most of the way with steering wheels lashed and throttles set.—*By N. A. Mittenmeyer, Elmhurst, N. Y.*

About 5 per cent of all people are affected by "color-hearing," which habitually brings certain colors to mind when certain sounds are heard, or sounds to mind when colors are seen.

A person can dip his hand in water and pass it through a stream of molten iron without being burned, because the actual contact between a wet object and an extremely hot one is delayed by the cushion of vapor that momentarily separates them.—*By Julian Muller, New York City.*

Timur, the infamous Mongol conqueror whose armies ravaged numerous Asiatic countries in the 14th century, achieved the unrivaled record of having 27 different crowns placed on his head.

An ounce of metal falling from a height of one inch onto the diaphragm of a telephone receiver is capable of producing an audible sound in all our 14,322,000 Bell telephones for about one hour and twenty minutes.—*By Carl Atchison, Harvey, Illinois.*

The only prison in the world that receives its inmates by airplane is Russia's grim, medieval dungeon on Solovetski Island in the ice-clogged waters of the White Sea.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Illustrated by John Gannam

When the waitress had brought their coffee and departed, Myrna began to talk

The Great Abduction

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

IN LOVE with beautiful Myrna Dale, Ken Meridew, a brilliant journalist, is confronted with a perplexing situation. While investigating New York City's underworld, he has encountered two powerful racketeers: Jim Cattrone and Carl Bramer. And Myrna, he has learned, is meeting Cattrone secretly! Furthermore, the girl appears to be falling in love with another, far different, man: no less a personage than Mark Brockridge, the President of the United States! Certainly, she and the President share some deep secret—*but what?*

Meridew has other worries also. He has won Bramer's enmity. He may, he is well aware, be killed at any moment. . . . Myrna calls on him—at his apartment. They chat for a few minutes. Brockridge (whom Meridew knows) appears—alone. He is, he calmly announces, taking Myrna away. Then — "Please remember, Meridew, *I haven't been here!*"

Minutes pass. Three men, breathless, arrive. One (who gives his name as Gerryman) acts as spokesman. "We're the President's bodyguard," he rasps. "Mr. Meridew, where did he go?" Meridew denies he has seen Brockridge. The visitors grow abusive. *And then Meridew knows:* the trio are gangsters, gunmen! Meridew orders them out; they decline to go. Meridew knocks Gerryman down. Infuriated, the killer draws his gun. And—

The telephone rings. Gerryman does not shoot. "Answer that call," he growls. "If it's Brockridge, get him up here. If you don't—" Meridew steps to the phone. It *is* the President! "Keep away!" Meridew shouts. "Gangsters here!"

A savage fight ensues. Meridew, knocked unconscious, comes to. Brockridge has not arrived. Meridew waits patiently. No Brockridge. He makes frantic, but unsuccessful, efforts to get in touch with him; then summons the President's bodyguard, the *real* Gerryman. Gerryman, white with apprehension, arrives. Meridew talks quickly and— "Where's the President?" he demands. "The President," Gerryman replies, "and Miss Dale have been kidnapped."

VII

NOW that Gerryman had stated what had happened Meridew was not surprised. He wondered that he had not guessed, an hour ago, the object of the visit of the gangsters. In the light of Gerryman's terse statement, previous events had meaning. Of course! Only for profit would the three men have invaded Meridew's apartment. And the profit would have been the capture of the President.

Not surprised, yet overwhelmed. He had known—as every sane citizen had known for years—that gangland could never have achieved its present power without organization. Yet organization, successful organization, argues a certain sanity, a balance. Organization means many minds, and many minds would refrain from what one mind might conceive and carry through.

And yet, city officials had been terrorized, governors threatened, prosecuting officials murdered when they came in the path of racketeers. Drunk with power, what reason was there to believe that the racketeers doubted their ability to execute any plan they conceived?

But the President! The sheer daring of the thing! Challenging all the forces of government! He met Gerryman's blazing blue eyes.

"It's impossible," he said. He spoke the words for the reassurance their sound gave him, not because he believed them.

"Oh, yes? But it's happened," cried Gerryman. "How do you suppose you got me on the phone, Meridew? Do you think I answer any call just because the operator says some big shot is on the wire? But I answered your call, Meridew, because I was waiting for some call, any call. The President—ten minutes before I heard from you a note came to me by messenger."

HE FUMBLED in his pocket and produced a yellow envelope. But the missive within was not a telegram; it was typewritten upon a sheet of plain paper. He handed it to Meridew. Over the latter's shoulder Dabney read the brief note:

"We've got Brockridge. Five million will get him back. Word later."

That was all—but it was enough.

"Maybe—maybe it's not true—a joke of some kind."

Meridew was ashamed of the silly speech as soon as he uttered it, but the occasion required some comment and he was too stunned to think clearly.

"A swell joke," exclaimed Gerryman. "With no one knowing where the President is—with you telling us your story—"

"But Brockridge often slips off by himself, doesn't he?" interposed Dabney hopefully.

"Sure he does—and drives us goofy when he does it. But there's no stopping him. That old bird rode the range in Idaho when he was a kid. He just won't be treated like a baby with a flock of nurses and governesses. No use arguing with him, no use pleading. Says we get on his nerves and that's all there is to it. And cunning! We try to follow him and he gives us the slip. Oh, I'm not blaming him; it must be gosh-awful never to be alone five minutes. A man must get pretty fed up with people trailing him every move he makes. Especially a tough old boy like the President, who does twenty minutes on the mat every day with a professional wrestler and is right in thinking he could lick the average man in a minute. But he's not slipped off this time. He isn't taking a midnight stroll for the fresh air. That note scared me. But what you tell me is driving me nuts!"

He glared at Meridew as though he held the young man responsible for what had happened.

"THINK!" he ordered. "Go over everything the President said. What did the girl say? Did she expect him to call for her?"

"She said she didn't," replied Meridew.

"Well, that's the bunk," said Gerryman. "She went right out with him, didn't she?"

That quick color which he hated flamed in Meridew's face.

"She said she wasn't surprised, although she didn't expect him," Meridew explained.

"Oh. Sort of a he-would-if-he-could

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The Girl who Waited

Continued from page 19

worthy of youth's exalted fancy. No, that would be too ghastly.

Well . . . he would go to Topeka. But that was all.

Mort's brother, Ralph, was working on a Topeka newspaper. He did decorative borders for pictures and an occasional cartoon for the sports editor.

"So you're Cliff Bradbourne . . . well, well," he said, as they shook hands. "Mort used to think you hung the moon."

Bradbourne eyed him somberly. So this was the brilliant kid brother. Ralph was thirty-two now, he said. He'd been married for three years. He was cheerful and pudgy and quite a talker. He wasted little time on preliminaries before insisting that they transfer from the newspaper office cubbyhole to a speakeasy.

The liquor was vile. Ralph tossed off two jiggers before Bradbourne had struggled through half of his first and last one.

"What happened to the painting?" Bradbourne inquired, with an abruptness born of poignant disappointment. "Mort was proud of your talent."

The kid brother grimaced.

"That high-art stuff is a tough racket. And what does it get you? You know yourself that starving-in-a-garret line doesn't go over nowadays. Not with my wi . . . well, with any woman." Then, defensively, "Mort'd have seen how it was."

"I suppose he would have," Bradbourne agreed, slowly.

The drinks began to take effect on Ralph.

FIVE minutes later, he was tearfully regretful of talents wasted. Yes, he might have amounted to something. He might have come through for good old Mort. By golly, he would yet. He'd chuck this grubbing in newspaper work and really do something to make Mort proud of him. He'd quit next week. No, he'd quit tomorrow. He'd scrape up some money and go to the Beaux Arts. He didn't care what Amy said. Let her squawk. He'd go through for dear old Mort.

A brisk walk counteracted the alcoholic influence somewhat.

Bradbourne said: "See here, Ralph, if you were really in earnest about wanting to study art again it isn't too late. You're still young—"

"Thanks, old man. But it's no go. I'd starve out in a month."

"I'll look after that part of it. I've more than I need."

Ralph blinked at him.

"What's the idea, you giving me money?"

Bradbourne tried to explain. But he found that one could not discuss a dead soldier's dream on a street corner in Topeka, Kansas. He said enough, however, to convince Ralph of his sincerity.

"You're a funny guy, Cliff. I guess it was the war. But . . . uh . . . this art stuff. . . . Listen, if you really want to help me, there's a whole lot better way. Give me the money to move to New York, see? That's the town. I've got a swell idea for a comic strip. There's big dough in it. Listen, Cliff, this is the idea. You tell me if you don't think it's a wow—"

It developed after half an hour or so that Ralph's idea was far from a wow, but he only wanted five hundred dollars.

As Bradbourne filled in: "Pay to Ralph Bowen . . ." he wondered if Mort knew. He hoped Mort didn't know. . . .

He said good-by to the profusely thankful Ralph and prepared to return to New York. In his bitter dejection, he could not face the prospect of carrying the adventure to its end. His mood deadened the old longing to see Barbara again. It would be better to remember Barbara as she had been when Rick and he told her good-by. Barbara at nineteen—transfigured in the desperate farewells of wartime. Bradbourne had kept her clearly in his heart's memory. She had turned to him with misty eyes and said: "I'm going to kiss you. Do you mind?" Rick had laughed, saying: "Now, Barby, Cliff's a woman-hater."

She had kissed him, anyway. She seemed to have a prescience of tragedy that day. She had been made to receive intuitions and subtleties and all things of the spirit. She was lithe and fragilely beautiful with large, serious brown eyes and a strange music in her voice. She was a girl for a sonnet, for a song, for a prayer. . . . And now to go back. To find her changed. To find her married. To hear her speak of Rick as a youthful episode. To hear her talk of the old days as mere reminiscence. No . . . not that. . . .

Bradbourne boarded the Sante Fe for Chicago.

On the train, he bought a Kansas City Star and idly turned through the pages.

A picture halted him. The caption read: "St. Louis Visitor. Miss Barbara Kirn."

His heart pounded. A surge of happiness brought an intolerable ache to his throat. So Barbara was true. Barbara had remained loyal to Rick's memory. One dream of the four had not been destroyed.

"Oh, Barbara," he said, aloud, in an agony of apologetic shame.

He must see Barbara. He must thank her. He must tell her how happy she had made him. . . .

"I'm sorry, Your Highness, but there are no dancers today. The fleet's in"

Lawrence La Riar

THEY met in the garden at her friend's country home.

"The same Cliff," she said, holding out both her hands.

"The same Barbara," he said huskily.

They smiled at each other, their eyes searching.

"Why were you away so long?"

"Oh . . . wanderlust."

"And how did you know I was here?"

He explained, relieved to have matter-of-fact things like trains and newspapers to talk about. He doubted if she heard his words. She was looking at him intently with an odd, guarded darkness in her eyes.

"You're just about as I imagined you'd be," she said. "You've become very handsome."

He remembered that he must make this impersonal. He was Rick's best friend talking to the girl Rick would have married.

"Thanks, Barbara," he said, his voice gruff with embarrassment. "Er . . . you got my letter? The last one from France?"

"Yes. You wrote of Rick so beautifully. I've kept the letter."

"I'm glad. You . . . you've been magnificent."

She shook her head.

"Oh, no."

"Oh yes," he said. "Not many stand by as you have."

"You mean . . . because I haven't married?"

"That's it." He stole a glance at her. She looked puzzled, troubled.

THEY walked in silence to a bench. He was stricken with a sense of unreality. Barbara did not seem to have changed at all. Her face was flushed and young in the moonlight. He told himself that the excited happiness he felt was because of her loyalty to Rick. He started deliberately to describe his adventure, as much to convince himself as to explain his gratitude to her. He told her the whole bitter story. . . .

"So you see what I have to thank you for," he finished. "You've saved my last belief."

She was silent. He turned to her. A white mask had settled on her face.

"Why . . . what's the matter?" he stammered. "Oh, forgive me. I shouldn't have told you. It's too—"

"No. That isn't it," she broke in, steadily. "I'm just sorry because I must tell you the truth."

"The truth?"

"Yes. I never loved Rick."

He stared at her.

"Why . . . that can't be—"

"But it is. I hadn't meant to tell you. It must seem horrible. . . . I—I suppose I seem like a filthy little cheat to you . . . but that's the truth. I let Rick love me because I knew he was going away to die. Don't ask me how I knew—I just knew. . . ."

Bradbourne got slowly to his feet.

"Well," he said, "that makes the route complete. Thank God, my buddies didn't live to see what has happened to their dreams."

The girl stood up.

"Nothing has happened to their dreams," she said quietly. "The world can't touch a vision."

"Rick loved you. He died believing you loved him."

Her chin lifted.

"He loved a vision a little like me. It was far lovelier than I. He took his dream with him. So did Harry, so did Mort and George. What you've been seeing, Cliff, is just the world's miserable attempt to fulfill the ideal. It shouldn't make you bitter. It should make you glad that men can see beyond flesh and wood and stone."

Bradbourne looked miserably at the ground.

"You would have made Rick happy. You were all the dream he wanted."

"No. Part of his hope was that I should love him. I didn't. There'll be another chance for Rick's dream . . . if it hasn't been fulfilled already."

He made a gesture of dissent.

"I can't believe that," he said. "There are some dreams which are never fulfilled."

"If that is so . . . still, one is better for having dreamed." She smiled ruefully. "Oh, believe me. I know."

He eyed her in surprise.

"You? Oh . . . I see. You haven't married. There must have been some man—"

"Yes. There was." Then, after a pause. "Are you married, Cliff?"

"No."

"She just hasn't turned up?"

Sardonically: "She turned up years ago."

"What happened?"

"She didn't love me."

Barbara smiled.

"I was the girl, wasn't I?"

STARTLED, he could only nod. She stepped closer to him. He hung his head, ashamed to have weakened into a confession.

"Oh, Cliff dear," she said, and her voice sounded to him like a chord of music never heard in this world, "I loved you, too. That was *my* dream."

"You—you can't mean that," he mumbled, stupidly.

She laughed.

"It's taken us a long time, hasn't it? But I knew it would have to happen this way. I couldn't tell poor, dear Rick and I couldn't tell you. And when you didn't come back, I understood why. If Rick had lived you'd have come straight home, wouldn't you?"

"Yes."

"I told myself that. It was part of the beauty of it—that you should want to be loyal to Rick and want me to be loyal, too."

He looked at her in a long silence.

"How did you know I would ever come back?"

"I believed in the dream."

"Do—do you still believe in it?"

"Of course!"

He took her in his arms and kissed her. . . . They sat together in the garden. Tears stood in his eyes. . . . But somehow the bitterness had passed. His own dream had reached fulfillment and yet—

Barbara took the words from his heart.

"They're blessed . . . all the ones who die young," she said. "They go with their dreams secure and strong and beautiful." She sighed. "You and I will have to fight to hold this rapture, Cliff. And try as we will, some of it will escape us. There's no perfect answer in this world. The dream is all that matters."

He nodded.

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STILL....ONLY A BRIDESMAID

(although she knew the "unpleasant Breath" ads..almost by heart!)

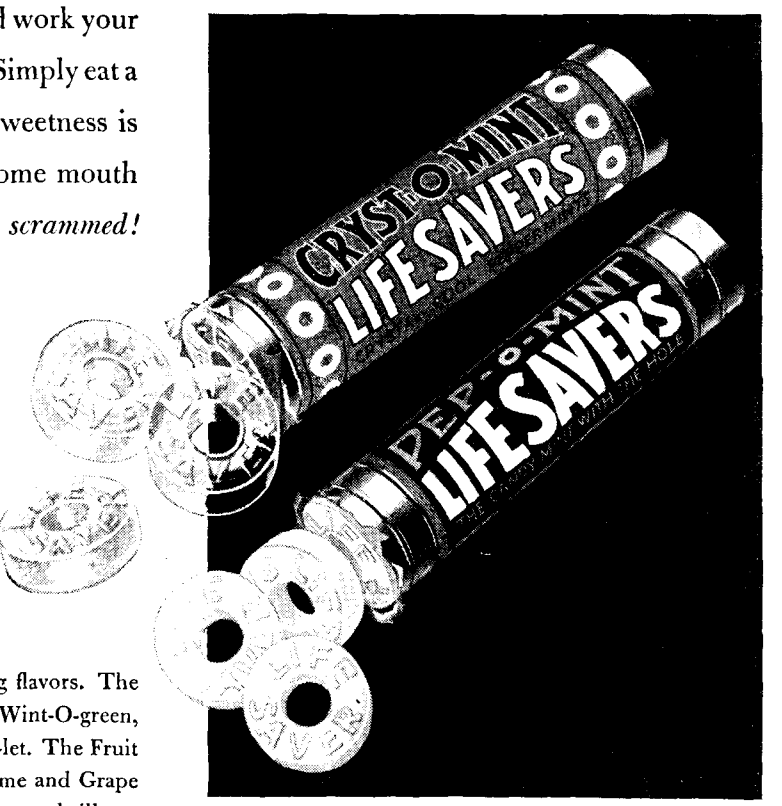
WHY hadn't some eligible bachelor honored her with the fateful question? She had all the wanted charms . . . *count 'em* . . . youth, beauty, wealth, intelligence. What was wrong? It *couldn't be* . . . it *simply couldn't be* . . . that notorious "Halitosis" thing. Not when she used a good mouth wash twice a day! Yet hers is a common error. She neglected to consider that even the best mouth wash, used in the morning, cannot prevail against the many odor-making exposures incurred during the day. Such as eating onions at lunch, taking a strong *aperitif* at tea, or indulging in *spaghetti a la garlic* before the theatre. No one wants to tote around a bottle of mouth wash all day long. Besides, public gargling is just not being done, is it? But there IS a delightful way to keep up the good work your mouth wash starts in the morning. Simply eat a few Life Savers whenever breath-sweetness is menaced. And how those unwelcome mouth odors will SCRAM . . . *and stay scrammed!*

•

LIFE SAVERS are the delicious ALLIES of the mouth wash. They "carry on" when the morning mouth wash wears off. They keep the breath sweet and fragrant ALL THE WAY 'ROUND THE CLOCK.

•

LIFE SAVERS . . . come in many enticing flavors. The Enjoy-*mints* of the Nation . . . Pep-O-mint, Wint-O-green, Cl-O-ve, Lic-O-rice, Cinn-O-mon and Vi-O-let. The Fruit Drops with a Hole . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape . . . and the *5-Star Extra* . . . Life Savers' latest thrill . . . CRYST-O-MINT . . . the crystal-cool drop with the hole!



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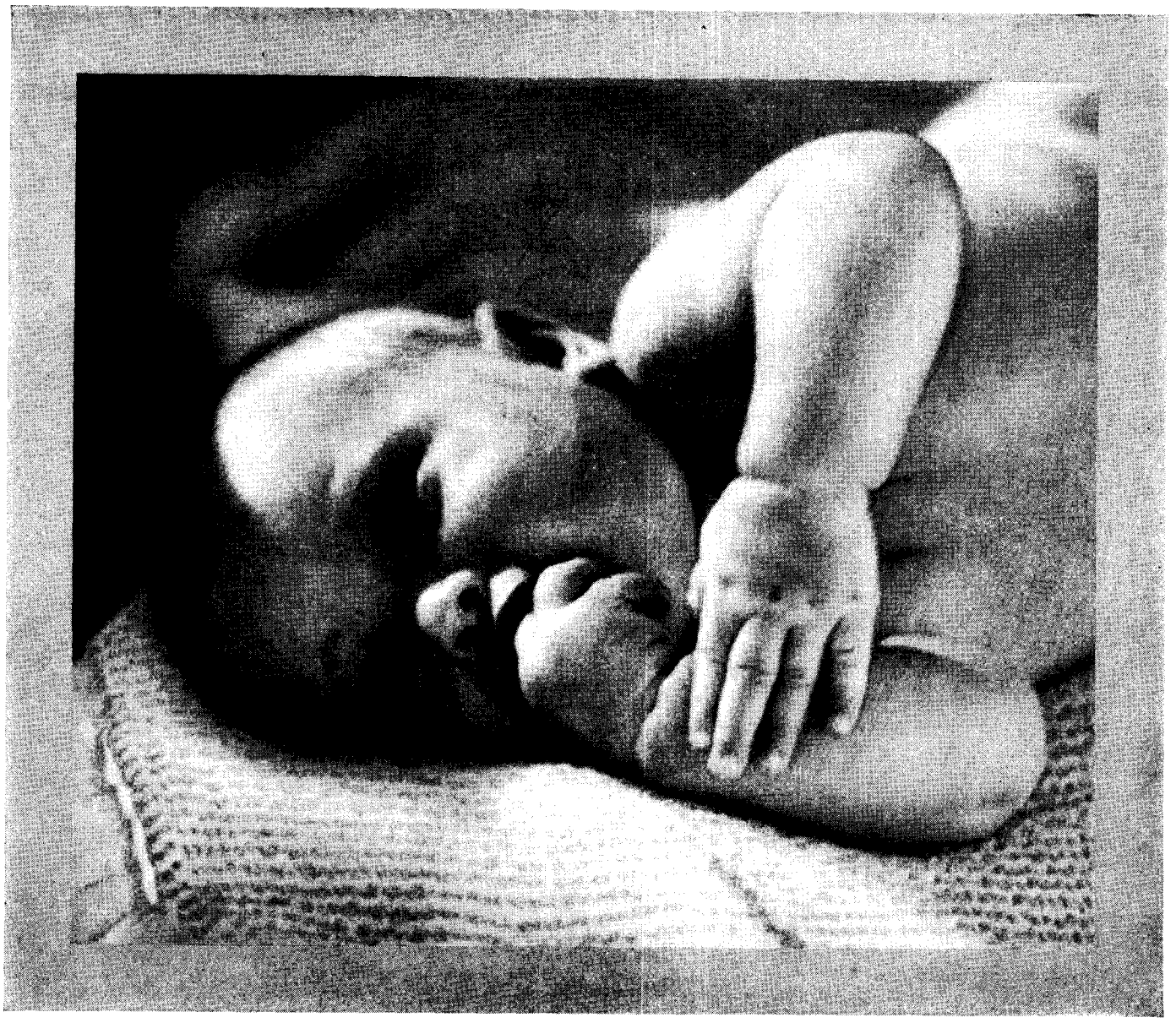
HUNGER



Photograph by Ruth Nichols

that asks for more than Food

When a baby's tiny hands cling to you—and cling—your instinct of protection rises fierce and strong. You realize that deep in that small human lies one of the most primitive racial emotions—"the world is insecure." Those little clinging hands ask you for security.

If you grip the hard palm of a grown man—the unemployed workman—you may feel in its grasp the slight tremor that betrays this same deep fear. More complex. Less open. But sharper, for from this man security has gone.

That hand of his has been long months without the accustomed feel of the tools of his trade. He knows now only the restless, desperate search for work. His children are hungry. His wife is hungry. He is hungry. What of the future?

Shall we simply say to this man—"Here is some food. Eat it."? Will that baffled, fear-crushed look then go from his wife's eyes? And the children—watching their father brood and look helplessly at the unused strength in his hands—will their outlook on life—their vision of the future—be sound and courageous if we merely say to them . . . "Here's food for you."?

No. Food we must give. But we must give more than food. For more than food has been taken away.

As thoughtful people we must face the facts. They are serious facts, because they affect the spirit of our people as well as their bodies. Here are emotional problems, health problems, morale problems that have been breeding under the surface through three long years of insecurity. And they strike at the fundamentals of our race. Uncorrected, they promise deterioration—a hopeless and sullen sinking back into a people that lives—but lives without hope. Without courage.

In this period of economic re-adjustment the greatest treasure of the American people is at stake—the tradition of the strength of an individual to rise. The courage to fight up, rather than sink back.

So when you give to your local community welfare program this year, recognize not only the vastly increased needs for food and shelter—but consider too the vastly increased and complicated burden of those social agencies which help us meet the other problems. In the problems of health, of morale, of child care and family adjustment, vital issues are being met which may decide much about the future of the American people. When you give this year, therefore—give generously, from the bottom of your heart. Never has more been at stake.

' ' '

The Welfare and Relief Mobilization for 1932 is a cooperative national program to reinforce local fund-raising for human welfare and relief needs. No national fund is being raised; each community is making provision for its own people; each community will have full control of the money it obtains.

Give through your established welfare and relief organizations, through your community chests, or through your local emergency relief committees.

WELFARE AND RELIEF MOBILIZATION FOR 1932

Newton D. Baker

Chairman, National Citizens' Committee

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Bottled Up in Bonds

Continued from page 21

gambled away." Such is the indiscriminate chatter of a clever columnist who wishes to know "what there was to justify such financial abandon, such lavishing of millions upon the peoples and countries of South America?"

Sentiments of a popular refrain, these. From Montauk Point to Monterey it has rent the heavens. It is a popular sport to strafe the bankers and bond merchants for their "brazen presumption in unloading this worthless junk upon innocent people." Congressmen, quick to heed the clamor of their constituents, have investigated. Dignified senators have dealt out scathing denunciations. In fact, publicists, politicians, economists and Tom, Dick and Harry have joined in a delirium of condemnation of those who brought about this state of affairs. Little of which provides any salve for the wounds of the victims.

Consult Your History Books

Nor have the giants of finance themselves, so far, come forward with any clear-cut plan for salvaging the wreck. An expedition into the lairs of New York's most notable offenders reminded me of a visit to an old-time Quaker meeting. I found only one who was willing to talk, even anonymously. But he is one of the sages of "The Street." Wise enough, as well as old enough, to know better, he sat on the shore and watched the ebb and flow of stocks and bonds while the younger fellows rode the waves. I found him high up among the minarets of steel and concrete, above the rumble and roar of the frantic city, gazing solemnly out toward Mother Liberty.

He eyed me hard for a moment, then said, "So you wish to know what I think about South American investments? Well, now that it is all over and we are suffering the effects of the spree, there is a disposition to fix the blame rather recklessly, don't you think?"

"Yes," I admitted, "I am afraid some of us are not inclined to be easy on the bankers. Especially those of us who happened to be in Lima, Santiago and Buenos Aires during the days when their emissaries were literally stepping on one another's feet to get finance ministers to accept the money which they had to offer."

"The bankers do deserve blame," he shot back. "It could be shoveled on them in heaps. But there were some extenuating circumstances which shouldn't be overlooked.

"In the first place, the fact that a stream of gold flowed from the United States southward cannot be attributed altogether to the initiative of our bankers. It was the result of inevitable economic law. We had the money and they wanted it, needed it, and it flowed from north to south just as water flows downhill.

"The trouble, it seems to me," he went on, "resulted from lack of intelligent control and distribution of the flow. In their eagerness for profits our bankers often opened the gates and literally flooded sections that should have been carefully irrigated. Furthermore, money was supplied carelessly and extravagantly during the boom and then shut off in a niggardly fashion during the period of contraction. We surfeited our neighbors and then starved them. Which excuses them if they call us fair-weather friends."

"And the outcome?" I broke in.

"Eventually the mess will be straightened out, perhaps through refunding operations or scaling down some of the debts. But it will be straightened out. Ninety-eight per cent of the South American bonds now held in this country have been issued either directly by national governments or supported by national government guarantees. These governments intend to the best of their ability to pay some day. Don't overlook the fact that not one of them has even thought of repudiation.

"It is my opinion that before the situation is rectified we will have to lend them more money. But the need for loans will be very carefully investigated. We have learned our lesson, at least for the time being. The amount necessary will be determined with some degree of accuracy and the money furnished will go more and more into productive enterprises, not to maintain chesty generals and ambitious dictators. We will attend to building up a part of the world the products of whose natural resources are absolutely needed for the domestic prosperity of the United States.

"For, regardless of its many proud cities, this whole southern continent awaits development. American money is going to do the job and the day is coming when, unless Yankee blood has become diluted with water, the schoolteacher, the mechanic, the farmer, the clerk and the ordinary investor here in the United States will help provide the necessary funds. If you go and consult your history books you will find where this has been done time and time again. And I think history is likely to repeat itself."

Well, let's see. The chronicles say that for a whole century before 1914 that ruddy-faced old juggler of finance, John Bull, weathered one economic slump and debt default after another in these very regions. John is no novice in the South American field of trade and investment—Uncle Sam's holdings in these parts look like pin money in comparison to his. The staid old Briton has almost as much money in Argentina alone as his lanky American cousin has in all South America.

And the chronicles further reveal that, after each of these experiences, John's own family criticized, condemned and investigated him and one another with the same ardor that critics in this country now twist their Uncle Samuel's beard and hurl verbal firecrackers at the heads of bankers and brokers for flooding the United States with "all this South American truck."

Ebb and Flow

But to sketch the tale: When they had disposed of Napoleon in the early quarter of the last century, English bankers and investors went nosing about the world in search of new pastures for financial grazing. They soon found them—fabulous, almost untouched meadows. By 1820, the year Daniel Webster went to Plymouth and relieved himself of those forensic sentiments about the Pilgrim Fathers, English pounds were literally pouring out of schooners and windjammers all along the east coast of South America. Millions were even carried around the Horn to be scattered over the desert regions of Chile and Peru. Governments were induced to borrow, business enterprises were financed and trading companies set up overnight.

"Finally," wrote an historian of the time, in words that might have been used in 1932, "after the boom came the crash." Depression visited not only the South American continent but the homeland as well. For a time Englishmen fumed and accused, but eventually took their losses and forgot.

Within a few years South American loans were being floated in London just as though nothing had ever happened. Old debts were consolidated, scaled down, or paid off with new loans. More money was put into direct investments—railroads and steamship lines to serve the coastal cities and traffic up and down the rivers and streams. Prosperity again hit the southern continent.

But, alas, early in the seventies the bubble burst. Another depression was born, or came to pass. This time it not only hit South America but North America, too. So hard that Englishmen complained about (of all things!) "American [U. S.] railways defaulting in 1874." The British public cried aloud about their money having been "filched from them."

But the storm eventually subsided. Early in the eighties English money was again flowing across the south Atlantic. We are told that in the year of our Lord 1886, when Grover Cleveland had been some twelve months in the White House, Britain's investments in South America were three times larger than ever before, and, what is more, that the greater part of them were in the form of government loans.

Then, one day in the nineties that well-known visitor, Old Man Slump, called again to lay a blighting hand upon all who had money in "those distant lands of South America."

A few years, however, and according to Hoyle and precedent there were restless stirrings among the island's masters of trade and banking. British pounds and British goods began to migrate in increasing quantities to Brazil, Argentina and all the South Americas.

Our Heavy Investments

Even the war saw Britain still going strong in the southern republics. And the moment it was possible to slacken her hold on Germany she redoubled her efforts. She sent delegations of her knights of finance and lords of industry to give out good will and gather in facts. Moreover, as a superlative gesture, the Prince of Wales himself made two voyages to the far south, the last one brazenly in the cause of business and investment.

And, to recall that remark of the sage of Wall Street, unless Yankee blood has become diluted with water, it won't be long until we, too, will be consolidating our losses, floating new loans and preparing to fill the South American field with men, money and goods. We will do it, "because the products and great natural resources of that continent are absolutely needed for the domestic prosperity of the United States."

"All this loan and bond ballyhoo has obscured the most important fact," growls my old friend Philander Knox, that grizzled buyer and seller of southern products. "We have loaned a lot of money to governments in South America but the tremendous sum already invested in industry and productive enterprise seems to have escaped notice. Do you know that twenty years ago it was possible to find only about $175,000,000 worth of going Yankee business scattered over all the ten republics? Today the sum is almost eight times that much or, if you must have figures, $1,531,856,350. At this moment

(Continued on page 34)

COOL SHAVES!
COOL SHAVES!

CUT loose with a locomotive! Cheer, men, *cheer!* For Ingram's Shaving Cream is something to yell about! It's the greatest shaving cream ever invented. It shaves you as cool as a New Year's game at Alaska U. It's cool, *cool,* COOL!

We put three special things into every *jar* and every *tube* of Ingram's. You need only to buy one container or the other; both are full of the same grand cream. It acts on your cheek and under your chin like a shaving cream, a lotion, and a skin tonic—all at once.

Join the cheering section of steady Ingram users today! Once you've tried Ingram's you'll always insist on it. That's why it saves you time and trouble to buy a jar or a tube at your druggist's.

But if you feel you can afford to wait for the U. S. Mail before starting in with this marvelously cool shaving cream—if you want to try a sample first—send in the coupon below, along with a 2¢ stamp. We'll *give* you your first ten 100% comfortable *cool* shaves!

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110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
I'd like to try ten cool Ingram shaves.
I enclose a 2-cent stamp. ★

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(Continued from page 33)

our direct investments in six of the ten countries are nearly twice as great as all our loans to them."

Becoming enthused with the subject, he swung one leg in characteristic fashion across the battle-scarred desk, and clamped the ancient brier in his long, bony hand. He was ready to serve up ample helpings of curious and interesting facts which long acquaintance reminded me lay behind those shaggy eyebrows.

Don't Say Default

"The skimpiest sort of inventory," he continued, "shows us that Yankee money controls the nitrate and copper resources of Chile and Peru, or about $350,000,000 worth of them. Also a goodly portion of the tin of Bolivia and a lot of the oil of Venezuela. There is Ford on the Amazon pouring out millions in a challenge to Britain's rubber supremacy. Who knows but in time we will be riding around this country on Brazilian rubber instead of British rubber and Bill Thompson of Chicago will have won a belated victory against King George? The steel interests of this country are on the verge of exploiting the world's largest and finest deposits of iron ore in central Brazil. We own railroad properties in Argentina, Brazil, Colombia and Peru and some of the world's largest packing plants in Brazil, Uruguay and Argentina.

"Yes, son"—emitting clouds of smoke between sentences—"we are no slouch when it comes to doing business in this part of the world. United States banks are now found in nearly all the cities from Barranquilla, Colombia, to Buenos Aires, Argentina. You've seen the Bank of Boston of Buenos Aires? The finest business structure in all South America. And there are the power companies. Today one United States concern furnishes light and power to over a hundred and thirty towns and cities in Brazil, Argentina and Chile, and in normal times employs more than thirty thousand workmen. We have automobile factories in Brazil and Argentina. The entire telephone and telegraph systems in several of the countries, including Argentina, are controlled by Yankee corporations. Four of our largest steamship companies serve both the east and west coasts, and thousands of miles of air lines circle the continent. Giant ten- to forty-passenger airplanes are ready to whisk you or your letters to any part of that vast world.

"These things are the basis of our future in these countries. It's the factories and foundries, mining and oil properties, trading companies and public utilities which we control and in which thousands of people in Norfolk, Kansas City, Seattle, and in between, own stock that will help to bring prosperity back to South America and make her governments stable and her bonds valuable."

"Buying and selling will go on," a high official of one of the leading international telephone and radio concerns told me today. "A temporary depression can't kill a two-billion-dollar commerce. That is the sum of our normal trade with the continent of South America. Though crippled in several of the countries, business is very much alive in others. For instance, our properties in Argentina have made money the past year. And we expect that with a slight upturn in business conditions generally Argentina alone will buy 150,000 radio sets a year."

So that those bonds Aunt Hettie has stored away in her bureau, and the reams of others tucked away here and there, may be expected to figure on the exchanges and in the security markets just as soon as business bucks up and goods and materials begin to travel between the ports of this country and the far south.

And, before I forget it, the governments that have ceased to remit do not like to use the word default. In fact, it is taboo. They only speak of having "postponed." And, as we were reminded earlier in the piece, "not one of them has thought of repudiating its foreign obligations." Not even the new Socialist Republic of Chile, although it has been facing the most serious economic problem in all the continent—a collapse of nitrate and copper, its two chief industries.

Economically there was a faint streak of improvement visible on the Chilean horizon a few weeks ago, until the last revolutionary spasm. News came of a world nitrate cartel, an agreement among all countries producing nitrogenous products to coöperate in output and marketing, each to sell on a quota basis. Chile will be permitted to dispose of a million tons of nitrate of soda a year, a generous portion of the total. Definite progress was also being made in the reorganization of the great nitrate combine known as Cosach, which edifice was shaken to its mudsills in the two revolutions of the past year and a half.

On the subject of Chile's bonds, one of her most prominent bankers has something to say.

"Señor," he told me with much feeling, "this country will never repudiate an obligation made by any government, no matter how unjustified we may think it was! We never have, and we never will! We are not that kind of people! Our government's word is our bond!"

Chile's Andean neighbor, Bolivia, having cut expenses to the bone and organized a strong and popular government, waits patiently for the world to use more tin cans. Tin is her life, and having more than half the known supply, she, and we, may confidently expect Bolivia's obligations to be satisfied some day.

Until the other day, when she went forth in all her martial might to "protect her interest and honor" from the Paraguayans in the Gran Chaco, no informed authority had offered a single criticism of the manner in which she had managed her internal affairs of late. "No government," it was said, "could have done more to prove its sincerity and its intentions."

But a war over thousands of square miles of waste and swamp which straddle the imaginary border line between herself and Paraguay will be largely a war of ink and words. There can't be a great deal of modern warfare where both parties are compelled to wade and hack their way through hundreds of miles of jungle even to see, much less to fight, each other.

Building Again

Until the sudden revolutionary outburst in the state of São Paulo in early July the Vargas government in Brazil could point to improving conditions. Coffee prices had been rising steadily, partly because of the methodical destruction of the surplus of inferior grades and partly because the world's coffee topers have been drinking more heavily.

But São Paulo, king bee of the Brazilian political hive for forty years, smarted under the humiliating attitude of the national government since the revolution of 1930. So she drank down a few extra swigs of the strong black juice of her coffee beans and went out to retrieve her self-respect.

However, revolution or what-not, Uncle Sam's affairs in Brazil will not suffer. We fared well under the Vargas government. He and his advisers went far out of their way to protect and promote the interests of our government and citizens. Should the Paulistas win out in the present encounter the same rule would apply. For the Paulistas are perhaps even more akin to the Yankees in business customs and practices than any other Brazilians. The city of São Paulo is the home of North American factories and shops of every description.

Probably the best indication of how the picture appears to those in the know is the fact that at this moment two of our giant concerns are breaking ground for branch factories in Rio de Janeiro and São Paulo. One is going to furnish the Brazilians with medical supplies of every description, and the other will supply them with yeast cakes, baking powders and what have you.

Venezuela is Different

Argentina, our largest single South American debtor, upward of a half billion dollars' worth of whose bonds are to be found in this country, continues uninterruptedly to meet all national obligations in the outside world.

The Province of Santa Fé, the second most populous of the republic, and the city of Cordoba, venerable university center, have proclaimed "brief moratoria" on their bonded obligations to foreigners. And here we have exceptions to the practice of national government guarantees of local bond flotations. Each bargained and borrowed on its own.

Although the pinch of depression was late in reaching the Rio de la Plata, there are bright clearings in the clouds.

Argentina's grain now goes abroad in increasing quantities over last year. Her trade balance is favorable. Bankruptcies and business failures in 1932 have fallen twenty per cent over last year. She has floated a sizable internal loan to help chink the cracks in the national structure—to keep government employees in pocket money and finance public works. Exactly in the manner of our people in the now historic Liberty Loan drives, Argentines, rich and poor, "put out" in a fairly generous way for the economic welfare at home.

But for a shining example of patriotic effort, and statesmanlike management of government and foreign commitments in these times, look in on the republic that takes its name from the Genoese sailor. Dr. Olaya Herrera, of Colombia, whose long residence in Washington makes him so well known to many among us, has been a far-seeing president. Against weakened coffee prices, diminishing governmental income and the shrieks of politicians, he has insisted upon scraping the barrel so as to keep faith with the holders of his country's bonds. And his intentions seem as intense as ever.

Fortunately, increasing cargoes of her mild coffee beans from the Andean plateaus come forth for blending purposes to mellow the flavor of the coffees we get from other countries. Coffee being the chief source of income, let us hope the flow will not diminish, so that the ranks of South American republics with unsuspended foreign debts may not suffer any more casualties.

By the way, and strangely as it may seem in these times, the phrase "foreign debt" is not in the vocabulary of the Venezuelans. No Yankee, no foreigner, holds any of their bonds. Because there aren't any. Making Venezuela about the only independent nation that owes nothing to any outsider. As one gentleman remarks: "It proves that you can't judge all the South American countries by most of them."

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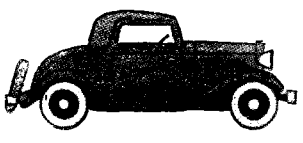
EVEREADY PRESTONE COSTS LESS BECAUSE IT IS

CONCENTRATED

YOU pay no premium for protection when you use Eveready Prestone. It is highly CONCENTRATED—97% anti-freeze—so less of it is needed. Eveready Prestone should not be confused with less efficient, diluted solutions containing 40 to 55% water. And it should not be confused with boil-away anti-freezes. It does not evaporate—one filling lasts all winter. In cost per season, it is the most economical anti-freeze on the market. There is nothing else like Eveready Prestone, for it was scientifically developed to give water-cooled engines complete protection in winter. Specially treated to prevent rust, it prolongs the life of the car. Approved by all car-manufacturers, and guaranteed by National Carbon Company.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: NEW YORK, N. Y.

Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation



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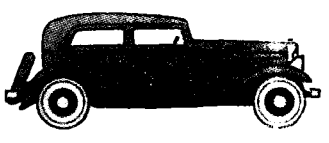

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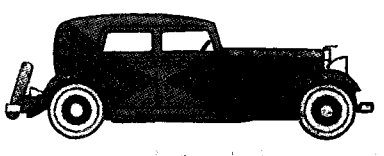

THIS LARGE CAR,

EVEREADY PRESTONE

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Nashua Blankets

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF

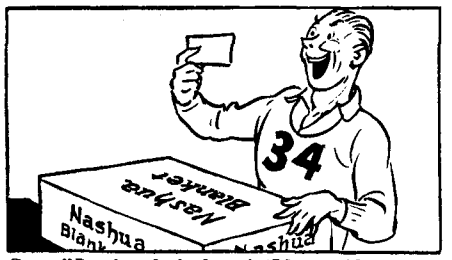
Cheer Up the Cheer Leader

Mother: "Bill is resigned to spend his Christmas at College. What can we send to cheer him up?"

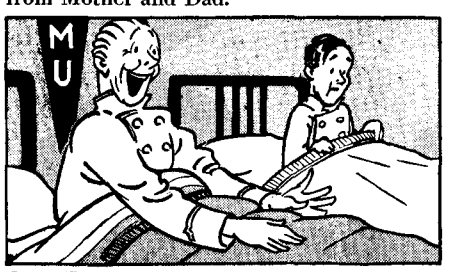
Father: "I suppose an addition to his allowance check will do the work."

Mother: "But I want to give him something personal, too — something that he'll use every day to remind him of us."

Father: "I've got it. He's a chip off the old block, always kicking his feet out. He'd love these oversize 'Sworma Blankets as much as I do. Solid comfort for Bill and money saved for his extra allowance."



Son: "Look who's here! 'Merry Christmas from Mother and Dad.'"



Son: "Do my folks know their stuff? Oversize allowance check and oversize 'Sworma Blankets. Oh Boy! Oversize judgment, I'll say."

'Sworma

TRADE-MARK

(it's warmer)

An* OVERLENGTH *Blanket made entirely of Wool and Silk

$3.95 EACH

Nashua crowds more warm wool into the weft of the 'Sworma Blanket producing a deeper, livelier, warmer nap without adding to weight or price. OVERLENGTH — 7½ feet long, full 70 inches wide. Green, rose, tan, orchid, peach, blue. At your dealer's.

You may buy the 'Sworma in other lengths, 80 inches x 70 inches, and 84 inches x 70 inches, at prices in proportion, but for real sleeping luxury, we recommend the 90-inch (7½ feet) length. Leaflet on request.

Nashua Mfg. Co.

Incorporated 1823

Box 1206, Boston, Mass.

Football Ballyhoo

Continued from page 15

St. Mary's two touchdowns were the direct result of two magnificent passes. Their passing game was a thing of real beauty, and we might have been given some credit for breaking up and knocking down quite a few of their attempts.

But the sports writers seemed to find no extenuating circumstances, no reason for leniency. One might have gathered that the future of the race had been ruined, the course of civilization changed, the government betrayed.

And I wonder whether you recall that tremendous sensation of the California-Georgia Tech game in 1929. If it weren't that Roy Riegel, the goat of that horror, is a well-balanced, completely sane young man with a beautiful sense of humor, I should not mention his name here. But he won't mind. His character was sturdy enough to stand the gaff. His football "crime" has not retarded his progress in the world.

In case you don't remember, Riegel became confused and ran with the ball to his own goal line instead of Georgia Tech's. It was not recorded that except for that moment of confusion his playing that day was magnificent. Almost single-handed he stopped Tech's drives at center when the Georgia team seemed certain to score through the middle of the line. Riegel was expected to play good football; that he did wasn't news. The important thing to the reporters for days afterward was his run in the wrong direction. None of the newspapers demanded that he be expelled from college or arrested, but some approached that. His teammates and the rest of the student body weren't in the least offended. The coach patted Riegel on the back and told him to forget it. And his teachers seemed never to have heard of it. But the newspapers stopped little short of demanding his head.

The adulation the sports writers give a football star may easily be an unhappy handicap to him when he is graduated and has to buck the more important game. The chances are that he is not going to make the sensational dashes to success that he made to the goal line. If he achieves the same average of success as his unpublished classmates, he is holding his own. He may fail because too much is expected of the hero.

Deflating Headline Heroes

It seems to me, therefore, that the coach's eternal warnings of the danger of taking the opposition too lightly and of taking the adulation of the public seriously is excellent training for the player's post-college life. Not that we appreciate it as much as we should.

In the 1930 season the newspapers branded Southern California the "wonder team" long before we had demonstrated that we were even a good team. And the unhappy part of it was that we believed all that they said about us. In spite of Coach Jones' warnings we accepted the prophecy of the sports writers that we would have a ridiculously easy time of it beating Washington State. Just how they arrived at that conclusion escapes me. Why we believed such nonsense is still a mystery. Those Washington lads were big and fast. And how they could play football! We lost 7 to 6.

We learned something from that. The lesson remained with us for at least two weeks. We went to work industriously on Stanford, beating them 41 to 12. Next came California, and we took them in our stride, 74 to 0. Again, alas, we began taking the newspapers seriously and to believe that we were unbeatable—the "wonder team." We were to play Notre Dame.

Would we beat Notre Dame? Of course we would. Weren't we "wonders"? Didn't the newspapers say so day after day in column after column? And hadn't Notre Dame lost the great Savoldi—"Jumping Joe" Savoldi, the fullback genius? To make it all the easier to believe, no less an authority than the great Knute Rockne himself was saying that his boys didn't have a chance against us. The loss of Savoldi, said he, had crippled his team beyond repair. Dolefully he told the reporters that his squad was a disorganized group of injured and demoralized athletes, but that they would do their best to hold Southern California's score down.

At first we doubted that Notre Dame could be quite as forlorn as Mr. Rockne said, although we had no doubt about our own superiority. But presently we began to absorb the Rockne propaganda. We went into that game feeling a little sorry for the lads from South Bend. You may not remember, but we shall never forget what happened. Notre Dame ruined us, 27 to 0—the worst defeat a Jones-coached Southern California team ever got.

Individual stars are frequently the creation of the newspapers. The man may be good—very good—but the chances are that much of the acclaim he receives from the newspapers is not justly his. The plays in which he shines so brilliantly may be built around him, designed to capitalize his speed or his artful dodging or his passing. All the ability of his ten teammates is contributed to his peculiar talents. Without their complete coöperation he might get nowhere. But because of his spectacular work he is singled out by the newspapers for the lionizing the public loves to indulge in.

It is not exactly fair, either, although fully within the rules. He is human and loves the praise heaped upon him by the papers; but he may truthfully deny that he sought all this glory. If he modestly seeks to share his celebrity he is all the more a hero, the newspapers recording his modesty under walloping headlines. There's no escape for him, and he is apt to become quite a problem to his coach who may be forced to let him warm the substitutes' bench for a couple of games to deflate him a bit and get him out of print for a while.

Old Mac's Advice

I am not finding fault with the newspapers. I do not criticize the football writers. I merely set down that phase of the ballyhoo that isn't often appreciated. After all, it isn't the newspaper's concern if a college boy can't take it, if his head swells a bit or his spirit suffers from criticism. If the reporter writes as he sees it he is doing all that may be expected of him. It is up to the players to keep their heads.

But the college football player is pretty young and rather green in the ways of mankind. He is apt to attach too much importance to such minor matters as football excellence. He would do better to listen attentively to his coach—to old Mac—than to trust in the hero-worshipings of the papers.

"See here, boys," says old Mac. "Never mind those newspapers. They tell you you have a walk-over next Saturday. Well, get this in your heads, and keep it there: No team is a set-up for any other team. This little college we're playing is going to have eleven men on their team and a bunch of substitutes pawing the ground ready to jump in. Those lads are big. They all have two legs and two arms and they know what a football's for. Any aggregation of eleven strong, heavy men is dangerous. Now throw away those newspaper clippings, and keep your eyes on that ball. Get going."

"For the last time, Miss Allison —let the football team alone" *Gilbert Bundy*

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Pay as you go

Continued from page 11

delinquent, along with a hundred others. And year by year the list grew. Also, year after year, the legislators, after spending weeks assuring one another that the farmers could pay no higher taxes, compromised on an increase of anywhere from two to ten mills, probably on the theory that they were being paid to do something.

When Mr. Bilbo entered this scene, he began to do something too. But different. He set out to abolish things. Unhappily they were not essentials to the tax problem but things Mr. Bilbo did not like. His zeal was admirable and in the long run he might have reached a lot of tax absorbers or tried a new formula.

Acres of Apathy

But when Mr. Bilbo left office the state had practically nothing. Among its few possessions was a deficit in the treasury. The state itself owed seven million dollars and nobody, as far as I am able to discover, has much of an idea how much the counties, cities, towns, townships and drainage districts owed. One begins to suspect that some of them didn't even keep books.

Let's go into the situation a trifle deeper. It's worth while if for no other reason than to demonstrate what legislatures can do to a people if they elect to substitute something for brains.

The lands of Mississippi, exclusive of timbered land, city and town property, were assessed at an amount ten times greater than the total assessed value of stocks and merchandise. Frequently the taxes imposed upon a property owner were greater than the man's net worth. Much more often farms and homes were mortgaged for double and triple their sale value and the owners were being asked to pay mountainous taxes upon mortgaged debts.

More than twenty million of the state's thirty million acres of arable land were lying idle, and daily thousands of additional acres were being surrendered to the state because their bedeviled owners could not pay their taxes—and had just quit trying. To get the complete picture of this, you must understand that the majority of men like our friend Mr. Hoadley quit all pretense of working their overtaxed farms the moment the sheriff arrived. They might continue to live on the place but, aside from planting an acre of eatin' corn, beans, tomatoes and other food truck, the place could go jump into the Gulf. Of course they might plant a couple of bales of cotton with an eye to a few dollars' profit to be spent for sidemeat and simple groceries; but as for farming the place, the hell with it. And to get the full import of this, you have to understand that more than eighty per cent of the people "gainfully employed" in Mississippi are in agriculture. I was unable to find out what the nongainfully employed citizenry did, but there is no doubt they have a much better time.

To continue the outline of Mississippi's plight, land was no longer acceptable anywhere in the state as security for loans. Thousands of farm owners were striving to rent their properties for the taxes. Near Hattiesburg a still solvent but rapidly sinking gentleman told me he would be very glad to rent his eighty acres for two years for a good hound dog, a shotgun and a hymnbook.

Martin Sennett Conner, commonly known as Mike, took command in Mississippi on the first of January, 1932. An energetic and sincere gentleman, with a New England education and a political ambition that now casts large green eyes at the United States Senate seat occupied by the eloquent Pat Harrison, Governor Conner took a hasty survey of the scene from his new eminence and began to talk fast about sales taxes.

Frankly, that Mississippi should have chosen Mike Conner rather than the customary stuffed shirt or rabble rouser is a pretty tribute to our American variety of democratic government. The system was badly in need of a little vindication just about then anyway. Mike Conner's refusal to deal in mail-order salvation during his campaign and his persistent warnings to the people to quit believing in miracles, aroused the state's definite but dormant intelligence and it told him to go ahead and look for the answer.

Probably no state in the Union presented a problem so simple. Small need to call in economists or experts, master minds or miracle men. The state was broke, busted, had no money. None. And the only real source of revenue it had ever had—the poor farmer—was done for, as dry as an ant-hill. All the drainage tax revenues, ninety per cent of the levee tax income, seventy-five per cent of the county tax revenues and fifty-five per cent of the state tax revenues were being derived, or had been derived before the faithful old producer broke down, from levies upon real property. School-teachers, police officers, firemen and (the burning shame of it!) job-hugging politicians of the feet-on-the-desk school were beginning to forget what pay-day looked like. The wardens of the jails, of the institutions for the physically and mentally impaired were being warned by tradesmen, particularly food merchants, that their credit had vanished. Half rations in the state institutions. Dozens of schools were closing their doors.

After the Battle

So it was in this impasse that Mississippi became the first state in the Union to adopt the sales tax and to test its efficacy and its workability.

We are not concerned here with the merits or demerits of the sales tax. In theory it reads and sounds logical and pleasant. For one thing, it has the virtue of widening the whole tax base, of making everyone who uses the state's roads, who has the benefits of the state's schools, who breathes the state's air—resident or transient, white or black—a contributor to the state's maintenance. There are those who will contend that this carries no conviction because there are too many states anyway, just as each state has entirely too many counties; but we shall continue to deal with the existing layout and not chase pretty hopes.

Moreover, this does not pretend to be a hard and fast exposition of the sales tax. Nothing as variable, as flexible, as elastic as the sales or consumers' tax may be set forth in arbitrary words and phrases. What you read here is the Mississippi version of the sales tax written in Mississippi to fit Mississippi's peculiar needs and economic structure. The only universal feature of the sales tax is that it levies a tax upon you when and if you purchase something. Exemptions, rates, collections and all the details are as variable as the weather.

Mike Conner's sole contention was

(Continued on page 38)

First Thing in the Morning . . .

Your Spirits Rise

with a

Sal Hepatica "Cocktail"!

WHETHER you wake up with that "mean" feeling every day in the week—or only now and then—here's good news! And *especially* is it good news if you are a little run-down and tend to pick up every cold-germ you meet.

Every time you wake up feeling low or headachy or "stuffed-up" with a cold—sit up—get up—and make a dive for the Sal Hepatica bottle. Mix two or three teaspoonfuls with a big glass of water, and toss off the greatest health cocktail that ever put sparkle into a gloomy day.

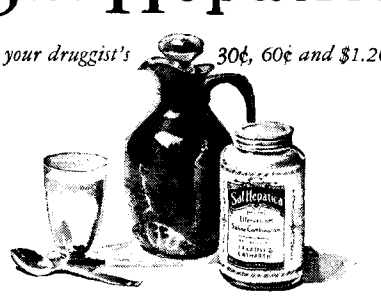
Poisons and wastes that have been clogging your digestive tract will be gently flushed away. Just as important: your whole system, your blood stream will be soon free of poisons. For Sal Hepatica is not "just another laxative." It is a saline—the American equivalent of the saline waters which wealthy continentals drink at the famous health springs—at Carlsbad and Vichy and Aix.

Sal Hepatica is a standby in millions of homes because it gets directly at the causes of so many of mankind's most common ailments. Its salines, in freeing the system of poisons, correct colds, skin-blemishes, and rheumatism as well as sick headache, upset stomach and constipation. For years it has been known and recommended by physicians.

Today—get a bottle of Sal Hepatica. Tomorrow morning at 7 A. M. quaff a Sal Hepatica cocktail, and find out what it is to get a two-fisted start on a new day! You'll feel better, and look 100% better.

Sal Hepatica

At your druggist's 30¢, 60¢ *and* $1.20



BRISTOL-MYERS CO.
Dept. B-112, 71 West St., New York
Kindly send me the Free Booklet that explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

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"She had no more need for laxatives" said DR. VALAGUSSA

The Honorary Physician to the Italian Royal Family describes a *typical case history*

"C. R———, a girl, age nine years . . . delicate constitution. Tongue coated; no appetite . . . pronounced constipation . . ."

That is the beginning of the *private case history* of one of the many patients of Dr. Valagussa, the world-famous Italian child specialist.

He describes the case:—

"Before I treated this girl, her intestines moved only under the influence of cathartics, laxatives and enemas.

"I submitted her to a regular three-times-a-day yeast treatment. Soon her intestines began to function regularly. Her tongue became normal . . . digestion improved, appetite returned. *She has had no further need for laxatives.*"

Eaten regularly, 3 cakes a day, Fleischmann's Yeast mixes with and softens the food residues that stagnate in the body when intestines grow "tired." At the same time, it actually strengthens the intestinal muscles.

Thus intestines are gently trained to "help themselves." Poison-breeding wastes that were making you feel so headachy and "pepless" are daily cleaned away!

Wouldn't *you* like to enjoy the hearty appetite, the sound digestion, the clear, radiant skin that eating Fleischmann's Yeast can give?

You can get Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, and directions are on the label. *Add it to your diet today.*

IMPORTANT! **Fleischmann's Yeast for health comes only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—rich in health-giving vitamins B, G and D—the kind famous doctors recommend.**

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(Continued from page 37)

that the state needed money—needed it quickly. Otherwise Mississippi was going to suspend what little animation it had left and there was no profit in listening to the misanthropes who asked: "Why not?"

He put it over after a battle with merchants, legislators and large numbers of voters who would rather accept a lobbyist's ballyhoo and the professional propagandist's calithump than take a good look at the facts or give the old intellect a warming-up. There were riots. Pistols and shotguns were aired but not fired. A large delegation of easily infuriated citizens marched upon the state capitol carrying banners (that somebody behind the scenes provided) and led by bands (one of which, with astonishing aptness, played Marching Through Georgia and was lucky to get away with one saxophone). The protestants rushed upon the office of the governor and might have hauled the Honorable Mike right out of his capacious chair had not the gentle lady who is his secretary met them and told them as vigorously as a Mississippi lady may that they were cowards and, as far as a person as busy as she had been able to ascertain, fools of a deplorably inferior grade. Whereat they retired, rather deflated, to ponder the truth or falsity of her estimate. No vote was cast but a growing suspicion that she was not wholly in error dampened their ardor. They did not come back.

By a timid margin, Governor Conner won. The legislature passed the sales tax, which went into effect on the first day of May. Leaving absolutely nothing to do but to demonstrate that it was possible of administration (its supposedly greatest weakness) and to prove Governor Conner's contention that it was more than just another tax—that it was a possible way to reduce the murderous taxes on real estate, that it might very well relieve the victims of the ancient system which penalized those desirable citizens who went to the expense and pains of improving their lands. Yet, one of the astonishing features of it all is that there are still a considerable number of people in Mississippi who insist that there shouldn't be any new system of taxation but that the old taxes should have been increased.

How the Tax Works

Mississippi's sales or consumers' tax imposes a flat two per cent levy upon all sales made by retail merchants. A reliable census of the registered retailers—the firms with well-established businesses—has yet to be completed; but there are at least 17,000 of them. And from these firms and individuals the state expects the greater portion of the return. It is for them to decide how to handle the possible resentful customer, how to spread the tax over gross sales so that business will not suffer any more than the purchaser. For example, the state requires nothing more than a report of gross sales on which the merchant pays two per cent. If the retailer wishes to bear down heavier on pianos than on concertinas, or on hams rather than yeast cakes, well and good. But he must pay two per cent on his gross sales, whatever they may be.

And naturally you pay the tax on purchases made outside of shop walls—on real estate, for example, on hot dogs, on a ride in a taxicab. We shall go into these vagrant transactions in a moment.

The incomes of professional men—lawyers, doctors, dentists and so on, but not clergymen—are taxed two per cent. And this in addition to the state income tax, a graduated levy of one and one half per cent to six per cent on net incomes starting with fifteen hundred dollars if married and seven hundred and fifty dollars if single. In short, the sales tax law has it that every person engaging in "any business, profession, trade or calling subject to a privilege tax is assessed and shall pay a tax equal to two per cent of the gross income of any such business." By "privilege tax" they mean a license to operate. From gross receipts a deduction at the rate of twelve hundred dollars a year is granted. If you're in business less than a year you deduct at the rate of a hundred dollars a month.

If your business fetches you enough to bring your tax up to ten dollars a month (or more, of course), you must file a monthly report. If it is not that affluent, but amounts to as much as ten dollars a quarter, you file quarterly. But if you are just a little fellow, not worth ten dollars in taxes every three months, you file annually. And you pay as you file.

"A Nickel for Mike"

The law got off to a good start, under hostile skies, for the exceedingly good reason that a thoroughly competent man was selected by Governor Conner to administer it as chairman of the State Tax Commission—Mr. Alfred Holt Stone, who, in addition to being the author of numerous economic and sociological treatises, is one of the South's most successful cotton planters, vice president of the Staple Coöperative Association and director of both the Federal Land Bank of New Orleans and the Federal Intermediate Credit Bank. An extremely busy and thoroughly aware gentleman. He is going about the work of organizing the state for the computation and collection of the tax with what appears to be all of the fundamental qualities of all his private-life activities. He administers, too, the state's seven other taxes—income, tobacco, malt, amusement, corporation franchise, inheritance and license.

Amid the jeers of its enemies, Governor Conner publicly estimated that the sales tax would fetch the state $166,000 a month. It didn't the first month, the yield being a picayunish $7,386. You probably heard the screams of the opposition. The second month—last June—did a trifle better—$134,884. But by July the people seem to have caught the idea and the turn-in was $183,825.

But let us not grow feverish. There is no way of predicting what the tax will do for Mississippi although it just can't do her any harm. However it goes, Mississippi wins.

"If," one of the state's harder working minds assured me, "the net income from the sales tax should be no more than ten dollars a year, that would be ten dollars more than we have now or would have otherwise. So we can't lose there. And you may broadcast the fact that we've seen the day in this state—in some of the counties and other subdivisions—when, after all the possible taxes have been squeezed out of the property owners, there was still a deficit in the tax collector's pay roll. We had more people collecting taxes than there were paying them and the gross collections did not cover the salaries and expenses of the collectors. We don't like to say too much about it, but if anybody had come along about that time offering to swap something useful, like a bottle opener, a dozen pairs of socks or a good square meal we'd have given them the state and run like hell before they found out they'd been gypped."

In the beginning the squawks of the sales-taxpayers were deafening, arousing fiercer passions and more murderous declarations than Editor Fred Sullens' editorials on days when he decides to let the public have his private opinion. When Mr. Sullens decides to publish his innermost thoughts, windows are broken and railroad trains avoid the city of Jackson. Whole blocks of legislators have gone into hiding for days upon receipt of the news that Mr. Sullens has arrived at his office spitting on his hands and rolling up his sleeves.

Ladies and gentlemen making purchases of goods amounting to two and a half dollars were assessed five cents, which they paid or refused to pay amid terrific roaring. If they finally capitulated, releasing the five cents—the sales tax—they were prone to do so bawling: "A nickel for Mike, a nickel for Mike."

So the state rang with the melancholy Sales Tax Blues:

"Boy, I'm studyin' which to do,
Times is tough as jail-house stew.
Present fo' my gal or a nickel fo' Mike;
Keep the nickel in my pocket—he can
have her if he like.
I'm blue."

The wailing was chiefly urban, however. Out in the rural regions men like Mr. Lean Hoadley had accepted with considerable satisfaction tinged with a mild skepticism the assurances of Governor Conner and Commissioner Stone that the ultimate aim of the sales tax was to make possible a reduction in land taxes. So they did not begrudge their infrequent nickels for Mike, realizing that their city cousins were taking it on the chin with every purchase.

"Well, sir," says Mr. Witt McCabe, of Simpson, "I'm a man of good will for all. I ain't much and it don't take much to keep me that way. I don't know what's going to happen because I ain't yet figured out what's already happened. But fifteen lawyers couldn't tell a city man about it. It takes a long time to get a farmer going but when he does he just turns around and says to the city man: 'Don't bother me about no more taxes. Pay them yourself, brother. So you'll excuse me if I say I wouldn't ask no better show than to see the old sheriff walk right into the city man's kitchen and take his Sunday dinner right off his table for not paying those taxes.'"

Five Cents More or Less

Thus far the cost of administering the law and collecting the tax has been about four per cent of the receipts. The Mississippi authorities do not expect this to vary much. Already the governments of other harassed commonwealths are observing from afar and on the scene the progress of the sales tax in the forlorn but fragrant Magnolia State. Several have signified their intention of trying it, and so great a master of Federal affairs as Senator Reed Smoot is predicting its adoption by a future Congress.

A number of nations have made it serve their purposes. It is in operation in France with a French twist. Canada has derived a considerable portion of her revenue from her version of it for eleven years. Apparently it brings heaven no closer to earth, but it spreads the hateful burden. In Mississippi, for the first time in that state's slowly rolling history, the Negro is contributing money to government. Roads and schools have been his to use without cost. But now he's paying. And, true to his happy-go-lucky philosophy, it's all the same to him. Five cents more or less is—well, just five cents more or less if you've got it. Boy, bend dat mouth o'gan 'round yo' teeth whilst I strike fire with ma red-hot feet fo' the white man to light his see-gar wid. Ho, Hannah, stomp dat fancy foot.

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The Young Know Best

Continued from page 9

work behind you for a time. You are run down."

"Yes," said Elizabeth. "I must be rested in a month to begin another picture." She looked back at the river. "There is peace here," she said. "I think tonight I shall at last sleep."

He bowed, saying nothing.

She went down the hall to her clean little room. She lay on the narrow bed with the balsam pillow beside her and folded her hands and listened to the silence. . . .

Shucks came in. In glory.

"Darling," she said into Elizabeth's pillow, "Jumbo and I are going to be married."

ELIZABETH sat up, all in one quick movement. "You can't be sure! You can't possibly be sure you care in this short time. It's fantastic!"

"Oh, yes, we're sure." Shucks, on whom glory had fallen.

Elizabeth sat still. She did not, she said after a while, want to make noises like a parent; she was trying to see it Shucks' way. "But love isn't like that. Not casual like that."

"But it *is* like that!" Shucks' hand went into her mother's. "I don't think all this darned repression is necessarily love," she said. "You and Father, now. All your life ruined. And I *know* he hasn't been happy. I think if you'd had sense, you two, everything would have been all right."

"We *had* sense!" Elizabeth sprang to the defense of her creed. "That is why we separated after two years. Instead of dragging each other through a lifetime of unintelligent, meaningless emotion. Anger and jealousy and scenes."

"But you have always loved him," said Shucks. Suddenly she knew that in the light of her own new knowledge. Never before had she dared to speak of this to Elizabeth. "Father couldn't live with you because he was so jealous. Too silly," said this new Shucks. "Not civilized, quite."

"Your father was wonderful," said Elizabeth.

"I'll bet," said Shucks, "he's still mad about you. That he always has loved you."

Elizabeth leaned back suddenly against the pillow. Shucks, she saw, was grown up, could be talked to. This was her right, this child whose father had been no father. "It never was love," she said. "How could that be love? For a man to keep a woman at arm's length. To hate her work, to be jealous of it and of her every move. That couldn't be love!"

"Perhaps not"—watching her mother. She put her arms around her then. "I told Jumbo I'd have dinner with him. I'll bring you in some food. Anything else you want?"

"Sleep," said Elizabeth. "Sleep and more sleep."

But first she had trout, broiled crisply brown, and tea and johnnycake. And after Shucks had eaten with Jumbo, she undressed Elizabeth. Brushed the fair hair and let it lie in shining, pale splendor on the pillow. She called to Jumbo through the window: "Come in and say good night to your mother-in-law!" And when he was there, "Is she or is she the loveliest person you've ever looked at?"

"Both." He kissed Elizabeth as Shucks gave her the sleeping tablets ordered by the Manhattan doctor. Then he tiptoed out.

After a time, Shucks joined him.

"Look here," said Shucks. "I don't like the way Mother looks. This Dr. Ferguson, can he look after her properly?"

Jumbo ran his hand up her face the wrong way. "What he doesn't know hasn't been discovered," he said. "Fergy is something very smooth in the way of doctoring. But Elizabeth is all right, cuckoo."

"You like him, don't you? He frightens me. He's like thunder."

"Of course I like him. Everyone likes him. I'm surprised at you—women always give him the eye with a smile and it gets them nowhere."

"Isn't he married?"

"His wife died, or something." He put his arms about her. Nothing must ever happen to Shucks!

SHE reached up and kissed him. "More than is ordinary, Jumbo," she said, "I love you." Then—

"Elizabeth is awfully unhappy, Jumbo. I hadn't sense enough to know that until, until—" He kissed the tip of her nose.

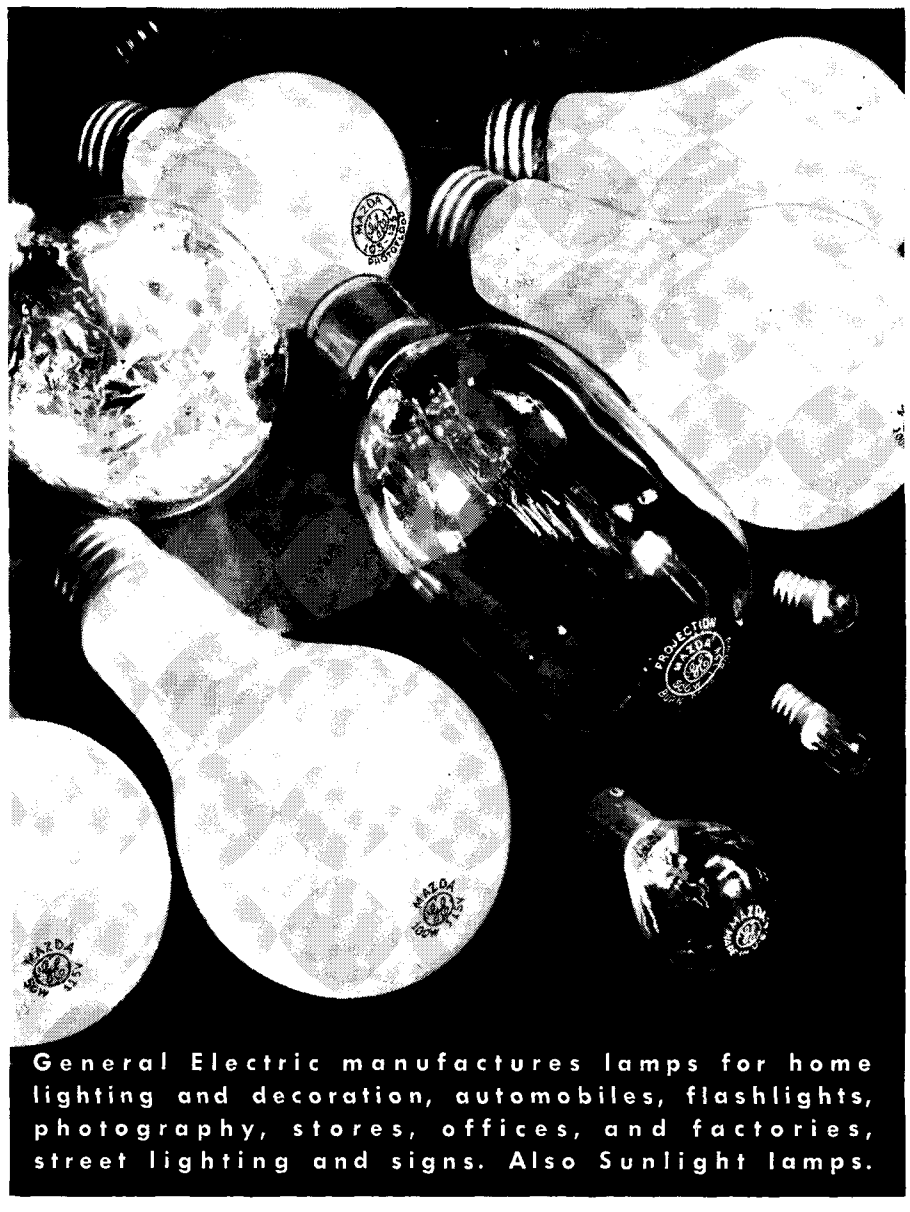
"Until you had sense enough to fall in love," he said.

She nodded against his coat. "Mother has always loved Father, I see that now." She clung tight to him. "I've never known my father," she said.

He said to her, holding her close, lov-

(Continued on page 40*)*

"Are you *sure* this is the toboggan slide?" *Gilbert Bundy*



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(Continued from page 39)

ing her: "Why not? Pretty exclusive kid, weren't you?" She was kissed again. He loved her so. He thought, remembering his own father, his mother, "You darling, I'll make it up to you—"

"They separated when I was a baby. For no reason that I can see except," said Shucks, "that, being a man, he was jealous—"

"Here, here! A little less back-biting." Jumbo bit her ear.

But she would not be put off. "Well, you can see for yourself that he would have no sane reason for being jealous!" And Jumbo had to agree with that. "Elizabeth's a thoroughbred!" was the way he put it.

AN INTERVAL passed pleasantly. Shucks jumped up suddenly. "I can't help worrying about her," she said. "It's silly, but I must go in and look at her." Jumbo sat waiting for her and then heard a frightened voice: "Jumbo!" from Elizabeth's room. Something had happened, something that horrified Shucks.

With a few bounds, he was in the room. "I can't awaken her," said Shucks. "And listen to her breathing." Jumbo leaned over the bed. He shook Elizabeth. She went on sleeping, and her breathing was strange and deep.

Shucks held up the bottle of sleeping tablets. It was almost empty. "This was a new bottle," said Shucks. "Two tablets is the dose."

Jumbo was for a second a figure of stone. Then he knew what he had to do. "Fergy! I can have him here in ten minutes!" With the words he had his flashlight out, was plunging down the trail. He remembered, always, Fergy's face as he broke in on him. "It's Mrs. Lee!" Jumbo cried. "Come quick, Fergy!" Fergy's eyes listened hard. "Sleeping tablets—overdose—can't rouse her!" The next he knew, Jumbo was stumbling up the trail behind his host, with the spruce trees raining drops on them like heavy tears. Then the bedroom again and all Fergy's specialized knowledge like a living force encompassing Elizabeth.

Then Fergy's voice—Fergy, who had listened to her heart, taken her pulse, felt out with his strong, firm fingers the temperature of her skin: "You think she took most of the bottle?" frowning at Shucks. Jumbo felt something sinking in the pit of his stomach.

Shucks said: "It was a new bottle."

Then: "She is in no danger," said Fergy. He stood up. He drew his hand across his mouth. "It is by no means a lethal dose," he said.

Jumbo caught Shucks to him, held her tight in the circle of his arms. The tension in his nerves had given so much that he could hardly stand up. He was shaking, as though he had been through mortal physical pain. "Are you sure?" Shucks was demanding, from the safety of his arms. "Are you *sure?*"

"You are easily alarmed, Miss Lee," said Fergy wearily.

Shucks reached down and took a hand of Jumbo in each of hers. "I'm not easily alarmed!" she declared passionately. "My mother is unhappy, achingly lost and lonely. She does not really want to live. Now that Jumbo and I are engaged, it may be—it might be that she thinks she is no longer needed—"

"She has her career," said Dr. Ferguson. "Beauty, fame, success."

"And who," cried Shucks, "who wants to fritter her life away on beauty and fame and success?" She was almost crying, filled with her love and pity for Elizabeth. "You think you know things," she said to the eminent doctor, "but you don't know." Her hands held Jumbo tight, held her man. "You think you know women because women have thrown themselves at you. But you don't know women!"

"Shucks!" Jumbo was angry. "Shucks, are you crazy?"

"Let her alone," said Fergy grimly. "I'm learning about women."

"It's time," Shucks said fiercely. "You are rock, you are granite. You don't feel. My mother's life—it hasn't been a life at all—it's been a galvanized death. You can't think what she feels, what she might do—"

The doctor looked at her. "I do not know how your mother feels," he said. "But I can assure you that she is at the moment in no danger. I could give her a hypodermic injection to rouse her. It is, in my judgment, advisable to let her sleep."

"Still—" Shucks looked at her mother. "I'd rather she wakened."

"As you like." He opened his case. "And it would be well if you would get hot coffee."

"I'll make it," said Jumbo. "You stay here with Elizabeth."

He found the light in the kitchen and located the coffee and measured it into a pot weakly. He needed coffee himself, he was thinking.

Elizabeth had stirred once or twice after the hypodermic. Shucks and the doctor stood watching her. "My mother," said Shucks (it was a statement, not a query), "tried to kill herself." She was trembling. She shook her head quickly in a courageous attempt to deny the scalding tears that were in her eyes.

"I can't believe that was her intention," said the doctor. Lines had appeared on his forehead. He looked gray. But he did not ask her reason for being so sure. Which seemed to indicate that he felt it was not his affair.

Shucks knelt with one knee on the seat of a hard, little chair, her elbows on the back of it, clenching her hands to hide her trembling. "Mother has always been in love with my father," she said. "But they are separated—he doesn't care for her. I am all she has."

"She hasn't done so badly," said the doctor. "You look to me like something worth having." Then he did a strange thing. He strode across the room and laid his hands on her shoulders. "Some of us," he said, "have nothing."

Shucks felt her heart softening toward this man. She looked up into his face and for a second her own seemed to break up and to remark itself. Elizabeth stirred. Her hand reached out in her sleep. "Michael!" she breathed. Shucks was troubled. Her silence was like a gasp. She had never heard of a Michael in her mother's life. Michael was not her father's name.

DR. FERGUSON had heard Elizabeth and had glanced her way. But Elizabeth was deep asleep again. He was looking at Shucks once more, and his look did a new thing to Shucks. Her heart seemed to grow larger and something inside her was illumined. They did not hear the rain dripping, nor the river as it rushed past, but always thereafter when Shucks heard rain on the river, that sound would do something to her; for a moment her heart would stop.

Then Dr. Ferguson stooped and kissed Shucks. Held her off from him, then drew her back and kissed her again. Without a word, he went over to his patient, pulled up a chair with his foot and sat down. He took Elizabeth's seeking hand into his own long, fine one. He glanced up at Shucks. He looked years younger. Handsome.

"She is waking," he said. "How about that coffee? Hadn't you better go see about it?"

"I'd love to," said Shucks. She closed the door behind her softly.

She went out to Jumbo. She lifted her face to his, her eyes glowing, almost as though tears were in them, and her mouth—it was either laughing or twisting as if she were going to cry. He caught her to him. He put his finger under her chin. "Whose girl are you?" he kept wanting to know. But the coffee boiled over.

They took it in to Elizabeth. Shucks tapped on the door. The doctor was sitting on the side of the bed, his arms supporting Elizabeth. She was not awake, but something about her looked as if she were coming back into life, out of depths. She reached up, still asleep, and put her arms around Dr. Ferguson's neck. Jumbo started to back out, looking stunned. Elizabeth was asleep, of course. "But still—" his mind said. Shucks held him by the coat sleeve, as if she were looking on at a play.

"Michael darling," murmured Elizabeth. And the doctor: Fergy!—Jumbo could hardly believe his eyes—Fergy held her closer. "Here!" he murmured. "Here with you, Beth." Elizabeth's lashes lifted, her eyes stared into his, she felt where she was, his arms about her, his shoulder beneath her head. "Blessed," said Dr. Ferguson. "My blessed!" And suddenly she gave a great sob. As if the river had broken the ice of winter, was released. "Oh!" Elizabeth raised herself higher into his arms, curled her own more tightly around his neck, burst into a flood of tears. "Michael!"

SHUCKS pulled Jumbo into the hall, closed the door, leaned against him. "Oh, how could they have been so stupid," she wailed, "all these years!"

Jumbo pushed her head back. "Look here! That isn't—Fergy isn't—"

"Of course!" she cried. "He's my father!" Her father . . . how proud she was of that word. "I've always thought," she said, "I'd like him." She cried a little. "Why, he's marvelous!"

Later, she said: "Let's go out and have some coffee." In the kitchen she said, wide-eyed: "Why, Elizabeth didn't pick this place out at haphazard. Now I know—it's where they spent their honeymoon."

"She couldn't have expected to run into Fergy here," Jumbo said. Fergy had announced to the papers that he was going abroad.

"No, she would not have come if she had known." She looked back at Elizabeth's door. It had not opened. No one was calling them, for behind it the grim Dr. Ferguson was going to pieces. All barriers were down. He was on his knees by the bed. "Oh, my wife, my Beth! What a fool I was! Oh, my darling, if you will come back to me, I'll stand for anything. I'll move to Hollywood. I'll—"

"Hollywood!" She would never go back. Elizabeth made that clear. "Never again. Never anything but you." She put her head down into his arms that were folded on the edge of the bed. "I wasn't made to do anything, ever, but love you. Never let me go again."

Companionable over coffee and cream, Shucks was proud of herself. "I gave her," she said, "precisely the right dose. Enough to make it reasonable to call a doctor but not enough to hurt."

Jumbo stared at her. "Shucks!"

Shucks laughed and, leaning over, kissed him swiftly. "Just one of our better matricides. But don't let me brag." Her brow wrinkled. "What I'm wondering is, why does she call him 'Michael'?"

Jumbo was no mind-reader. He did not go in for that sort of thing. Sports, that was more his line. But once in a while these strong, athletic men have a flash of intuition. "Wasn't Michael," he said, "the Angel of the Flaming Sword? You know, the one that keeps you out of heaven?"

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Whose Clothes are you Wearing?

Continued from page 17

average woman ought to look for are simple line and simple color. Simplicity is much smarter than elaboration anyway, for chic is rather the art of taking things off than of putting them on. Simplicity is much easier to play with when the purchaser starts to alter the result to make it her very own. Simplicity may be given variety with changes of accessories.

Miss Tashman doesn't like this year's most sensational departure, Patou's Moyen Age waist—too soon by several years, she says, to push it down to the hip bone where all of us can still remember it so vividly from its last incarnation. She likes the high or the normal waist, the long, slim skirt, the little capes, the absurd muffs, the general air of softness, frills and femininity. Women really look like women, and men adore them. Why change?

The Secret of Poise

As for the new hats, anyone whose hair is so outstanding a feature of her whole effect would be sure to find them marvelous—ridiculous, if you like, but enchanting. Yet they need caution in the approach, because the wearer must never look ridiculous, merely the hat. Also, it must be firmly borne in mind that so much hair in the public eye means so much care in private.

"That brings me to something I think terribly important," Miss Tashman said. "I must confess I didn't see it myself till I went to Paris the first time, but grooming is even more important than clothes. You see, the American woman is so pretty she gets careless. The French woman has so much less to start with that she never neglects the fine points—her hair, her eyes, her skin, her nails.

"When I went to lunch at the Ritz the first time—I remember it so well—I just ran a comb through my hair and put my hat on. I knew my hair was pretty and I let it go at that. But when I arrived and looked around, I felt that every other woman there must have gone to the coiffeur just before she came. They were all so perfectly turned out, so finished, so exquisitely right that they made me ashamed of myself. It was this well-groomed look that gave them their chic. Smart clothes alone will never do it. Of course the average girl can't afford to keep herself up like that, but my advice to her is, 'If you have to go without an extra hat, an extra pair of gloves or even an extra dress, do pay more attention to *yourself*.' It's the secret of poise and the very first step in smartness."

In line with this attention to detail, Miss Tashman says the smart Parisienne is particular about a part of her wardrobe which we too often neglect—rainy-day clothes. Raincoat, small hat and overshoes are ensembled as carefully as any other costume. Yet here in America we have every inducement to do the same, for nothing could be smarter than our rubberized crêpe de Chine or suède-finished coats, cut on the new swagger lines, and trim overshoes that look like suède, or the reptile leathers.

"To get the feel of wearing clothes well," Miss Tashman continued, "everybody who can ought to go to Paris or, if that isn't possible, to New York. England, of course, is the place to see sports clothes and to learn how to wear them. The stars who hibernate in Hollywood are the ones who give the screen a bad name for the theatrical sort of thing. You can't learn how to dress in a make-believe world, and you can't dress for a real world without meeting the people in it. That's almost as important as the first thing I said, about getting to know yourself. If you can't afford to travel, you can look at pictures of well-dressed women and try to analyze them—what makes them smart, what is the difference between your clothes and theirs, how could you get the same effect of chic for your type of face and figure? It really isn't hard if you'll just put your mind to it."

The interview was about to be terminated by a surreptitious visit on the part of the featured player to a near-by movie house showing her latest picture. There was just time for one more question: What was the next play on the horizon?

"My next play? The tentative title is Style. The idea is that the average woman walks down the street and sees some piqué dresses or what-have-you in the window of a smart shop. They say we're going to wear piqué in the evening. She doesn't know who 'they' are or why they say piqué. But she goes in and buys one. The play is to let her in behind the scenes so she'll get the drama of clothes—the creators, the mannequins, the whole smart world they live for, the way a new secret is guarded, the intrigue that goes on to find out what it is. I'm taking some mannequins back from New York with me—of course there'll be a love story in it."

Landlord: "Let me tell *your* fortune. You're getting out at the end of the week" *Jack Arthur*

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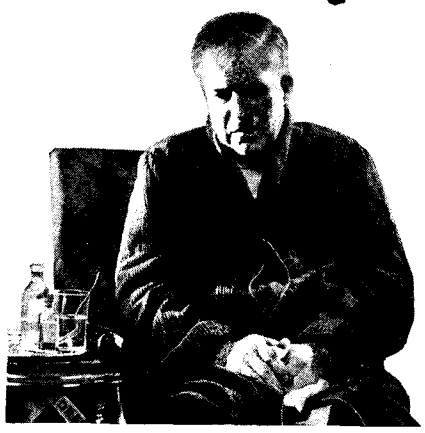

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Thunder Mountain

Continued from page 28

was well on here. Selback had the hunch to come in here. I never knew where he got it. That, however, is of no importance, because when we got here we found the quartz mine open. The ground had been stripped, the lode exposed, and the gold vein was shining in the sun. But there was no miner. He had been there days before, but he was gone. Gone, gentlemen! I had a perfect right to take the claim, which I did. That's my testimony and that is all. You will please vote as you see fit."

In silence the miners dropped their votes into the hat Lowrie passed. When the contents were emptied on the table Leavitt said: "I cannot take part in the counting. Emerson, you are invited to sit with the recorder and count these votes."

Borden presently called out impressively: "Leavitt Mining Company sixty-six. Emerson twenty-two."

Kalispel riveted his gaze upon Leavitt. That individual, despite an iron nerve, showed the stress of the climax, and that fury had been added to his other feelings.

"Give me those twenty-two names," he hissed, livid of face, and, snatching the papers from Borden, he scanned them with a mien that boded no good for these voters. Some miner yelled out the window: "Leavitt sixty-six. Emerson twenty-two."

Loud huzzahs did not drown yells of derision. The verdict was not unanimous. Leavitt could not have failed to hear that note of discord.

Then Jake Emerson confronted the three officers on the platform.

"You win, as we knowed you'd win," he boomed in his sonorous voice. "But you haven't heard the last of this deal."

JAKE EMERSON located an obscure claim and went to work, a gloomy, taciturn, defeated man, brooding revenge. Kalispel took to hunting, and packing elk and deer meat down off the high slopes and swales. About half his time was required to fulfill the obligations he had made. The rest he utilized working his claim, which still yielded gold. He had become obsessed with the idea that somewhere inside the claim he had walled off there might be another and the largest pocket of nuggets. These nuggets he had found appeared to have been melted and therefore must have encountered volcanic action.

In midsummer the peak of the stampede was reached, and Thunder City saw its heyday. Gambling dens, saloons and dance halls reaped a rich harvest. Several shooting escapades, and a fatal encounter between Lowrie and a drunken miner, with an increase of banditry, augured ill for the future of the gold diggings.

Kalispel celebrated the first of August by taking a full tin can of gold nuggets out of a hole no deeper than his waist. He did not tell Jake, much as he wanted to help that morose brother. The last thing Kalispel desired was for miners and robbers to learn he had struck gold. Besides, of late, Jake had taken to searching for Sam's body, which he claimed to have seen in a dream.

Two or three times a week Kalispel would go to the town in the evenings and develop his interesting and risky friendship with Nugget or watch Blair's gambling vicissitudes.

At length Kalispel's opportunity arrived when he found Blair sitting in a game of poker with Pritchard, Selby and two miners he did not know. For a change Blair was winning, which fact was obvious to all from his radiance and frequent calls for drinks. Pritchard was a loser, but that fact could not have been deduced from his cold, pale face and impenetrable eyes. Kalispel saw how the fickle luck went against him; and, as the stakes were heavy, the gambler would certainly have to resort to trickery to recoup.

Kalispel watched from a vantage point behind Pritchard and out of his sight. It appeared evident that Pritchard's ally was aware of Kalispel's presence, yet nothing came of that fact.

Finally the tide turned against Blair and he lost the pile of gold in front of him, most of which flowed to Selby. One of the miners was under the influence of drink and scarcely knew one card from another. The second, a sharp-eyed young giant, had begun to get suspicious. Then a jack pot was started which progressed inordinately before it was opened. Pritchard was the dealer and this was his chance. As cards were dealt Kalispel casually stepped forward. Only an eye like his could have detected duplicity on the part of the gambler. At the right instant Kalispel shoved his gun hard into the gambler's side.

"Pritchard, if you move a finger I'll bore you," he called in a voice that silenced the room.

"What the . . . who . . . ?" gasped Pritchard, his face becoming ashen in hue.

"You know who. . . . Blair, turn his hand upside down—the left one."

Blair, staring aghast, did as he was bidden, disclosing neatly palmed in the long white hand the aces of spades and diamonds. Selby cursed under his breath.

"Steady, all," warned Kalispel. "Else you spoil the fun or scramble this cheat's gizzard. . . . Now turn over the cards he dealt himself."

In these five cards were the two other aces.

"Only four aces!" drawled Kalispel. "Pritch, you pulled one at the wrong time."

Cursing, the young giant threw his cards into the face of the gambler. "We'll run you out of town for this."

Selby, on the opposite side of the table, broke his stiff posture to jerk suddenly. He drew, but before he could get the gun above the table Kalispel shot him in the arm. He screamed with frenzy and pain, while the gun thumped to the floor. The gambling den rang with loud shouts and scraping of chairs and stamping of boots. Selby appeared to be fainting and fell over the table.

"PUSH him off," ordered Kalispel, who did not trust that move of Selby's.

The stalwart miner gave him a shove, sending him to the floor, where it was manifest that Selby was not shamming. The young giant's next move was to lunge across the table and knock Pritchard ten feet out of his chair. Moreover, he leaped after the prostrate gambler, and seizing him with powerful hands he dragged him across the floor, making a furrow in the sawdust. And he threw Pritchard bodily out of the hall.

"Rustle, Pritchard, or you'll get shot," shouted the miner.

He strode back to the table and shoved a hand out to Kalispel, who could not accept it as he still had his gun extended.

"Emerson, you don't know me, but I know you," declared the miner in no uncertain voice. "My name's Jeffries. Thanks for interferin'. I'm strong for you. An' there are a good many more in the same boat."

"Much obliged, Kal," added Blair, pale and shaken. "I should have taken your advice."

Kalispel waved Blair out and backed away from the crowd. Haskell might still have to be reckoned with. Gaining the outside, Kalispel joined Blair and hurried away up the street. Kalispel cursed him roundly.

"Man, you'll be ruined if you're not shot," he ended, passionately. "An' that'll leave Sydney at the mercy of Leavitt. Then I'll have to kill him an' get run out of town myself."

THEY found Sydney on the porch in the moonlight with the very man Kalispel had mentioned. Anyone with half an eye could have seen that Leavitt had been making love to the girl. Kalispel certainly had murder in his heart.

"Leavitt, you better hurry downtown," said Blair. "Kalispel shot another man. It happened in your crooked gambling joint."

"Oh, Dad!" cried Sydney, as Leavitt strode off the far end of the porch and went around the cabin.

Blair sat down upon the steps and wiped his wet face. Kalispel stood in the moonlight gazing up at the girl.

"You—you devil!" she cried, in a low choking voice.

"Hey, do you mean me or your dad?" drawled Kalispel.

"I mean you. And Dad is as bad—only he's a coward instead."

"Wal, if you mean me—shore. It takes devils like me to save bull-headed old geezers like your father."

"Dad, what have you—done now?"

"Nothing. I was playing cards. Got way ahead. Then lost. That gambler Pritchard cheated. Kal showed him up. And then Pritchard's partner, Selby, pulled his gun. Kal shot him, that's all."

"Killed—him?" whispered Sydney in horror.

"For heaven's sake, no! Just shot the gun out of his hand. It'd been a damn' good thing if he had killed the blighter. . . . Kal, come to think of it—who ought to clean up on that last deal?"

Kalispel threw up his hands as if to indicate to Sydney that her parent was hopeless.

"Daughter, it looked mighty like Leavitt was making love to you," went on Blair.

"Yes? Well, if he was, you may be sure that I sanctioned it," she retorted.

"I won't have it," stormed Blair. "Leavitt is not what he seems."

"Unfortunately that applies to the majority of men," replied Sydney. "I have found it true of two, at least."

"Sydney Blair, I never was two-faced," exclaimed Kalispel with passion. "If I were that kind, I could tell you something about Leavitt which would make you despise him."

"Rand Leavitt is a handsome, generous, splendid man," she flashed, "and I am considering his offer of marriage."

"Wal, darlin'," drawled Kalispel, cool and hard, "consider all you like. But you won't marry him."

"Don't dare call me—that. I am not your darling. And why have you the—the effrontery to say I won't marry him?"

"Do you see this lovely little plaything, shinin' in the moonlight?" taunted Kalispel, as he flipped his gun up and caught it.

"Oh-h! You are a monster—or you are mad."

"Shore. Good night, darlin'."

(To be continued next week)

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The Great Abduction

Continued from page 29

affair, eh? And how did she happen to tell you that?"

"I asked her," said Meridew.

"Why?" demanded Gerryman.

"Well, why shouldn't I ask a lady visiting me if she had expected the President to call upon her?" parried Meridew.

Gerryman exhaled deeply.

"I don't know why you shouldn't. You didn't ask where they were going?"

"I've told you I didn't," Meridew answered.

"And you didn't mind him taking your girl away—"

"Oh, see here," said Meridew angrily. "Miss Dale isn't my girl. So why should I mind—"

"Quit asking me questions; I'm asking you," flared Gerryman. Then, suddenly, he grinned. He wiped his forehead with a hand that shook perceptibly. "Sorry. Didn't mean to get excited or get you excited. Only—well, the thing is too terrible, and—if I trample on a few feelings, forget it, will you?"

"GO AHEAD," said the mollified Meridew.

"Ahead? That's a good one," said Gerryman. "Which way is ahead and which way behind? Now tell me—what do you know about Miss Dale? How long have you known her?"

"Since last Friday," replied Meridew.

"And she's visiting you here tonight? Someone's a fast worker," said Gerryman.

"I've known Miss Dale since she was a child," said Dabney icily, "and she's a lady. Understand?"

Gerryman threw his arms wide in a gesture compounded of anger and despair.

"I've seen her. A blind man would get that, and I'm not blind. I was in the front seat of the car when she drove in with the President on Friday." He turned to Meridew. "You say you only met her last Friday? You were out at the Gentrys', weren't you?"

Meridew nodded.

"I thought I saw you there. Well, when did you see her after that?"

"What's the idea?" asked Meridew.

"Good lord, do I have to soothe your ruffled feelings *again?*" cried Gerryman. "Idea? I don't know what the idea is. I'm trying to put things together, that's all. I'm trying to find some starting place, some springboard to jump from, that's all. When did you see her?"

"That same night. I went to the Casino. Dabney invited me. Miss Dale was with his party."

"And next? Or was tonight the next time?" asked Gerryman.

Meridew hesitated faintly. The next time he had seen Myrna Dale was when she entered the back room of Jim Cattrone's saloon. But to mention that about her, until something was proved against her . . . What was he thinking? Why should anything be proved against Myrna Dale? What could be proved against her?

"We had an engagement to dine the next night. She telephoned and said that we were both asked to spend the night at the Wetherings' on Long Island. I drove her to the Ocean Beach Club, where we dined, and then we went on to the Wetherings'."

"Where the President was stopping," said Gerryman thoughtfully. "Well, what next?"

"We played golf against the President and Mrs. Wethering today. This afternoon I drove Miss Dale to her apartment. I asked her to dine, and she couldn't, but said she would have coffee with me. She came, and shortly after that the President arrived. They went out together. And I've told you all that and the rest that followed."

"Yes, I know," said Gerryman. "And you're sure that the President heard you scream to keep away?"

"He hasn't come back here," said Meridew.

"But he didn't telephone the police, he didn't notify me. And that's not like him. It would have been more like him to have come dashing up here alone, to get into a mix-up. I mean that. He packs a gun and knows how to use it, too. And he's afraid of nothing on this earth. And, after telling you that the young lady wanted to finish the evening with you—that's the last word, eh?"

"The last word," said Meridew.

"Let's pray God it's not the last word anyone hears from him," said Gerryman.

"You don't believe—" Dabney began.

Gerryman turned on him.

"I believe anything," he said. "This note—" He stared at the paper.

"Can't experts trace that machine?" asked Meridew.

"That machine is probably battered to pieces now," said Gerryman.

He picked up the telephone and asked for a number.

"This is Ted Gerryman," he said. "Got that name? Oke. A telephone call came to Plaza 9-34077 at—name the time, Meridew."

"About ten-thirty," said Meridew.

"Ten-thirty," said Gerryman into the phone. "Find out where every call that came in about that time came from. Ring me back as soon as you know."

He turned to Dabney and Meridew.

"We can at least find out, if we're lucky, where the President telephoned from."

"Perhaps he's at the hotel now," suggested Meridew.

"As he walks in—if he does—the phone will be ringing here to tell me," said Gerryman. He rose and walked up and down the room. "It's over my head," he said despairingly. "I don't know what to do." He looked at Meridew. "When you phoned, I thought you had some word—and what I said about publicity goes," he added savagely. "If one word gets out—"

"Of course not," said Dabney. "But—how long can you keep it quiet?"

"THE President's in bed—slight cold," said Gerryman. "Two minutes after I got that note, not knowing whether it really meant anything or not, I had his physician in my room. He got his orders. And two minutes after that I telephoned Daniel Mannering—" he named one of the noted millionaires of the country—"and told him to have five million in cash ready for me in the morning. And that's not to be printed, either," he said. "The press would hound hell out of the President if they knew that Mannering would part with that much dough for him. For he's never done a thing for Mannering in his life that wasn't okay. But ask the press to believe that. Hell, I've done all that I can think of."

"Except notify the head of the Secret Service," suggested Dabney.

"Got him on the wire before I got the doctor," said Gerryman. "He's flying over from Washington now."

The telephone rang and the Secret Service man snatched it.

"Hello, Gerryman speaking. What's that? Say it over again. Only one call

(Continued on page 44)

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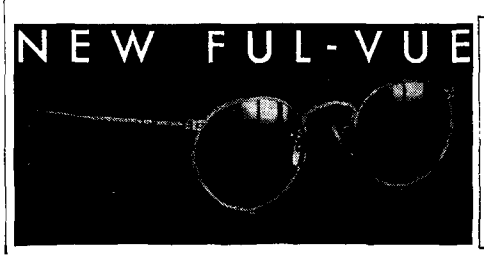

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(Continued from page 43)

at that time and it came from a cigar store on West Twenty-third Street. The number?"

He jotted down the figures on a piece of paper by the phone.

"Wilson, you and Carey get down to that cigar store. If there's anyone there give them the works. *Make* them talk. Get me? Hustle."

The two men were out of the room and ringing for the elevator before he had finished speaking.

"That's something," he sighed. Elbows on knees and chin resting in cupped palms, he stared at Meridew.

"Meridew," he said slowly, "I know you're a square-shooter. I know you wouldn't deliberately hold anything back. But won't you scrape your mind again, dig into the corners of your memory, and see if there isn't some little thing that would give us a line?

"Where would Brockridge be taking Miss Dale? Or," and his eyes lighted, "would she be taking him somewhere? By God, that must be it! *She* took *him* somewhere. And if she did that, she took him straight into the hands of the people that have him now."

"Oh, wait a bit," cried Dabney.

"What's wrong with it?" almost screamed Gerryman. "It stands to reason, doesn't it? If Brockridge wanted to talk to the girl, if she had something to tell him, he could have talked or listened right here, couldn't he? But he took her out. And don't be fooled! He didn't take her out to flirt with her. He isn't that kind. Now—where did she take him?"

INTO Meridew's mind came the things he had kept quiet: the midnight rendezvous, the girl's visit to Jim Cattrone.

She was a charming girl, and he was close to being in love with her. But—the President of the United States was in peril. If any word of his could mitigate that peril, remove it, it was his duty to utter that word now. If it brought disgrace upon the girl, that couldn't matter. If—if she were the associate of men like Cattrone . . . That cigar store, from which Brockridge had probably telephoned, couldn't be a block from Cattrone's speakeasy.

To betray a girl, a girl of whom he was fond! But not to betray her, to let the Chief Executive of the nation remain in danger. . . .

"Listen," he said quickly. "Perhaps it's a rotten thing to tell, perhaps it doesn't mean anything. I hope to heaven it doesn't, but—"

He blurted out, words tumbling over each other, the story of the midnight rendezvous, of Myrna's visit to Jim Cattrone.

"And she denied it?" asked Gerryman.

"Not exactly; she evaded it," said Meridew.

"Well, why in hell couldn't you tell us this half an hour ago?" cried Gerryman. "Because you're sweet on a girl—and you must be—you'd keep quiet about something that may be so damned important—I've a mind to arrest you."

"Now don't make an ass of yourself, Gerryman," interposed Dabney. "If I'd been in Meridew's place—if you'd been in it—we'd both have acted exactly the same way. Why cast suspicion? Why involve a young woman in a lot of nasty conjectures? And the delay doesn't mean anything. And my lord, you aren't Brockridge's soul. You aren't his mind. You don't know everything about him. Miss Dale is a most attractive young woman. Perhaps he and she, like Meridew, found the heat unbearable and ran into each other on the lawn of the Wetherings'."

"And what about her calling on Cattrone?" demanded Gerryman.

"Meridew called on him, and Meridew isn't a criminal," said Dabney. "She might—why, hang it, she may be going to throw a party and wanted some extra good liquor. He may be her bootlegger."

"Wouldn't she have said so to Meridew?" countered Gerryman. "Well, let's go."

"Where?" asked Dabney.

"Down to see Cattrone." He grinned, not mirthfully, at Meridew. "You wanted to stop crime in America, eh? And you went to see Cattrone first. Well, let's see him again."

MARK BROCKRIDGE was one of the few persons who have ever lived who have had fame and great place thrust upon them. He was utterly without ambition for personal glory, and yet he was President of the United States, and had achieved that high position without desiring it.

A Middle-Westerner, he had left home in boyhood and led an adventurous life in the West. He had been cowboy, miner, prospector. The death of his father had called him home to take up the duty of supporting his mother and two aunts. He had obtained a job as clerk in a store. He was, despite his great joviality and adventurous spirit, fairly canny.

He looked the future in the eye. Clerking in a shop, even acquiring, in the remote future, an interest in the business, seemed not too profitable. So he studied law at night. He was admitted to the bar and, in his second case, was threatened with contempt proceedings because he violently objected to the unscrupulous methods of his opponent, the district attorney.

Dissatisfied citizens turned to him hopefully. If he had denounced the prosecutor, he ought to be willing to run against him and administer the office honestly. Disliking the job, Brockridge yielded to solicitation. He was elected, reëlected, and elected again. Then he returned to private practice and was on the way to fortune when the governor appointed him on a commission to arbitrate a dispute between miners and their employers. It was, the governor told him, a solemn duty, and duty was something that always overcame any reluctance on Brockridge's part.

He served on the commission, and three years later his party nominated him for the governorship. He would have declined but friends pleaded with him. The last administration had been a disgrace. Capital was declining to make investments in the state. If Brockridge were elected, both labor and capital would feel secure that they would receive fair and impartial treatment.

He served two terms, retired to the practice of the law, and in ten years had amassed a good-sized fortune. A senator having died, Brockridge was appointed to fill his unexpired term. The then governor asked him, as a personal favor, to take the position. It would help him, this appointment, in being reelected. Brockridge took it. Three years later the party demanded that he run, and there was legislation, unfinished, that Brockridge favored earnestly. Duty made him serve a second term, and in the middle of that, his party's convention being deadlocked, he was nominated by sudden acclamation for the Presidency. He could not refuse and ruin his party.

In the second year of his first term the sympathy of the world went out to him. The gracious mistress of the White House died, and Brockridge became the loneliest man in the world. He gave to his invalid daughter all the affection of which his heart was capable.

But the greatest tragedy cannot forever quell the impulses that arise in a vigorous, adventurous man. Brockridge, in the past year or so, had reached the dangerous age, the age when any man is apt to make a fool of himself over a pretty face.

He realized this fully. Over and over again, when some charming woman let him know that he was not unattractive to her, he told himself that it was the office he held, and not the holder, that had won her favor. Any man of fifty-odd, he said to himself, can make himself absurd over a woman; but a man of high position can make himself ridiculously absurd.

And so, because he was modest, and also because he did not like the idea of causing any woman's name to be linked with his, no matter how innocently, he denied himself that normal companionship with the opposite sex which is desirable and advisable.

But the very fact that he kept on guard, that, if a woman attracted him, he kept away from her, but made him the readier victim. The longer we avoid a danger, the more perilous that danger becomes.

He met Myrna Dale at Tilly Gentry's tea, and was enormously attracted by her. Of course, she was as young as his daughter, and he was the President of the United States and she was thrilled by his office. But—he took her home to dinner at the Cooleys' and later drove her into New York. And on the way in, she surprised him by her intellectual breadth. She was not merely a charming, lovely girl; she was a woman of matured mind and grasp of national problems.

Among other things, she discussed the crime situation.

"It could be stopped," she said.

"I wish I knew how," he said.

"It's organized," she told him. "If you knew the names of all the leaders, had evidence of all their crimes—couldn't you wipe out the organization?"

"I couldn't. The Attorney-General could," he said.

"It's the same thing," she said. "If you were given complete details—would you act?"

"Well, of course," he answered.

"I can get them," she said.

He stared at her.

"You! My dear Miss Dale—"

"I know; it sounds ridiculous, doesn't it? But I can. If you could give me half an hour—an hour—I'd convince you—but you mustn't tell anyone."

"Why not?" he asked.

"Because—I've made a promise," she replied.

"We'll have that hour very soon," he promised her.

OF COURSE, he didn't take her seriously. In fact, he was a bit disappointed with her. She seemed so healthy, so normal, so exactly what a clever woman should be, that to discover she had an obsession was disappointing.

He really never expected to see her again. Bad enough, he told himself with a grin, to feel a jump of the pulse at sight of a pretty girl without carrying on an acquaintance with a fanatic.

And then, quite unexpectedly, he had encountered her the following night at the Wetherings'. She managed a quiet word with him. And despite the fact that he had thought her, at mildest, a trifle over-enthusiastic in her belief that she could provide him with evidence that would deal a terrific blow at organized crime, he agreed to meet her on the Wethering lawn later that night. Besides, perhaps she really did know something.

She convinced him that she did within two minutes after they met. So convincing was she that he, at the end of their meeting, agreed to meet her in New York on the following night, if possible.

If he could arrange to get away, he would telephone or call between eight and eight-thirty. If he couldn't, he

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would make an appointment as soon as possible. And with that, they had separated, and if, in his room, he regretted that the girl had wanted to meet him solely on a matter of public interest, he laughed at himself for this regret and so banished it.

But he didn't telephone the next evening. And so, at nine-twenty, leaving Meridew's address and telephone number with the maid, Myrna set off for Meridew's penthouse. She really did not expect Brockridge to call, yet as she truthfully told Meridew, she was not surprised when he did.

"The young gentleman," smiled Brockridge, as they reached the street, "is pretty upset about my taking you away. He did me the honor to be jealous."

"Not honor—he gave you your due," she smiled.

Brockridge laughed.

"You flatter an elderly man. And now, Miss Dale, until I'm recognized what about walking to where we're going? We can talk things over."

"West Twenty-third Street is a long way off. Let's sit in some restaurant and talk," she suggested. "No one will expect to see the President in a coffee shop. And there's one on Fifty-third Street that is quiet."

"LET'S go there," he agreed. As he walked he told her of how he longed to get away from surveillance. "I'm pretty mean to my bodyguards. They are responsible for me, and if anything should happen, they'd catch it, I suppose. But nothing will. I could use a gun pretty well once, and I still carry one. But try to convince a Secret Service man that I can protect myself!"

"It isn't fun being President, then?" she asked.

He shook his head emphatically.

"In two more years I'm through. If anyone asks me to make a speech, to pose for a picture, to tell my opinion on anything—well, I'll use that gun of mine. Is this the place?"

It was, and they entered it, and the bored waitress who served them did not realize that she was waiting on the Chief Executive. She simply saw a middle-aged man being courteous to a pretty girl and wondered if they were father and daughter. When she had brought their coffee and departed Myrna began to talk.

"I told you something last night," she said. "I told you of the cook I had in Florence and of how she boasted to me of her successful son in New York. I told you how, because his mother wanted me to, I went to see him, and he proved to be a highly successful bootlegger. I told him that he would end as all of them seem to, in prison or perhaps be murdered by other gangsters. He is a rough, uncouth, yet intelligent man, this Jim Cattrone.

"I saw him several times. You see, his mother was my servant for two years and I am devoted to her. I asked her son to quit his business. He told me that he didn't dare. He'd be killed if he tried to pull out. Then, in other talks, he told me of the tremendous organization that exists. Millions are invested and hundreds of thousands employed. He boasted that if he wanted to he could put government officials in jail, that he could prove enough to wipe out all the organized crime that has grown out of bootlegging. He said that he had it all down in writing, agreements signed, and evidence of crimes committed. He said that he was more than a bootlegger; he is liaison officer, so to speak, between the New York gangs and the Chicago gangs and the St. Louis gangs—all the gangs. He is their clearing house. He knows—unless he lies, and I don't think he does—everything.

"I begged him to reform. He said he wanted to. But he was afraid to. I told him he could render a tremendous service to the country. He could get immunity for anything he had done if he would tell everything. He said that he wouldn't take the word of anyone but the President, after all he'd done. And I told him I'd get your word. I said that I'd manage to meet you. And yesterday I went to see him and told him that I had met you. I asked if he'd turn everything over to you. He said he would if you'd meet him. I said I'd arrange it within a few days."

"And you believe he has this mass of information?" asked Brockridge.

"The facts exist; there must be some record of the transactions. Cattrone says that if money is contributed to a Chicago election some of the cash comes from New York. They work together. He must be telling the truth."

"And he'll turn it all over to me?" asked the President.

"To you only," she replied. "He's afraid of the police, even of Federal authorities. He's bribed so many he distrusts them all. But he would trust your word. Oh, Mr. President, it's the biggest thing in the country. To wipe out all the organized gangs—"

"It's big enough," said Brockridge. "And you think he'll be waiting for us?"

"I don't know. He said that he could be reached in ten minutes at any time. If I tell him that I'm bringing you—"

"Get him on the telephone and tell him," said Brockridge.

She got up instantly and walked to a telephone booth. Brockridge looked after her. He doubted his own judgment in yielding to her. After all, one man couldn't possess all the details of organized crime. But this was a strange era through which America was passing. It might be true.

In the booth Myrna got Cattrone's number.

"Mr. Cattrone?"

"Who wants him?"

"This is Miss Dale."

"Well, this is Jim Cattrone, Miss Dale."

"I've got him. He's with me. He wants to see you," she almost cried.

Cattrone gasped.

"You mean the President?"

"Of course. I'm bringing him down in a few minutes. Be alone, won't you?"

SHE hung up and turned back into the restaurant. Down on Twenty-third Street Cattrone stared at a group of his associates with whom he had just been closing an important deal.

"My God, I think she crazy," he said. "That girl—who just spoke to me. I fill her full of hot air about how I want to reform and if she will bring the President to me I will tell him how to put us all in jail. And my God, she says she is bringing him down now."

Carl Bramer leaped to his feet.

"What's her name?" he asked.

"Miss Dale, Myrna Dale."

Bramer looked at Grannan; he looked at DiSalvo.

"Gentlemen," he said slowly, "we thought we'd have to wait until next month. But if something is handed to us on a silver platter—we'll grab him now."

Cattrone stared at the speaker.

"Grab who? You don't believe that girl—she's crazy."

"She was at the same tea he attended Friday. She spent last night at the same house he stopped at. She may be crazy, bringing him down here, listening to your hooey, but—if she's got the President—we'll get him."

Cattrone choked.

"Not the President, Bramer. You can't—"

Before the weapon in Bramer's hand he was silent.

(To be continued next week)

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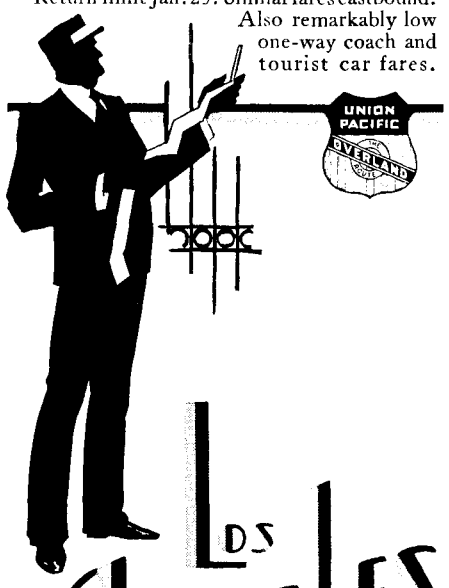

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The Man Next Door

Continued from page 20

slouched about the room, staring at her as he talked. He hadn't shaved and his hair needed cutting. Much she cared whether he noticed her or not!

The days that followed were pretty much of the same pattern, though sometimes Ann wore her blue dress and eventually Bruce shaved. Indeed, at least two afternoons he appeared arrayed in the perfection of gray flannels and a white flower, and on those days they quit work at three. "He's probably gone off to tea with one of those smart, hard-boiled women he writes about," Ann decided scornfully, tidying the big desk after one of these abrupt departures.

She picked up the photograph which stood in its wide silver frame just behind the inkwell. The arrogant perfection of the face in the picture annoyed her. Memory of some of the one-sided telephone conversations she had heard in the apartment made her smile ruefully. "You certainly make him step around for you, my dear," she addressed the girl, "and why shouldn't you, with a face like that? I only hope you're not as ill-mannered as the women in his books." She laid the picture down with some emphasis, wondering if Bruce could be going to marry all that beauty. Even after she told herself it was no affair of hers she still wondered.

On the first Saturday Cameron handed her an envelope with five ten-dollar bills inside.

"All right?" he asked.

"It's more than I could get elsewhere, just now," Ann said dubiously.

"You're worth it to me." He was brief. "You're quite perfect for me, you know."

ANN was immoderately pleased. Every time she remembered his words, and that was surprisingly often, they gave her a warm glow of pleasure. She was extremely happy these days.

At night she was usually too exhausted for anything but bed. Her friends telephoned and found her evasiveness hard to bear, for she accepted few of their invitations. She found herself thinking: "When we finish the book I'll have time for people again," and felt a fool.

Her relations with Bruce Cameron were pleasant, if taciturn. There were, however, moments—amusing interludes—perhaps all the pleasanter for their rarity.

There was, for instance, the night several weeks after they began working together. Things had gone badly all day. Bruce had ruthlessly discarded several pages of grueling work and had gone back over the same ground with a sullen, surprising persistence. Finally, he seemed to get back into the mood of his intractable leading woman and was rushing along with enthusiasm when Ann's expression stopped him.

"What's the matter with that?" he demanded.

Ann shrugged. "It's fine."

"I saw your lips curl. What's the trouble?"

"Really, Mr. Cameron, I'm a stenographer, not a critic."

At his snort of impatience she said: "Well, then—women don't throw things when they're angry. I mean, of course, intelligent women like Joan."

"Oh, *don't* they?"

"No, they don't! You've given Joan poise and background and dignity, and then you have her throw a vase at Nick. It's not done."

"Is it *not!*" Bruce's tone expressed his derision. "My child, you little know! If that's all, let's get on."

After that things simply would not go and Ann left soon. It was not until she had had her dinner that she discovered she had left her library book in Bruce's apartment. When she went in to get it she saw that he was still hard at it.

Bruce tapped the sheets of her day's work with his pencil. "It's pretty terrible, isn't it?"

Ann ignored his question. "Have you eaten?"

"No—yes— I had some milk."

"Come along to my place. I'll cook you some bacon and eggs."

Bruce protested but she was firm.

THAT evening was one of their moments. Ann cooked for him and watched him eat enormous quantities with surprising satisfaction. Afterward he sprawled on her sofa, fed and content, smiling at her through the smoke from their cigarettes and saying little. It was pleasant to sit together, she thought, and smoke in companionable silence.

"What do you think of my stuff, Ann?" Bruce asked once, suddenly. "What do you *really* think of it?"

"Why, Mr. Cameron, I think it's simply splendid."

"Now that's over, go ahead. I'll brace myself."

"It's not as bad as that," Ann told him, smiling. "It doesn't seem very—well—very serious to me." She hesitated. "Your characters take life pretty lightly, I think."

"And why not? That's the way life should be taken. Why make a song and dance over it? Life, my sweet, is an amusing business." His mouth twisted with a hint of bitterness. "Or isn't it?" He shrugged and lit another cigarette from the end of his last one. "That's the sardonic touch," he told her. "Meant to make you think I have a secret sorrow. I haven't really. I think life is swell."

"Do you, perhaps, protest too much? If you do that I *will* suspect you of hidden grief."

He grinned at her. "Well, I have one, as a matter of fact. It grieves me dreadfully because you never wear green." He surveyed her through half-shut eyes. "Girls with eyes like clear green water and hair that's not blond and not red but has the best features of both should always wear green."

At her look of surprise his grin widened. "You didn't suppose I knew what you looked like, did you? Well, now, I'll tell you. You're a delightful-looking person. Of course you know it? You're as clean and cool and fresh as a nice new leaf of lettuce; much fresher, really; fresh enough to tell *me* women don't throw vases! Oh, yes, my dear, you're as refreshing as a nice cold bath to me sometimes." His face darkened as though at some annoying memory. "Especially after some of the more torrid specimens of your sex."

Ann flushed faintly. "I'm quite overwhelmed."

Bruce continued to survey her.

"Nice long legs, too," he said with approval. "I like tall girls. All my best women have long legs."

"The length of your—companions' legs is certainly interesting but scarcely concerns me, I think," Ann said coldly.

Bruce rose, his face drawn into a most reproachful expression. "I was speaking of the women in my books, of course," he said in injured tones, but with a glint in his eye that convinced her of his amusement. "After a call-down like that, I can only go."

And he did, leaving Ann feeling faintly ridiculous.

THE first rough draft of the book was nearly done. It had been going so well all day that neither of them realized how late it was until it got so dark that Ann could scarcely see.

"You poor kid, you must be starved," Bruce said then with sudden contrition. "Trot along now; we can finish tomorrow."

Ann looked up at him, her eyes bright. "Let's just finish this chapter. It's going so well, let's not stop."

Bruce said: "Do you really think so?" eagerly. She had never seen him so youthful. "That last bit really wasn't bad, was it? Well, then—you're a darling to stay. Where were we?"

"'—their bodies were outlined against the big window—'" Ann read.

"Oh, yes—they were standing so close together that they seemed like one person. Joan, indeed, was scarcely standing at all; her body seemed to flow into his, to be a part of it as he kissed her. When, after a long moment, he lifted his face from hers, it was only to bury it, with a sigh that was almost a sob, in the laces at her breast."

Ann made a strange noise, just there. It sounded surprisingly like a snort.

Bruce stopped short. "What's the matter?" he asked crossly.

"Perhaps, Reeves, I should have stayed out of those last two wars!"

Frank Owen

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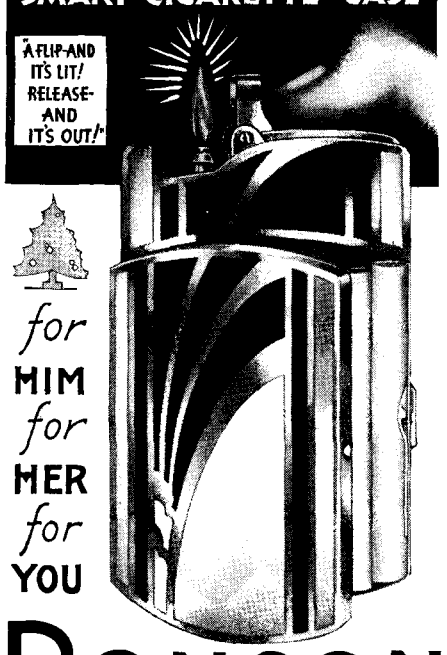

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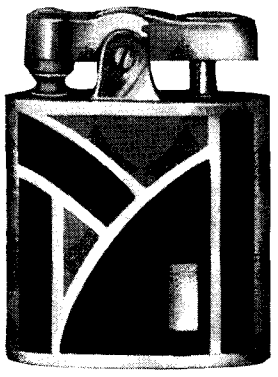

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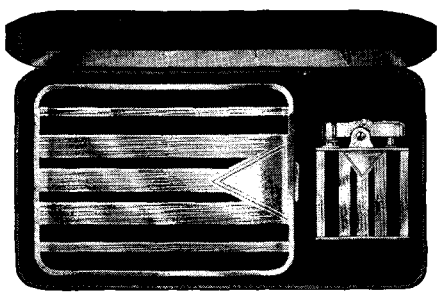

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"I'm sorry," Ann gulped. "That's an anatomical impossibility. No man can bury his face in the laces at a woman's breast if he's as tall as you insist—not even if the woman's as tall as I am—unless he gets down on his knees!"

"You seem pretty positive," Bruce said coldly. "Doubtless you've had more experience than I. Look here: Get up and I'll show you. Joan was about your height, I've said. Now, Peter is just my height and build."

"And what a coincidence *that* is," Ann said, sotto voce.

"Not at all." Bruce grasped her shoulders and pulled her to her feet. "He *is* I, of course. I know of no one I'd like better as a model." He put his arms around her shoulders in a businesslike manner. "See, now he kisses her," he explained. "We can take that for granted, I suppose?"

"We certainly can," Ann agreed with emphasis.

That was her first mistake. Her tone jarred Bruce and woke him from his absorption. He looked down at her a moment and she saw his lips twitch downward at one corner. "On second thought, why should we?" He tightened his arms and bent toward her lips. "Never take anything for granted, sweet. It's always a mistake."

Ann tried to turn her head but he put one big hand behind it and turned her face toward his. It was a long moment before he released her lips and when he did Ann's eyes were closed. Their argument was forgotten, as if it had never been. Half-consciously she raised her face again toward his, and with a quick breath he kissed her again.

THE voice that brought them back to consciousness must certainly have been the coldest voice in the world.

"Sorry to interrupt," it drawled.

Bruce leaped back so quickly that Ann almost fell. She sat down suddenly on a chair and looked toward the balcony door. The tall, dark girl standing at the head of the shallow steps looked like a clever drawing in black and white. She was surveying them with a sort of bitter amusement.

"I shouldn't have walked in, of course," she admitted, "but the door was ajar."

"I left it that way so that the laundryman shouldn't disturb us," Ann murmured.

"Very domestic."

Ann wished, suddenly, that she might crawl under her chair. Instead she watched Bruce brush back his hair and advance toward the steps.

"Come in, Zoe," he said. "This is my secretary, Miss Brooke. We were just—er—going over the final scene from my book."

"I can see now why you had such difficulty finding a suitable secretary," Zoe said pleasantly; then she looked at Ann. "I must congratulate you on your—efficiency." She turned toward the door. "I'll go along, Bruce," she said over her shoulder. "I'll just drop your ring here on the table. I hope, Miss Brooke, you find him more satisfactory than I've done for a long time. I suppose, Bruce, this is why you've been acting so strangely of late?"

"Oh, no!" Ann cried out softly and started toward the steps. Bruce, standing quite still, put out an arm and barred her way.

"As a matter of fact, it is, Zoe," he said steadily. "I had meant to tell you as soon as I could get your undivided attention for a moment. You must admit that's been pretty difficult since Bob got back."

Zoe shrugged. "Touché," she admitted. "Well, good luck, my dears," and she was gone as suddenly as she had come.

Bruce turned and smiled at Ann. "I'm sorry it had to be like this," he said. "I hate you to hear it this way. I had intended to tell you—quite differently."

Ann was so angry she felt as though her body were on fire. That he should use her, brazenly take advantage of a moment of weakness—of insanity—on her part, to rid himself of a distasteful situation, made her want to hurt him desperately. She retreated toward the fireplace, shaking his hand off rudely.

"What was I supposed to do when you informed me of your great news? Dance in the streets?"

Bruce flushed. "I had hoped you'd tell me you cared too."

"Is that necessary? You seem quite able to use me to get rid of your—women, without any coöperation from me. The fact that it makes a fool of me is, of course, quite unimportant."

Bruce said: "That's unjust. I'm trying to tell you that I'm in love with you, Ann. Seriously."

Ann turned on him with such fury that he moved back a step. "Do you expect me to believe that? I suppose you'll tell me that you expect me to be in love with you?"

"I'd hoped you might be," Bruce said steadily.

"Well, I'm not. I dislike you—intensely."

The scorn in her voice made his face flame. Ann saw anger rise in him and was glad. At least she was beginning to penetrate that thick skin of his.

"I find you very distasteful. You *were* amusing, a little," she admitted judiciously. "Now you're merely absurd."

Bruce's mouth curled. "You're trying to tell me, I gather, that you kiss men whom you find distasteful, as you just kissed me? You're quite accomplished. I found it incredibly convincing."

Ann said: "How dare you!" unoriginally, in a low voice. Her hand, groping along the mantel, fell upon a small earthenware statuette that stood there. Bruce was laughing now, with an odd look on his face that made her frantic. Quite without thinking, she hurled the figurine straight at that hateful grin.

There was a crash as the figurine smashed somewhere. Ann was, for a moment, literally blind with rage. When her eyes cleared again she saw Bruce lying on the rug. For one awful instant she thought he was dead and knew with sudden dreadful certainty that if he were she could not bear it. Somehow she got to him and tried to pull him up.

BRUCE opened his eyes and grinned up at her. "Adult sophisticates never throw things, eh?" he jeered. "You may be right, at that. I can't say you look exactly adult at the moment."

Ann wiped her eyes childishly with the back of her hand. "Your poor head, darling," she mourned. "It's got a lump on it like an egg, and it's all my fault."

Bruce got to his feet and pulled her up too. "Not a bit of it," he said cheerfully. "Not with an aim like yours, my sweet. If I hadn't been fool enough to duck you'd have missed me a mile. So that makes it *my* fault." He put his hand under her chin and lifted her face. "Did I hear you call me darling?"

Wet eyes on his, Ann nodded.

"And does that mean you care for me? Or is it another of your tricks?" he insisted.

Ann put her arms around his neck. "I certainly feel very odd," she admitted. "Do you suppose that could be love?"

As his arms went round her shoulders, Bruce laughed triumphantly. "My darling, I'm sure of it," he said.

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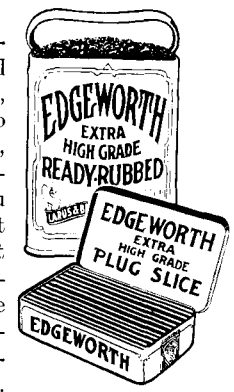

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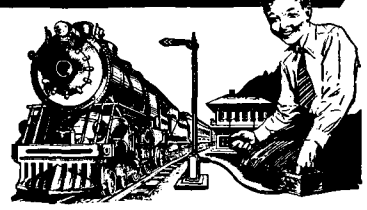

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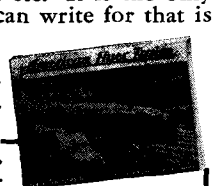

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The Hero

Continued from page 13

He looked up measles. Yes, it could be that, he decided, but he hadn't observed any running of the eyes or sneezing. He tried scarlet fever but that didn't coincide with the symptoms at all. Ringworm? He turned the leaves impatiently.

Purely a skin disease, this, of course. Well, the child's skin looked that way. The headaches were sea-sickness; the temperature was . . . Oh, hell! Why didn't they carry a doctor? He wiped sudden sweat from his face. Still, it couldn't be much more than ringworm, and maybe the thermometer was a little out. His impatient double ring brought the steward.

"The kid's got some skin complaint," he announced confidently. "Bring a headache powder and some iodine."

The steward cleared his throat. He was a small man with pince-nez, which he now adjusted nervously.

"I was just coming to see you when you rang, sir. The bedroom steward's laid up. Says he's got a headache and chills. There's two firemen reported sick too."

Captain Martin shut the Ship Captain's Medical Guide with a slam.

"Malingering! I've seen it often enough. Let 'em rot! Get that stuff and come along!"

The steward turned away and Captain Martin crossed to a locker and took a stiff whisky. He did not hear them, but the sea and the East laughed at that. And if the men who had repeatedly warned him could have seen, they would have laughed too.

Avis Waring was a little better when the captain reached the cabin again. She had come to and was answering, though weakly, her mother's questions. Captain Martin had a surge of relief.

"She's picking up," he said heartily, and applied the iodine the steward held for him. "Give her this headache powder and she'll be all right. It's nothing but ringworm."

AT ONE bell, eight-thirty, an excited steward rapped on Captain Martin's door.

"Mrs. Waring says she's got to see you again, sir!"

The captain got up from his easy-chair with a suppressed oath and pulled on his uniform jacket.

"Is there no peace on board this ship?" he demanded, but he went below. And from that moment there was no peace at all.

"There's something wrong with me, Captain," Mrs. Waring said wearily. "I can't stand and I ache all over. . . . And Avis . . ."

Captain Martin stared down at the child. She lay in a stupor, her throat glands swollen. For a full minute Captain Martin stood rigid, his heart pounding and an iciness passing over all his flesh. Then he went back to his cabin as nearly on the run as he had done in years. And when he had finished reading in the Medical Guide he collapsed in his chair, shocked to the very core.

Samuels, the first mate, found him still rigid in his chair when he came down to report an alteration of the course at three bells, and the sight of Captain Martin's face gave the mate distinct pause.

"Is there anything the matter, sir?" he inquired at last. The other man stirred and gazed at him, his face ghastly.

"It's the plague, Samuels! We've got it on board. From Shanghai. . . ."

They treated the Warings as the book prescribed, and with an iron effort of will Captain Martin forced himself to enter the fo'c's'le and inspect the sick men. There was no doubt they had it. He ordered them removed aft to the hospital and treated them too. He did not handle any of the sick himself. He made the steward do that, and instructed him to wash in disinfectant afterwards. He had sheets soaked in disinfectant hung over the doorways leading to his suite, had his ports covered. He had the steward swab him with disinfectant.

Back in his cabin, after all this had been accomplished, he brought out the whisky bottle and placed it openly on his desk. He was stunned. He felt flabby all over. That this should happen to him, Lucky Martin! Never made a mistake, never had an accident. Had a spotless reputation. Had medals for bravery. And now the plague, of all things. Damn Shanghai! Or was it Shanghai? He tightened as that thought came to him. There was that junk they had run down. There was often plague running loose in the junks. And the mate had reported a lot of rats in the wreckage they had cleaned off the after deck. It was like Nemesis. He swore and slopped whisky into his glass.

TWENTY-THREE men had been stricken and nine had been dropped overside without ceremonies, without even the usual canvas wrapping. They were dropped, by frightened men, as lumps of rotted clay. Little Avis Waring had gone, though her mother was never aware of it, sunk in a long coma that culminated in her own passing. The fourth mate and two engineers were among the victims. All hands that remained were close to panic, save only a few philosophical souls and such officers as were upheld by duty and tradition.

Most of the men were afraid to eat, afraid to sleep. None would handle the dead. Captain Martin kept to his cabin, behind his disinfected sheets and with his whisky bottles, and all necessary duties devolved upon Mr. Robbin and Samuels, the mate, aided by the steward and some of the surviving engineers. Already there had been a demand from the men to abandon ship.

Captain Martin had come out of his cabin, and met the deputation on the lower bridge. He was a wreck of a man, his florid cheeks pale and sunken, his eyes burning, his limbs trembling as if he had the ague.

"Abandon ship?" he echoed. He had turned to the second mate, who was standing by him. "Why not?" he demanded eagerly. "They couldn't blame me. . . . Pressure from crew. . . . Get away from all this. . . ."

Mr. Robbin had stared at him, unbelieving for a moment. Abandon a full-powered, sound vessel in mid-ocean?

"Get for'ard," he ordered the frightened men. "I'll talk it over with the captain."

The men had gone for'ard and the second mate had forced the captain back into his cabin.

"Have you gone mad?" he demanded hoarsely. "Abandon ship? What good would that do? You can't leave the plague behind!"

"No," choked Captain Martin wilting. "No, I suppose that's right." He reached for the whisky bottle.

"You'd better leave that stuff alone," warned Mr. Robbin, and the captain glared at him, his face convulsed.

"Will you mind your own business! Get out of here!"

He braced himself with more liquor and moved among the remaining passengers, touched with his old geniality and heartiness again. He explained to them he had been so busy with ship's work, with caring for the sick, he had not had time to see them before. They were impressed by his fears for them, his solicitude. They were heartened by his encouragements. Only another day. There was talk of subscribing for a gold watch. He had certainly earned it. Under a terrible strain.

Up in the chartroom the mate looked at the second and they both laughed a little harshly.

"We're pulling her through," said the mate, "but I'll lay a bet he'll get the credit anyway." The second mate agreed, his jaw tight.

"If his luck holds he may. But I'm going to file my own report."

"It won't do any good," said the mate wearily. "He'll have everyone believing he's about killed himself with worry and work. I know him. And the Line's strong for him. Record clean. And don't forget he's a hero. . . . Officially!"

They inspected the weather. The sky was overcast, the sea moderate and from the southwest. A southerly wind blew banks of mist across the gray water. They had had no observation for two days and the Sulu City was belting along by dead reckoning alone. They had pored over the charts and over the books, trying to estimate the set and drift most likely to affect them. Northerly set, they decided at last, and they should sight Cape Cook after 4 A. M. It would be dark then, but there was a lighted blinker buoy there and from that they could get their definite bearing.

Captain Martin came on the bridge, staggering in his walk but very much his old self. He stumbled into the chartroom.

"I'll take over and see her in," he snapped harshly. "What time do you figure we'll see the light?"

"Four o'clock, sir," said the mate. "Probably later . . . as near as we can judge."

"We ought to see it before that," the captain stated irritably. "Ought to see it by three."

"There's a northerly set, sir," explained the mate. The captain swore.

"DON'T tell me how to navigate!" The mate shrugged, and went to stand by the for'ard dodger.

"I'll catch a few winks," he told the second. "Never mind what the old man says, we won't spot the light before four, but of course you never know. We'll have to ease her with this mist. Can't go slamming up the coast."

"About the old man," returned the second. "If he wants to take charge . . . in his present condition?"

The mate hesitated. It was one thing to be at sea and know the master was incompetent, quite another to prove it ashore.

"There's nothing you can do," said the mate at last, helplessly. "He ought to be able to navigate. He's made the run often enough. If he insists on taking charge, let him. He's the master." He hesitated again and added, "But watch her . . . watch her. Call me if you're in doubt!"

The mate went away and Captain Martin rocked up to where the second mate stood.

"Damned glad it's about over!" said

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the captain. "Damned glad! We got her home anyway. They can't blame me for the plague, and that's a fact. My ticket's clean."

The second mate did not answer and Captain Martin grew irritated.

"I suppose you'd like to see me lose the ship, eh? Lost your own and you'd like to see me broken. Well, you won't! . . . And you'd better stand by me if you want to sail in this Line again!"

The second mate remained silent, and with a curse the captain rocked away to the chartroom where he'd cached a bottle of whisky.

THE mist thickened as the night wore on, and the second mate crossed the bridge to the captain.

"We'd better ease her, sir. It's pretty thick and until we sight the light . . ."

"Let her go," said the other unpleasantly. "We're all right. I guess I know this coast!" The second mate shrugged.

It was just after six bells, three o'clock, when the third mate, who had come on the bridge, lifted his voice.

"There's a light, sir!"

Captain Martin lurched against the rail and stared.

"Just what I said," he declared triumphantly. "There's the buoy."

"She's not flashing, sir," objected the second, staring through the mist. "We can't make the buoy before four at the earliest."

Captain Martin laughed.

"What you trying to do? Lose the ship for me?"

"I think it's flashing," said the third mate doubtfully. The captain was certain it was. The second mate cursed.

"We'd better slow down until we're sure," he insisted. Captain Martin seemed not to have heard.

"Bearing?" he demanded. The third mate climbed to the standard compass and gave the bearing. Captain Martin changed the course and the Sulu City swung round.

"If that's the buoy, I'm crazy," the second mate muttered. "And we're making fifteen knots." He called to the third mate to rouse the mate. Then he crossed to the captain. The light vanished in the mist.

"We'd better ease her, sir," he insisted.

"Do you think I want to spend another day with the plague on my hands? Let her run! I know this coast!" There was nothing to say.

The mate came on the bridge and swore when he heard what had happened. The captain had gone to the chartroom, and the mate followed.

"He's drunk and crazy!" he said when he returned. "Talking now about beating our own record for the run out." The second mate shrugged.

Astern of the Sulu City a little motor fishing boat lay to her nets, rising and falling with absolute regularity to the moderate sea, so that her masthead light from a distance and seen through the mist might have been a blinker buoy. Her skipper saw the blurred lights of the passing steamer and spoke to his mate.

"If that bird ain't out of his reckoning, I'm a Dutchman," he said. Ten minutes later they heard a series of dull explosions and the hoarse sobbing, pleading of a ship's siren crying out across the water. They hauled their nets and ran towards the sound.

On the bridge of the Sulu City the mate picked himself up, bruised and shaken, and helped the second mate to his feet. Chaos raged on the decks below. At fifteen knots the Sulu City had piled on a shelf, listed to port and uptilted her caved-in bows.

"Well, he's done it!" said the mate bitterly. "Get hold of the men and clear the boats."

The second mate went off on the run, though as it happened there was plenty of time. The Sulu City sat on the ledge for an hour before she slid back to deep water and went down. There was no sign of Captain Martin all during the launching and clearing of the boats. All hands that survived were embarked and they were pitifully few, for some had died in the fo'c's'le and some in the stokehold when the crash came.

The second mate came up on the lower bridge, a hurricane lamp in his hand, blood running down his face. There was an oil lamp lighted in the captain's cabin, and both the captain and the mate were there.

"All clear, sir," said the second curtly. "We'd better go."

"Everyone off?" demanded the mate, his face working.

"One boat standing by for us is all."

Captain Martin was slumped in his chair, his right hand fast round a whisky bottle and his face horribly splotched and contorted. He was raving, half to himself, but when he caught sight of the second mate he rocked to his feet.

"Come to see the end, eh?" he shouted. "Lost your own ship and glad to see me lose mine!"

The second mate was at the end of his endurance.

"It was your own fault," he said curtly. "You wouldn't listen. Too chesty. Tried your luck too far!"

"I know this coast like I know the palm of my hand," choked the captain. He took a drink.

"It looks like it," said the second mate. The mate spoke impatiently:

"Well, come on, sir! We can't stay here. She'll slide any minute."

"I ought to come along, eh?" said the captain. He looked terrible. "What do you think?" he sneered at the second mate. "You've been through it."

The second mate shrugged. He was icy calm.

"If I'd been to blame I'd have done the decent thing."

CAPTAIN MARTIN stared at him with a growing terror and then slowly put down the bottle he held. He stumbled against his desk, pulled open a drawer and brought forth a revolver at which he stared stupidly.

"I'm a young man," he croaked, hysterical. "It wasn't my fault. The plague came. . . . No!" He made as if to throw the gun aside but held it to him, fascinated. "The right thing, eh?" He laughed and the Sulu City began to give threatening lurches that made them all stagger.

"I'll face it!" said Captain Martin thickly and abruptly. "They can't break me!" He stared at his mates. "You laid out the courses, anyway . . . told me it was the damned buoy! . . . I'll . . ." He staggered as the vessel lurched, put out the hand that held the gun to steady himself, and there came a sharp explosion. He dropped slowly until his knees were buckled and then he fell over as the ship lurched again. Neither of the mates moved for a while, and then the second shrugged, as if casting away a load. The mate stared down at what had been Captain Martin and gave a laugh, almost hysterical himself now.

"Lucky right to the end," he said bitterly. "He hadn't the guts to check out himself . . . but can't you see the headlines? Captain Martin goes down with his ship! . . . Nothing we can say or do will alter that now. If he'd lived, we might have . . . Oh, well! He's got the whole story doctored in his private log and we've got to deliver it!"

The second mate grinned, without mirth.

"Pulled the trigger accidentally," he agreed. "And that makes him a hero again."

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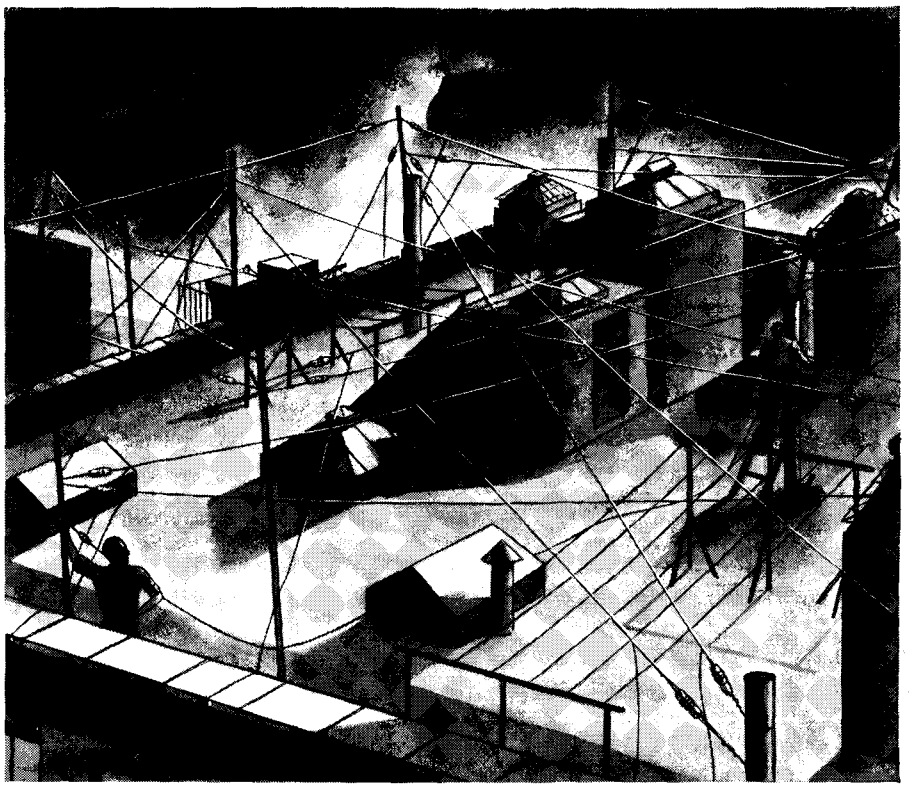

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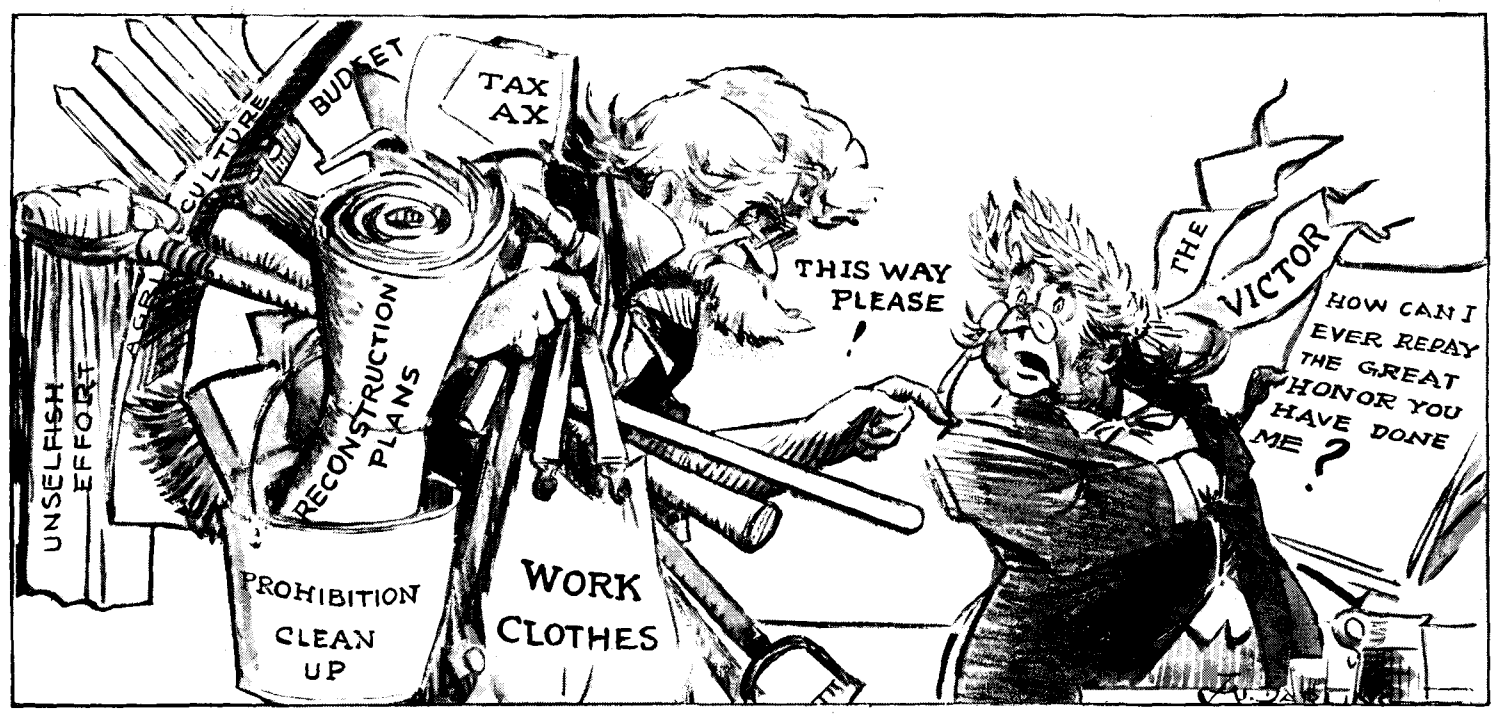

Now Get Going!

THE long campaign is over and the verdict has been rendered. A new Congress has been elected and not for four years more shall we be called upon to choose between the competing claims of Presidential candidates. What we as voters could do has been done. The issue rests now with those we have raised to office, eminence and authority.

The work to be done had to be done, whoever won the election. The tasks ahead are national and not partisan or sectional. After Election Day we are Americans before we are Democrats, Republicans or Socialists. This must and will be remembered during the days ahead.

Within a month the old Congress reassembles and before its members have been dispersed after its last adjournment, the new Congress may be convened to continue the work.

First of all, however, the budget must again be balanced so that appropriations do not exceed revenues. This is primary and fundamental in this Congress and in any Congress.

Unless the budget is honestly balanced the credit of the nation will suffer. Upon the maintenance of the national credit everything else depends.

States, cities and private industries have been utilizing funds loaned by the Federal government to meet their emergencies during past months. To a certain extent even the money used to provide the bare necessities of those dependent upon public charity for the food they eat has come from the national treasury.

Recovery, so far as it has proceeded, has been made possible by the solvency of the national government. It is therefore of paramount importance to every man, woman and child, employed or unemployed, taxpayer or tax-free, that the national budget be truly balanced. In this complex world neither Congress nor the President has a higher duty. For unless the credit of the republic is sound nothing in it is solvent.

Write down, therefore, the balancing of the budget as the first duty and the first test of the competence and the integrity of those in office and newly elected to office.

Second, Congress must attack without delay the entire group of problems and evils of which unemployment is the visible and tragic result.

The government has done much to save financial institutions and other agencies through the Reconstruction Finance Corporation. What has been done was necessary but it is a palliative, not a cure. More is needed.

The Sherman anti-trust law prevents business from coöperating even in the public interest. The anti-trust law should be revised immediately. Reciprocal tariff treaties should be negotiated at once to restore our foreign trade. War debts should be arranged so that they may no longer menace our international trade. Debts that can't and won't be paid should be written off.

From the standpoint of the wage and salaried worker, two things are urgently required. First, unemployment insurance, preferably under state auspices, must be provided. The Federal government must provide the leadership.

Passage of the Wagner employment exchange act will provide the facts upon which any insurance system must be based. Insurance won't help in this emergency but we must prepare for the future by accumulating reserves as soon as the funds are available.

Second, safeguards must be set up to protect the thrifty against loss of savings.

This nation wants just as little governmental interference as is possible but even more, as a people, we want personal security.

The government can properly prevent the abuses which, during the recent speculative era, deprived millions of their savings.

Specifically, the government should pass on the propriety of foreign loans. This implies no guaranty but it does mean that numerous improper loans would be prevented. Hundreds of millions might have been saved in the years prior to 1929 by such a scrutiny.

Furthermore, the interstate sale of securities must be supervised. Already the Interstate Commerce Commission must approve a railroad security issue before it is sold. The commission does no more than say that the purpose of the loan is a proper one. This is little, but important.

Next, a steady effort must be made at once by Congress to do all that government can to improve farm prices. The most thorough and open-minded consideration must be given to all practical plans for increasing the earnings of farmers.

Congress can do two things to cleanse the prohibition mess without delay. First, the law can be changed to permit the sale of beer. Second, a revision of the Eighteenth Amendment may be referred to the states.

The distribution of a legal beer in the states which desire it would at once end much of the bootleg traffic and at the same time provide hundreds of millions of new revenue for both the national and the state governments.

Many other matters inevitably will clamor for attention as Congress assembles. Whatever else is discussed and considered, these are fundamental to the welfare of all classes.

Write them down. If later you find your congressman wandering all over the lot, purveying various nostrums which he hopes will prove efficient as vote catchers, remind him of the work to be accomplished and insist that he serve the public interest before he attempts to build his own political fences.

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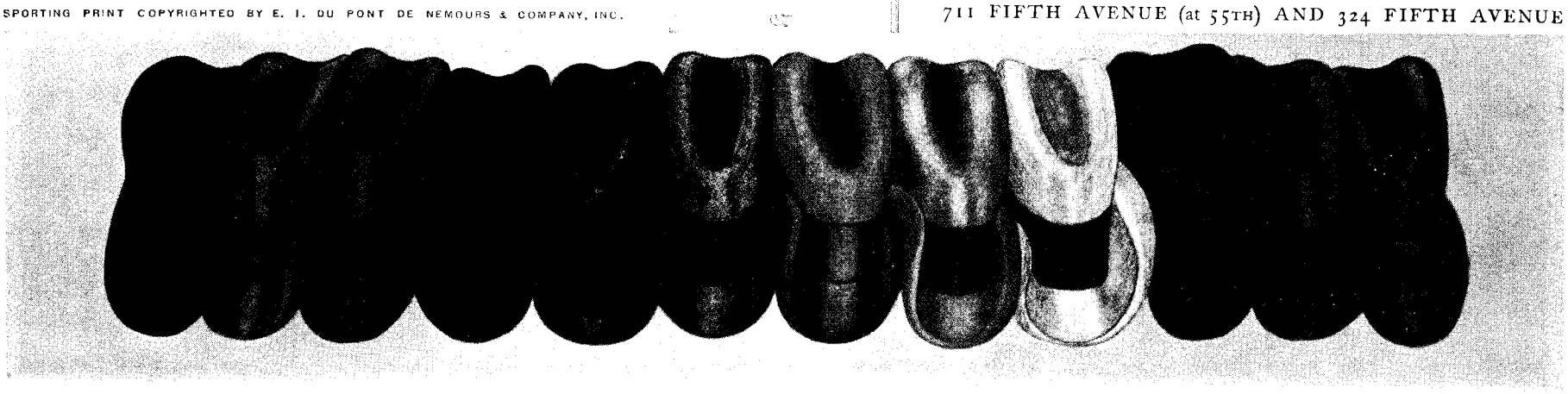

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